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West-Country Poets

Their Lives and Their Works

Edited by W. H. K. Wright

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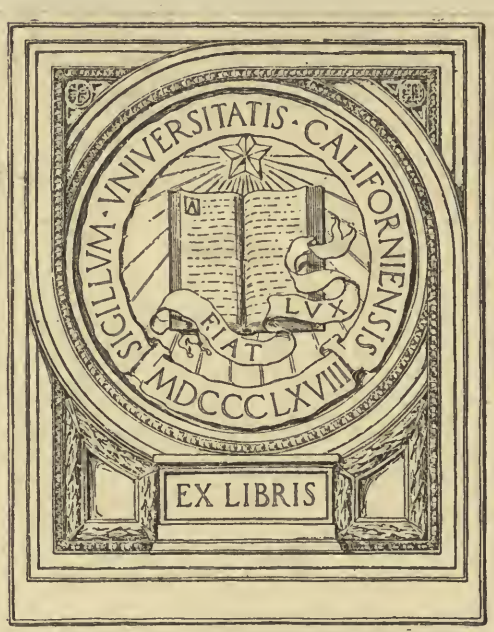
46 WEST COUNTRY POETS: Their Lives and Works. Being an account of about four hundred verse writers of Devon and Cornwall, with poems and extracts, with portraits. Quarto., 492 pages, silk cloth, $1.50. . London, 1896.



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WEST-COUNTRY POETS.

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WEST-COUNTRY POETS:

Their Lives and Works.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED VERSE WRITERS OF DEVON AND CORNWALL, WITH POEMS AND EXTRACTS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS.

BY

W. H. KEARLEY WRIGHT, F.R.H.S.,

BOROUGH LIBRARIAN, PLYMOUTH.

LONDON:

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1896.

INTRODUCTION.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the majority of English people are lacking in interest in the poetical writers of their country. A recent writer, commenting on the long delay in the appointment of a Poet Laureate to succeed the late Lord Tennyson, refers to us as a prosaic nation, and argues that although we produce as large an amount of the finest poetry as any other European people, we consume but little, the gap that separates our artists from the public being profound and incomprehensible. 'England,' he says, 'is divided in this matter into a handful who write verse, a scattered few who love it, and a vast inert mass who utterly ignore and could never understand it.'*

It would be difficult to find two counties in England which have produced more poets of standing than Devon and Cornwall. The vigour of the people of this West Country and the beauty of the district may be held to account for this pre-eminence in poetic culture and expression; we can almost trace a flavour of the air and scenery of the country in many of the writings of its sons.

For many years it has been my pleasant duty to collect the works of the authors of Devon and Cornwall, and I have thus been led to the discovery of many comparatively unknown versifiers, as well as to a better knowledge of the works of the more popular poets of this favoured corner of England.

When I commenced compiling this volume I found myself confronted with a rather formidable undertaking; and during the progress of the necessary researches I have examined and passed under review the works of some six or seven hundred writers. My greatest difficulty has been in the abundance of material and in the work of judicious selection and condensation, it being practically impossible to include and to deal fairly with so large a number of writers in the comparatively restricted area of a single volume, even though that volume has grown to nearly twice the size originally contemplated.

The work covers a period of nearly seven centuries, and includes many long-forgotten writers, as well as those who have made their names familiar to the English-speaking race the world over. From the days of Joseph Iscanus in the twelfth century down to the present time there have been a multitude of minor poets connected with the counties of Devon and Cornwall, many of whose names are quite unknown to the literary student of to-day.

* Grant Allen in *Westminster Gazette*, August 29, 1894.

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But standing clearly out from this mass of mediocrity are the names of others who are good representatives of our national literature: Andrew Barclay (author of 'The Shippe of Fooles'), Sir Walter Raleigh, Humphrey Gifford, George Peele, John Ford, Thomas Carew, William Browne, Sidney Godolphin, Nicholas Rowe, Tom D'Urfey, John Gay, Robert Herrick, John Wolcot (better known as 'Peter Pindar'), Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Sir John Bowring, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, and Carrington (the poet of Dartmoor), while in more recent years we find Charles Kingsley, Mortimer Collins, Edward Capern, Henry Sewell Stokes, Hawker of Morwenstow, and such living writers as Austin Dobson, Baring Gould, Ernest Radford, John Gregory, F. B. Doveton, A. T. Quiller Couch, and others, whose writings find a place in our periodical literature as well as in the more solid volumes which emanate from the press.

Besides all these celebrities of past and present ages who claimed one or other of the Western counties as their birthplace, many others are included in the present volume who by long residence or other circumstances seemed to possess the requisite qualifications to be considered as West-Country poets. Some four hundred writers have been included in this work, which, although it contains a great deal of mediocre verse, has yet a large proportion of sterling poetry which has stood the test of time.

It must not be supposed that this is the first attempt to bring together the poets of the Western counties, Devon and Cornwall; but this is probably the most exhaustive and comprehensive work that has yet appeared.

In the seventeenth century there was issued from the Oxford Press a quarto volume entitled 'Threni Oxoniensium in Obitum Illustrissimi Viri D. Jo. Petrei Baronis de Writtle, etc.,' 4to., Oxon, 1613. This is the title of a collection of poems in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and other languages, by members of the University of Oxford; among the authors are the names of Grenville, Prideaux, Petre, Gale, Conant, Polwhele, Glanville, Fortescue, Cotton and Vivian. This was probably the earliest collection of poems by Western writers ever brought together.

A similar work appeared towards the close of the eighteenth century, compiled by the Rev. Richard Polwhele, and published at Bath in 1792, in two volumes, its title being 'Poems chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall.' I have been able to identify nearly all the writers in this interesting collection, and have included notices of them and extracts from their writings in the present volume. In fact, I am indebted to these volumes for a number of very typical examples which I have not met with elsewhere, as well as information which I have freely used, and suitably acknowledged. Another work often referred to in this volume is 'The West-Country Garland,' selected from the writings of the poets of Devon and Cornwall from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, by R. N. Worth, F.G.S., London, 1875. This work consisted of 175 pages and dealt with seventy-four writers, and as far as it goes it is a very reliable work. Mr. Worth, however, limits his biographical references to two or three lines, but his selections are most judicious, and the whole work is most useful, his introductory chapter being full of interesting information concerning West-Country bibliography.

The latest work of this class with which I am acquainted is a volume published at Exeter in 1884, entitled 'Devonshire Scenery: its Inspiration on the Prose and Song of Various Authors,' edited by the Rev. William Everett, Rector of St. Lawrence's, Exeter. Although this work embraces a number of prose extracts, it has yet a fair proportion of poetical descriptive pieces, but is wanting in biographical information. The late Mr. J. R. Chanter, of Barnstaple, devoted much time and attention to the study of Devonshire literature, and contributed several valuable papers thereon to the Transactions of the Devonshire Association. One of these, read in 1874, was entitled 'The Early Poetry of Devonshire,' with a calendar of Devonshire poets, and notices of forgotten and obscure versifiers from the eleventh to the seventeenth century. Mr. Chanter includes thirty-three names in his list, and most of these appear in this volume. The same gentleman wrote 'Sketches of the Literary History of Barnstaple,' 1866, which by the author's permission I have also placed under contribution. The initials J. R. C. are appended to several sketches from his pen.

Dr. T. N. Brushfield, in his address as President of the Devonshire Association in 1893, dealt at great length with the subject of Devonshire Literature, but he did not extend his researches beyond the year 1640, when the meeting of the Long Parliament created a definite and distinct turning-point in our printed literature. In a table at the end of his paper he gives a list of one hundred and twenty-one writers in all branches of literature; and of these less than twenty were writers of poetry.

Although in the present volume I have included the most prominent of our West-Country poets, there are many others for whom I have not been able to find a place, and in the further prosecution of my researches I shall doubtless find others who may claim to be included in a Western Anthology. Should the present work be favourably received, I shall hope to continue my labours at no distant date, and to issue a supplementary volume, in which not only shall the poets of Devon and Cornwall be represented, but also those of Somerset and Dorset.

I need scarcely say, in bringing the work to a conclusion, that I have received great assistance from many of those whose names appear in this volume, and wherever practicable I have placed myself in communication with the writers themselves, in order to obtain the greatest possible accuracy in the brief biographical sketches given.

To all these I would tender my most hearty thanks, and especially to those who have permitted me to use original poems or have sent portraits to be reproduced. My thanks are especially due to Mr. George C. Boase, one of the compilers of that invaluable work, 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis,' who has assisted me most materially by revising the proofs and adding many items of information respecting the writers of his native county, Cornwall.

I am also greatly indebted to the Rev. J. Ingle Dredge for his valuable notes respecting early clerical writers, and to Mr. John Shelly, for permission to use his critical essays on Raleigh, William Browne and others. Also to Dr. T. N. Brushfield, Mr. R. N. Worth, and the late Mr. J. R. Chanter for permission to utilize their writings. My thanks

to the Publisher must not be forgotten; he has from the first entered into the work *con amore*, and has spared no expense in making the volume acceptable to the student and man of letters. To Mr. J. H. Keys, publisher, of Plymouth, we are indebted for the loan of a number of portrait-blocks to illustrate the work.

Finally, I must tender a word of thanks to those subscribers who have so patiently waited year after year for the completion of the work, and who will rejoice with me that it is now fairly placed before the reading public in so presentable a form.

W. H. K. WRIGHT.

PLYMOUTH,
May, 1896.

JOHN ABRAHAM.

Mr. John Abraham, the writer of some clever verses, was a native of Liskeard, where he was born July 1, 1798. He was educated at Lostwithiel, and in the year 1816 he set up in business in Liskeard. He may be termed a self-educated man, as the time he spent at school was very short; but in spite of the want of early education, he was a man of great culture, of taste and discernment, and contributed not a little to contemporary literature. Many of his poems appeared in the *Ladies' Journal*, and they were afterwards published in a little volume under the title 'An Imperial Manifesto, and other Poems,' by Maharba (*i.e.*, Abraham). This was published at Liskeard in 1872.

His effusions also appeared in the *West Briton*, the *Plymouth Journal*, the *Liskeard Gazette*, and the *Cornish Times*.

One of his chief poems was entitled 'The Mountain Philosopher,' a tribute to the memory of Daniel Gumb. Cornishmen may remember that this man led the life of a hermit for many years in a cave, or rocky dwelling, in the neighbourhood of the Cheesewring, near Liskeard.

We give herewith one short piece by John Abraham; his lengthier pieces are equally meritorious:

THE BARREN MOUNTAIN.

My muse selects a lofty theme,
I sing the mountain high;
No land of life, but a sad scene
Of stern sterility—

Where winter holds perennial sway,
Where storm and tempest blow,
Where the bright ruler of the day
Shines on eternal snow.

Stupendous pile! I thee survey
With heaven-directed gaze;
The mightiest works of man display
Their puny littleness.

Methinks when Nature gave thee birth,
And bade thy summit rise
Above the prostrate things of earth,
Majestic in the skies,

To check thy pride the Almighty Power,
That decks the vale below,
Forbade a single vernal flower
To adorn thy barren brow.

Fresh opening to the solar ray,
The woodland beauties blow;
But changing seasons, green and gay,
Thy regions never know.

No wingèd minstrel there shall dwell,
Sweet songster of the grove;
No tree-enchanting Philomel
To tell his tale of love.

There the industrious hand may toil,
  There cast the golden grain ;
There autumn's ample crop shall fail,
  There man will delve in vain.

For thou wilt baffle all his art
  As long as time shall flow,
And be that barren waste thou wert
  Ten thousand years ago.

THOMAS HENRY AGGETT.

This writer may be aptly termed 'the Railway Poet of the West,' he being now employed as a porter at Teignmouth railway-station. Mr. Aggett was born at Saltash, in Cornwall, in July, 1863, his father then working under Brunel at the famous Royal Albert Bridge. On the completion of that work the family removed to Torquay. After passing through many vicissitudes of fortune, Thomas, at the age of ten, went out as a farmer's boy, and remained in that capacity for five years ; then, after living at Torquay for a year or two in different occupations, he went, in October, 1880, to the Isle of Wight. He served as footman for two years in the household of an invalid widow lady, who spent most of her time in her own room. Under these circumstances the young man was left pretty much to his own resources, and there being a fine library in the house, he determined to employ his spare hours in a careful and critical examination of the books it contained. This he was able to do, in spite of the constant watchfulness of an elderly lady's-maid, whom he describes as 'a perfect virago,' who apparently thought that it was her bounden duty to preserve the bindings of the books by preventing them being read. However, by a little strategy he was able to circumvent this dragon, substituting another volume on the shelf when he had occasion to take one away for private perusal. Thus he kept himself in a regular supply of literature, and it was then that he first became acquainted with the works of Burns and Byron. These became his favourite authors, and he read them again and again until he knew nearly the whole of their poems by heart, and felt sorry that they had not written more.

Mr. Aggett left his situation in the Isle of Wight in August, 1882, very reluctantly relinquishing the library from which he had derived so much pleasure, and in the following October obtained an appointment on the Great Western Railway, which he has held ever since. In October, 1883, he says, 'I paid a visit to the "Land o' Burns," having a week's leave, with a free pass to Manchester and back. I started on my pilgrimage as devoutly as ever good Mussulman started for the shrine of Mohammed at Mecca, and never have I so thoroughly enjoyed myself as I did that week in visiting the places of interest connected with Scotland's national bard.'

Like Pope, he seems to have 'lisped in numbers,' for he remembers that when very young he used to hum over his favourite tunes, adding words of his own that would suit his particular fancy at the moment.

It may be readily understood that a man employed at a busy railway-station can have

but little leisure for the cultivation of the Muses, and this fact must condone many imperfections in the published works of our railway poet. His little work, the 'Demon Hunter,' although sketched out previously, was mostly written during a fortnight's leisure. His aim has been, and still is, notwithstanding the imperfections of his poems yet published, to produce something carefully conceived and carefully executed, that will not only be a credit to himself, but will also show that Devonshire can produce something besides clotted cream. We trust he may speedily realize his fondest desires in this respect.

Now to speak of his published works. Mr. Aggett published a little volume, entitled 'Vagabond Verses,' about two years ago, and in 1889 he issued another little brochure, entitled the 'Demon Hunter, a Legend of Torquay.' An extract from the preface to his first volume, which is inserted in the later work in an introductory note by Mr. J. Taylor, of Paddington, will at once explain the author's modesty and the aims of his little book. He says:

'I do not aspire to genius, neither do I pretend to have written anything exceptionally good, and if the reader derives the same amount of pleasure in reading as I have in writing the poems, I shall consider it sufficient recompense, and feel justified in having printed them; if, on the other hand, they are found incapable of affording any pleasure, I can only excuse myself by saying they never would have been printed had it not been for the hope of benefiting the Widows and Orphans' Fund of the Great Western Railway.' Both the volumes were issued with the same laudable purpose, and it is to be hoped that in this respect also the author's enterprise proved successful.

Some of the pieces in the little volume, such as the title-poem—the 'Demon Hunter'—'The Parson and the Clerk,' 'The Mayor of Bodmin,' and others, deal exclusively with local legends, and they are happily and rhythmically told. Amongst his shorter poems are several pretty little conceits. We append some selections, in order that our readers may judge of the merits of this man whom we have dubbed 'the Railway Poet of the West':

LINES.

Beside the crystal stream above,
Where reigns the God of peace and love
O'er angels bright and fair;
Shall we poor mortals here below
At last go where those waters flow
That wash away all care?
Along the glitt'ring streets of gold,
Amid the brilliant glare,
Shall we God's banner there unfold,
His righteous helmet wear?
Above there, the love there,
No mortal can describe;
The meeting, the greeting,
With all the heavenly tribe.

How vain is pleasure here on earth!
Its outward glitter seems all mirth,
But 'tis with trouble lined;
When we forget all troubles gone,
And dazzling folly draws us on,
Despair is close behind.
For earthly joy but gives us pain
When we would pleasures find,
And on our souls leaves its dark stain
And blights the human mind.
With joy, then, employ, then,
The time which God has given;
For treasures and pleasures
Are plentiful in heaven.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD MAID.

(BY T. H. AGGETT.)

To win a husband long she tried,
Nor in despair at last she died;
She heard that marriages were made
In heaven, so this world she bade
Good-bye, to try, since hopeless here,
Her fortune in another sphere.

REV. DANIEL PRING ALFORD.

THIS writer, though not a native of Devonshire, is bound to that county by many ties, both of kindred and association, and we therefore feel justified in including him amongst our poets of the West. He is the son of a medical practitioner at Taunton, where he was born November 28, 1838. The late Dean Alford was his father's first cousin, and

married one of his father's sisters. A sketch of the family may be found at the beginning of Dean Alford's 'Life' by his widow. Mr. Alford was educated at Crewkerne Grammar School and the College School, Taunton. From the latter he went to Exeter College, Oxford, in 1857, and graduated with second-class honours in law and modern history in 1860. He was ordained deacon in 1861, priest in 1862 by Lord Auckland, then Bishop of Bath and Wells; held the curacy of St. John's, Taunton, until he went to Clayhidon in 1863. In 1865 he went to St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly, as Chaplain of the Isles, under Mr. Augustus Smith, and here he stayed till June, 1869, when he was presented to the living of St. Paul's, Gulworthy, near Tavistock. He remained at Gulworthy till November, 1878, when he went into Bedfordshire for five years, holding the rectory of Aspley Guise for one year, and the vicarage of Houghton Regis, near Dunstable, for four years. In November, 1883, he came to Tavistock as Vicar, on the resignation of the Rev. W. J. Tait, which benefice he still holds. In 1864 Mr. Alford had married Charlotte Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of the Rev. O. J. Tancock, D.C.L., who was then Vicar of Tavistock. Mr. Alford's family have been small landowners and beneficed clergymen in Somersetshire, in the neighbourhood of Langport, for the last three hundred years. At the close of the last century, his great-grandfather was Dean of St. Burian in Cornwall, but he was also Vicar of Curry Rivel, near Langport, and there he lived and died. Two of Mr. Alford's first cousins are incumbents in the diocese of Exeter, Henry Powell Alford being Vicar of Woodbury, Salterton, and Henry William Powell Alford, Vicar of Dawlish. The name Powell came into the family on the female side early in the seventeenth century. Mr. Alford's mother's brother was Dr. James Pring, of Taunton, a distinguished archæologist and contributor to the local antiquarian journals.

During his residence at Gulworthy in 1874, Mr. Alford published a volume of poems, entitled 'The Retreat, and other Poems,' several of which have a local colouring. Amongst the most commended of his poetical efforts are 'The Nightingale and the Warblers,' 'The Foxgloves,' 'Those only Know who Love,' 'Light Above,' and 'Snowdrops.' A sonnet to William Browne, one of the most noted of Tavistock worthies, the author of 'Britannia's Pastorals,' is exceedingly good. Amongst Mr. Alford's other minor publications we may mention 'England's Royal Jubilees' an address given in the Parish Church, Tavistock, in 1887; 'Piety and Culture,' a sermon preached in 1888; and 'Four Tavistock Worthies of the Seventeenth Century,' a paper delivered before the Devonshire Association at their Tavistock meeting in 1889. In 1891 Mr. Alford published 'The Abbots of Tavistock,' an attempt to connect the history of Tavistock with the general history of England. Mr. Alford's latest work is entitled 'A Tale of Tresco, the Tavistock Chimes, and other Poems, mostly of the West Country' (Tavistock, 1894). It is, as the writer informs us, 'a sheaf from a harvest slowly gathered in, through many years of a very busy life.' The following short pieces will fairly represent Mr. Alford's poetical efforts:

TENNYSON.

Our Tennyson, our Poet-Teacher, dead!
But his true words are living all the more.
And life-long students find an ampler store
Of grace and strength in lines so often read.
Silent and still! The moonlight on his bed!
And none to fill his office, though a score,
Not quite unworthy of the wreath he wore,
Are eager for the place he tenanted!—
Our one great poet we must needs bemoan,
The best and clearest mirror of our age,
So skilled in art, so varied in his rhyme.
But though, in this our day, he stood alone,
Worthy successors yet we dare presage,
The Poet-Teachers of a nobler time.

TO WILLIAM BROWNE OF TAVISTOCK.

Nature's true poet, blest with fancies sweet,
And voice as swift and changeful as our brooks,
We country swains cast often wondering looks
On those great singers that around thee meet;
For Spenser, Sidney, thy chief teachers were,
And Wither, Drayton, Jonson, called thee friend;
And, like enough, kind Shakespeare did commend
Thy 'modest muse.' And yet we all may share
The scenes of beauty that inspired thy lay;
For still by 'Blanchdown Wood' the Tamar sweeps;
Still trickle streamlets down the 'Dartmoor' steeps,
And sing blithe music to the lambs at play;
Still through 'sweet Ina's Combe' the Walla leaps,
Hurrying to greet the Tavy on its way.

TO A WILD LYCHNIS.

Thou long-enduring flower,
To cheer a wintry hour,
Thy lamp still burneth brightly;
Whilst all the flowers beside,
In garden or outside,
Are dead, that were so sprightly.

Yet had I scarcely seen
Thee, through the leafless screen
The brown hedge spread before thee,
Had not November's sun,
His short day's work just done,
Shed all his radiance o'er thee.

So when our springtime's o'er,
And we shall taste no more
The summer joys we're leaving,
The brighter may we shine,
Our souls, from Sun divine,
More heavenly light receiving.

WILLIAM ALLEY, D.D. (1510?—1570).

This learned divine was a native of Chipping Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, but he became Bishop of Exeter in 1560; hence we include him in this work. Amongst other works, he was the author of 'certaine verses which are recited in a certaine interlude or play, intitled *Ægio*, in the Poore Man's Library, printed by John Daye, 1571.' This appears to have been his only poetical effort. It is stated that Queen Elizabeth had great respect for Alley, and sent him yearly a silver cup for a new year's gift.

He died on April 15, 1570, and was buried in the choir of his cathedral near the altar.

PERCIVAL ALMY.

THIS young poet, whose first volume of poems* was published early in the present year (1895), deserves a place in our Western anthology, even though he was not Devonshire born. He was born on November 28, 1871, at the little semi-French town of Newhaven on the Sussex coast. His father, following the traditions of his ancestors, had adopted the sea as a profession, and at the date of his son's birth was chief officer on one of the passenger steamers plying between Dieppe and Newhaven. His mother was of Irish stock, and possessed much of the natural shrewdness and vivacity of her race. Mr. Almy's great-grandfather (Commander Almy, R.N., a brother to the recently deceased Admiral Almy) was a well-known figure in Plymouth, where he resided and owned property. He it was who was in command of the daring little *Pickle* during the last war with France. Going back farther still, Mr. Almy claims relationship with West-Country Almys during the period of the Stuart persecutions, one of them forming part of the crew of the *Mayflower*, and flying for conscience' sake to the Plymouth beyond the seas.

In recent times, too, in spite of the wandering and adventurous characteristics of the family, the West seems ever to have possessed for its members an ultimate affinity, and thitherward in the end they have invariably gravitated.

When the subject of our sketch was but a few weeks old, his parents took up their residence in London; his father, having left the sea, joined the Nonconformist church as

* 'Scintillæ Carmenis.' By Percival H. W. Almy. London: Elliot Stock.

a minister. First in London, next in the Midlands, and ultimately in Devon, at Brixham, he laboured, writing, preaching and lecturing. But it is of the son rather than of the father we must speak. At the age of fourteen he became an athlete, with strength, pluck and endurance far beyond his years. He was fond of all kinds of out-of-door sports and exercises, but he eschewed study, and looked upon poetry, in all its forms, as girlish and weak. Later on, when he was at school in Kent, he formed more systematic habits of study, and in course of time gained a liking for poetry and the classics, till by-and-by he found the works of Byron influencing his life. 'In Byron,' he says, 'I found all my youthful sentiments and cynicisms expressed in language of which I longed to become the master. Nature had taught me to love poetry; Byron taught me to write it, and I prostrated myself at his shrine, and worshipped him with a fervour and an ecstasy that to-day seems hard to understand. At a later period I came to understand that this idol of my childhood is the poet of all that is superficial in nature and life, and that his poetry is as shallow as the sentiments that inspired it. And it was then that I fully learnt that the much-despised Keats was the greatest artist of his age; that to him my homage was due, that to him my incense must henceforth be offered.'

On leaving school, Mr. Almy was articled to a solicitor; the subtleties of the law had ever a strong fascination for him. He was fortunate in the fact that he was articled to a man who was possessed of a strong will and sound common-sense, and from him his character gained strength.

But to return to his poetry. While studying the law, Mr. Almy was producing poetry with the facility and despatch of an automaton. His first poem of any length was a romance in about two hundred quatrains, entitled 'The Interrupted Feast.' His next effort bore the title, ''Mong Ruined Halls'; this the writer subsequently remodelled and rewrote, and included it in 'Scintillæ Carmenis' under the title of 'The Rivals.' Another lengthy poem was an adaptation of the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, in about one hundred and forty quatrains, every one of which has a similar rhyme. It is a model of industry, and is well written. Although much of Mr. Almy's poetry was written *sub rosa*, and without any thought, at the time, of publication, yet he persevered, and in due course became a contributor to various periodicals. Later he collected some of the best pieces, and submitted the work to a London publisher, with the result that his 'Scintillæ Carmenis' saw the light in February, 1895, and was well received, some of the notices being very flattering. We have not space to enter into a dissertation upon the merits of the book, nor is this the place, but we must confess to a feeling of pleasure in perusing the poetical work of this young poet. The *Western Morning News*, in a review of the book, says: 'In these prosaic days we fear such volumes do not meet with the welcome to which they are fairly entitled. We nevertheless venture the opinion that the book before us will find favour with those who have a dash of poetic sentiment in their constitution. The author certainly possesses it in a fair measure, and endeavours to appeal to it in others. Some of his poems are exceedingly rich in thought and expression.' We append some stanzas which may be taken as a fair sample of Mr. Almy's poetical powers:

THE SOURCES OF SONG.

I.

It hath been said of poets that they learn
Their chiefest songs in sorrow; that the spheres
Alone may rival with the notes that burn,
Fierce and resistless, in the wake of tears.
It may be; but to me the dreams that throng
About a heart at peace, the all-serene
Of Nature and of life, have ever been
The richest and the purest founts of song.

The solitude that dwells among the hills;
The voice of lonely streams; the seagulls' cry
Upon the twilit beach; the happy bells
That wake the marriage morn; the summer sky—
Yea, all things good, or beautiful, or grand,
Speak to me in a language which, though
At times impossible to understand, [hard,
A language that I dare not disregard.

II.

The songs of Greece, the leafiness of June;
Midnight and music on a summer main;
Dreams of the years gone by; the haunting moon
Among the ruined walls of shrine or fane;
The low of cattle coming o'er the lea
At toll of vesper-bell; a sudden glimpse,
Around the point of some lone shore, of nymphs
Just stripping for a frolic in the sea;

The power of Truth; the love of womankind;
The gracefulness of youth; the strength of men;
The thrill of freedom when a wakened mind
Arises and shakes off the tyrant's chain;
The sorrow of an ancient poesy,
Conned in the twilight, by a forest stream—
These, these my Muse delights in; these shall be
Henceforth my inspiration and my theme.

III.

But who assumes the poet-voice, and sings
Of moods and feelings he has never known;
Who apes an inexperienced grief, and wrings
From every joy, a murmur or a groan;
Who, blinded to the sun's majestic blaze,
Sees but the spots upon his disc; to whom
The poet's fire is but the phosphos haze
That trembles in the region of the tomb—
With such the poet has nor lot nor part;
Intruders on the king's highway of song,
And false alike to Nature and to Art,
Their feeble pipings cannot charm us long:
True heart-grief is too sacred to be made
The motto of a pennon; they alone
Would have their bosom publicly displayed
Who never knew a sorrow of their own.

IV.

Enough, enough! Shall he whose soul is lit
Bright with the vestal planet-light of song
Court sorrow for the sake of singing it,
And die of an imaginary wrong?
No desert-voice is his, to dwell apart
And sing of moods exclusively his own;
He is an echo of the great world-heart—
The voice of all that it has felt and known;
And while the world runs round on golden wheels,
And every eye has glimpses of the gods,
And while the axe is hidden in the rods,
And with the poison is the balm that heals—
Away, away these hopeless threnodies!
The owl has ceased, the lark is on the wing—
Sweets with the bitters, laughter with the sighs:
God loves us all; heaven's over everything.

MISS ANNIE E. ARGALL.

This young lady is the daughter of Mr. Frederick Argall, photographer, of Truro. She is not more than twenty years old, but her contributions to the local press are read with interest and appreciation. Her book 'The Inspiration of Song' contains some gems, which, although eloquent, are rather short sermons in verse than poems. Most of her pieces have been written as she has lain in bed suffering from hip disease, from which she is now happily recovering. Her patience, resignation, and sweetness of disposition are remarkable, and, considering her age, her poems exhibit great promise.

THE CHARM OF BEAUTY.

How strangely sweet it is to note our world,
Apparently more lovely day by day!
And yet we know the change is not around,
But in ourselves. Nature has ever held
In her fair bosom many a mystery,
A hidden power of wondrous loveliness.
Yes, as the years pass on, and seasons change,
In each new opening flower afresh we note
Evidence of a lovely harmony.
The mystic growth of every budding tree,
The soft green grass glist'ning with morning dew,
Late autumn varied tints and ruddy glows,
Now purely fair with all-entrancing charm
These in good sooth appear! And yet again,
The dawn of day, the twilight's shadowy hour,
The peaceful beauty of the river-path,
Old restless Ocean with his myriad waves
Fringed with the gleaming sand of many a shore,
These several scenes, widely diversified,
Each in its point of pleasure singular,
Strike with new interest our awakened sight.

W. A. HARRIS ARUNDELL.

William Arundell Harris Arundell was the only son of the Rev. William A. Harris, and assumed the name of Arundell in 1822. He was born at Kenegie, near Penzance, September 17, 1794. He was Sheriff of the county of Cornwall, 1817, and died at Lifton, Devon, April 2, 1865. He was the author of several small poetical works, as follows: 'The Fall of Sebastopol,' a poem, published in 1855; 'The Leisure Hour,' written as an inauguration poem for the Lifton Institute, 1855; 'The Contested Election,' a comedy in three acts (in prose), 1856; 'The Pilgrim Minstrel' and 'Wreck of the *John* Emigrant Ship on the Manacles Rocks, May 2, 1855,' published in 1856, and some others.

Mr. Arundell has appended an amusing preface to his poem 'The Leisure Hour,' in which he discusses with an imaginary critic the merits and imperfections of his production, and in a later poem, 'The Pilgrim Minstrel,' he takes up the burden of the discussion, and introduces the reader to a bevy of friends, who are met to establish a

committee on this new work. This dissertation is exceedingly witty: the designations applied to his critics are very appropriate, and the whole is intensely entertaining.

The poem called 'The Leisure Hour' is really an historical narration of scenes, chiefly from Bible history, and continued through successive ages down to our own time, winding up with the Crimean War, the concluding stanzas being as follows:

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.

Shall Balaclava and the Brudenell's name
Remain unsung,
Be a mere fact for history
And future fame?
Nay! let the lyre be strung,
And with bright garlands hung,
Then let his fame be sung
With the triumphant shout of victory.

His flashing steel made routed Scythians fly.
Though cannon roar,
And vomit forth both grape and shell
Unceasingly,
Purpling the field with gore,
Onward their squadrons pour,
Crashing through pelting show'r,
Where bullets with the speed of hailstones fell!

Undaunted, see, they charge the battery,
Their daring sped!
Fearless the Brudenell led them on
To victory!
Headlong the Scythians fled!
Or by their guns lay dead,
In dreadful carnage spread!
Whilst slackened firing showed what work was done.

See how they dash through routed cavalry,
Cutting them down!
That onslaught fierce shall ever swell
In history
The fame of those that fell;
Their shout the Scythians' knell!
Though vengeful cannons' peal
Left but too few to share that day's renown!

The plains of Marathon—thy storied pass
Thermopylæ,
Shall a diminished lustre yield;
No more to class
With Balaclava's field,
Nor with the lofty shield
In triumph raised to gild
And blazon Brudenell's charge, and victory!

SIMON ASH (ABOUT 1150).

SIMON ASH, whose name is generally called by our old chroniclers Simon Fraxinus, was born in Devon, being descended from an ancient and Gentile stock, as Hooker calls it, of the name of Esse, otherwise Ash, who had their habitation at Esse Raph, now Rose Ash, near Southmolton. Risdon informs us that the family was descended from Wagerus de Esse, who had their inheritance at the beginning of Henry II.'s days. Of this family, says Westcote, 'there was in the days of King John a very learned man named Simon Fraxinus, born at Ash Raph, or Thewborough, about the year 1150. He was carefully educated, and followed his studies with such assiduity that he became eminent and

famous for his piety and learning, and was chosen canon of the church of Hereford. He appears to have formed an intimate acquaintance with Giraldus Cambrensis, the famous chronicler, and the epistolary correspondence between these two scholars, carried on in Latin verse, forms a considerable portion of his recorded works. One that excited much attention among the learned of his time was a tract, "Apologia Rythmica sive conquestio et compassio pro-amico læso," written in defence of Giraldus Cambrensis, who had much offended the Abbot of Dore and the monks by a piece called "Speculum Ecclesiæ," in which he severely taxed the manifest abuses of those times.' Wharton quotes these verses in his 'Anglia Sacra,' and Ball gives the titles of several of his works, including a volume of poetry, 'Carmina quoque.' Prince adds: 'Many other things he wrote, both in verse and prose, the titles whereof did not descend to posterity.' Sir Richard Baker notices him in his 'Chronicles of the Kings of England' as one of the most eminent men in the reign of King John, and Ball and several other authors antecedent to Prince refer to him.

Polwhele, however, gives him but faint praise when he says: 'Though the muse of Simon Ash, or Fraxinus, who distinguished himself in the time of King John, was not especially brilliant, yet the maids of Helicon were peculiarly favourable to Joseph of Exeter and Alexander Necham, who flourished in the same reign.'—J. R. C.

J. G. ASHWORTH.

Mr. J. G. Ashworth is a schoolmaster of Perranzabuloe, near Truro; is also a Wesleyan local preacher, and has been a frequent contributor to *Great Thoughts* and other popular periodicals. He has had to grapple with a deformed body, much ill-health, the loss of his only son, his wife's sickness, and the friction caused by his irksome duties as village schoolmaster, owing to his advanced political views clashing with those of people who have more or less controlled the school of which he has charge. His poems are largely biographical, and they are lucid, strongly uttered, and frequently full of passion and beauty. His prose contributions to the press are vigorous and full of sound argument. The following pretty little poem is a fair sample of Mr. Ashworth's Muse.

THE PAST.

The past is over; drunk the bitter-sweet;
I cannot be thy child love as of yore;
Yet will my heart for thee, its first choice, beat,
Till death hath touched it, and it beat no more.

Nay, build not on my fondness, it were vain;
There yawns a gulf betwixt thyself and me;
And love can bridge not, though she strive and strain
To throw a pathway unto home and thee!

The past is over ; learn to think it so,
And shape thy future unto nobler ends ;
Make life sublime, and in true manhood grow ;
Leave God the rest, and let us still be friends.

Time rolls away and bears us on its breast ;
A few years hence heart passions will be o'er ;
And in that world, love, where the weary rest,
We twain may meet as one for evermore.

FLORENCE GERTRUDE ATTENBOROUGH.

This lady, though not of West Country birth or parentage, may yet claim to be included in our list, by virtue of the fact that she resided for a long period in Cornwall, and there received her first poetical inspirations.

She was born in Sevenoaks, Kent, in the year 1867, and is the daughter of an Independent minister. She received a home education which was considerably strengthened by travel in all parts of England ; and so she became an early worshipper at Nature's shrine, although not displaying any literary ability until after her removal to Portscatho in Cornwall, occasioned by her father's acceptance of the pastorate at that place. Whilst residing in the West she frequently contributed to the *Royal Cornwall Gazette*, the *Plymouth Weekly Mercury*, and other local journals. She then plunged deeper into the pleasures of composition, writing for several amateur publications, and being awarded certificates of merit from the Sunday School Union. After her removal to London, in 1886, she became a contributor to *Cassell's Saturday Journal* under the *nom de plume* of 'Chrystabelle' ; also to the *Christian World*, and many other journals. She is at present engaged in collecting her fugitive pieces for publication in volume form. The following is one of the happiest efforts of her pen.

EVENING.

I.

The tall grass waveth in richness,
The roses are clustered and red,
The wind, like a lover, is putting
Sweet stories of old in my head ;
Through boughs in yon forest recesses
The sun shyly kisses the ground,
Where the blushing hung head of the foxglove,
And the bracken uncurled, may be found.

II.

The ears of Dame Nature are haunted,
Like mine, with the music that comes
As a soft dreamy ripple of song-land
From the region of quiet-nested homes ;
And the friendly brown bee interweaveth,
In gratitude, echoes of praise,
As he cheerfully flits o'er the meadow
To where the ripe cornflower strays.

III.

No sound of Humanity grinding
The labours which come to us all ;
For the wings of the Angel of Rest have
Obeyed a kind instinct to fall ;
So the blossoms drop off into slumber,
And dream of the Eden of old ;
And I, wrapt in reverie, sit by them,
To watch the sun melt into gold.

IV.

There cometh faint mist like a herald
To usher the form of the Night ;
And shadows lined deeply with purple
Break over the strands of daylight ;
The daisies have veiled themselves closely,
The sad Philomel trilleth nigh,
And the star of farewell glistens crystal—
A dewdrop new-born in the sky.

SAMUEL AUSTEN, THE ELDER.

According to the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis,' this writer was born at Lostwithiel in 1606, but the date of his death is not known. He was the author of 'Avstin's Vrania, or the Heavenly Mvse, in a poem fvll of most feeling Meditations for the comfort of all Soules at all times. By S. A[ustin], B. of Arts of Ex. Colledge, in Oxford. Lond. 1629.' A copy of this work is in the British Museum.

SAMUEL AUSTEN, THE YOUNGER, B.A.

This writer (the son of the preceding) was born at Lostwithiel in 1636. He matriculated from Wadham College, Oxford, in 1652, was B.A. 1656, of the University of Cambridge. He was the author of 'A Panegyric on King Charles II.,' 1661, and a poem entitled 'The King's Disguise,' without date. In 1658 the wits of Oxford published a satire upon S. Austin, entitled 'Naps upon Parnassus.'—J. R. C.

PHILIP AVANT (about 1680).

A Vicar of Salcombe of this name was a writer of poetry, among which are some local poems in praise of Torbay, and on the burning of Teignmouth by the French in 1680. The title of one of his publications is given in the 'Bibliotheca Devoniensis': 'Torbaia digna Camænis ad Gulielmum tertium regem gratissimum. Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ conservatorem. Authore Philippo Avant, minimo indignissimo Ecclesiæ Anglianæ Presbytero: London, 1692.' This contained, besides the above, some poems in honour of William and Mary 'On the Fall of Belgrade,' and others to Bishop Burnet.—J. R. C.

G. A. AYNGE.

WHO this writer was we have been unable to discover, or to glean any facts concerning his history. Suffice it to say that he wrote and published a little work entitled 'The Death of Tecumsceh, and Poetical Fragments on Various Subjects.' Printed by R. Cranford, Dartmouth, 1821. The following verses are from this, apparently his only work :

ADDRESS TO ADVERSITY.

Welcome, Woe, and welcome, Care !
Your iron yokes I well can bear ;
  Arm'd with philosophy against despair.

As great a pleasure swells this breast,
Triumphing when by Fate opprest,
  As when by Fortune's choicest gifts possest.

I glory in the stifl'd sigh—
Rejoicing in the tearless eye ;
  And spurn the childish voice of Sympathy.

I love the smile that welcomes woe,
The frown when Fortune's favours flow ;
  While her best gifts no pleasure can bestow.

Sweet is the callous state—O sweet :
This Stoic apathy I greet ;
  That Fortune's frowns or smiles alike can meet.

Bless'd state, my lot for ever be :
Alike from grief or pleasure free ;
  Insensible to joy—unmov'd by misery.

REV. SAMUEL BADCOCK.

THIS eminent theological and literary critic was a native of South Molton, where he was born February 23, 1747. His parents were Dissenters, and he was educated in a school at Ottery St. Mary which was established for the education of the sons of those opposed to the Established Church. He was trained for the ministry, received his first pastorate in 1766 at Wimborne in Dorset, then took a similar position at Barnstaple in his native county, where he remained until 1778. He is best known in connection with his contributions to the 'Theological Repository,' by which he became acquainted with Dr. Priestley, and adopted some of that worthy's theological views. This led to a disagreement with his congregation, and Badcock returned to South Molton, where he ministered from 1776 to 1786. He then became dissatisfied with the Dissenters, and sought admission into the English Church. He was ordained by Bishop Ross of Exeter, deacon and priest, within a week, in June, 1787, and served the curacy of Broad Clyst. Failing health and pecuniary embarrassments led to his removal to Bath, where he assisted at the Octagon Chapel for a short time, and then went to London, where he died May 19, 1788. He contributed to the *Westminster Magazine*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Monthly Review*, and other journals. He is also credited with the authorship of several poems. As a

reviewer, Badcock ranks amongst the best known names of the last century.* The little lyric which follows was published in 'Poems by Gentlemen of Devon and Cornwall' (1792), with a very commendatory notice:

TO ELIZA ON HER MARRIAGE.

Ah! never, never will thy beauteous eye
Again illume this dark and cheerless mind?
Must every fond idea fly
And mix with shades of night;
Nor e'er again this bosom find
To gild with its delusive light,
And chase the thickening gloom of melancholy?
Farewell, romantic shades of Arcady!
And all that poets sing of fairyland
By the mild breath of zephyr fann'd,
Farewell! Capricious Fate to me denies
The eager joy, the mute surprise,
The nameless but delicious melodies
That borrow'd all their charms from love and thee,
Dear harmonist of moral minstrelsy!
Which struck the thrilling chords within,
Giving 'the music of the spheres,'
Ecstatic though serene,
The gentle breathing of angelic airs;
And made the trembling heart, thy lyre,
Now soothe to sweet repose, now wake to soft desire.

HENRY BAIRD ('NATHAN HOGG').

'The name of Henry Baird will not be found in the pages of the "Dictionary of National Biography," or in any published list of local celebrities. Nevertheless, when the literary history of this county (Devonshire) during the present century is written, he will occupy an important position in it with respect to the dialect.' Thus writes Dr. T. N. Brushfield in the *Western Antiquary* for 1893-94; and from the same article we glean the following particulars:

Under the *nom de plume* of 'Nathan Hogg' he contributed to local newspapers, but chiefly to the *Western Times*, a number of humorous sketches in rhyme, entitled 'Letters in the Devonshire Dialect,' as well as a number of poems. The former were issued in a separate volume in 1847, and again in 1850, the latter also containing some 'miscellaneous pieces' of poetry, serious and humorous, in ordinary English.

About that period, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, who had devoted much time and attention to the subject of dialects, was so much struck with Baird's 'Letters' that he visited the author in Exeter. One result of this visit was the publication of a new series of Nathan Hogg's poems, including 'Mucksy Lane: a Short Story in the Devonshire Dialect,' with a dedication to the Prince by the author, dated 'Exeter, June 9, 1863.'

The last edition of his works appeared in two series in 1888, and was published by Mr. A. Iredale, of Torquay. It contains a short biographical sketch of the author, by the

* Condensed from the 'Dictionary of National Biography.'

late Mr. Robert Dymond, of Exeter, but omits some of the shorter poetical pieces. From this sketch we learn that Henry Baird was born about the year 1829, and early in life became a clerk in the office of an Exeter attorney. While so engaged, he probably wrote some lines to be found only in the 1850 edition of his works—lines that are as forcibly penned as some of the compositions of Thomas Hood; some of them are here quoted:

'Pity the sorrows of a lawyer's clerk,
Whose trembling hand portrays the weight of care—
His dreary doom, on bills of cost to work,
And sigh and wish one 6s. 8d. were his share.

'My tender wife has scarce a shoe to wear,
My daughter not a bonnet, only mark!
My garments are all worn threadbare:
Law *feeds* the lawyer, but it *starves* his clerk.'

At a later period he carried on the business of a bookseller in St. Martin's Lane, Exeter, and continued a connection with the local newspaper press which he had commenced some time before. With a view to improve his prospects, he subsequently went to London, but died shortly after his arrival, at the age of about fifty-two (ob. May 3, 1881). If the statement as to his age be correct, he was not twenty years old when his celebrated 'Letters' were collected and published in 1847. Mr. Dymond records that he had 'a depressed manner,' and this may have been due partly to poverty, and partly to another cause, alluded to by him in the opening verse of some lines forming the epilogue to his first printed work in 1847:

'Reader, if thy mirth be vanish'd,
Bear thee in the calm of thought;
Let not pity's tear be banish'd,
Shed it for the poor untaught.'

Apart from 'the genuine humour and poetical genius' displayed in the 'Letters' and poems, they are of great philological value in serving to point out the pronunciation of Devonshire words nearly fifty years ago. Dr. Brushfield gives, as an appendix to his article, two poetical pieces, asserted to be the composition of this author, but not included in any of his published works. As they are too long to be given in full, and as they will not bear curtailing, we venture to append a shorter piece to illustrate the writer's style. From a recent letter (dated August 20, 1894), written by Mr. S. H. B. Glanville, Editor of the *Western Times*, Exeter, we glean some additional particulars, which will add considerably to the interest of this sketch.

Mr. Glanville writes: 'I first became acquainted with Mr. Henry Baird when I was at Plymouth, where he joined the reporting staff of the *Plymouth Mail*. I learnt from him that he was a native of Starcross, his parents having been engaged, as I understood, in farming. He was placed in a solicitor's office in this city [Exeter]; I believe it was at the office of Messrs. Kennaway and Buckingham. At all events, he was engaged there as a clerk when he began writing his letters in verse in the Devonshire dialect, which first brought him into notice. These letters were addressed to "Brither Jan," and were signed

"Nathan Hogg," the name by which he was most generally known thereafter. They appeared, or some of them, in the columns of the *Western Times*, then being edited by the celebrated journalist, Thomas Latimer. Through communicating poems to the press, Baird turned his attention to journalism as a means of livelihood. It was after some experience of reporting upon the press of Exeter that he took the engagement at Plymouth to which I have referred. While on the *Plymouth Mail* he contributed to that journal several smart satires in verse, which you would very likely find in the files of that journal in the Plymouth Library.

'He remained about a year or two at Plymouth, and then returned to Exeter, where I again met him, and assisted him to get an engagement as reporter on the *Western Times*. He had continued his devotion to versification, and about this time he published in a volume his pieces which had appeared in various journals. The volume was much sought after, on account of the extremely clever reproduction of the Devonshire dialect.

'While Mr. Baird was engaged on the *Western Times*, Prince Lucien Bonaparte visited Exeter. The Prince was then engaged in his great philological labours, and was anxious to add to his collection specimens of the Devonshire dialect. He sent for Mr. Baird, and had a long conversation with him at the New London Hotel in this city, with the result that Prince Lucien commissioned Baird to write the Song of Solomon in the Devonshire dialect. Mr. Baird set about his special work with intense interest, and completed his task within a very short time. On presenting the result to the Prince, he received highly commendatory letters in return.

'Mr. Baird left the *Western Times*, married, and conducted a second-hand bookshop in St. Martin's Lane. But it was commercially not a success, and he moved to London, where he obtained an engagement with a news agency, and was appointed its reporter at the Old Bailey. In this position he remained until ill health prevented him from doing any work. The illness proved fatal, and he died several years ago. Mr. Baird was a bright and witty conversationalist.'

LETTER TA ZOGG.

Exter, May 25th, 1846.

DEAR ZOGGY,

I've uny jist now got yer letter,
An' girtly be plaized vur ta yer thit yu'm better;
Yu zes yu doant spoas as how thit I luv thur,
An' way living in Exter be got up abov thur;
Bit dang ma ole buttons, tant tru, vur I niver
Hav zeed a maid yer haf za purty an' cliver;
Zo I'll nivir vursake thur za long as ma lyve,
And wen us cums home I ll mak thur me wive.
Aw lor, wen I thinks aut me hart nacks about,
Jist as if ha wur ready vur jumping irt out.
Exter maidens luke wull anuff wen they be dress'd,
Way thare vine vantysheeny goold things in thare brest;
Bit if yu cude uny jist zee min be day,
They be luking za yeller as ole dyvered hay.
I think thit moast all awmin wants mer ta spaik,
Bit na, deeress Zoggy, me haid bant za waik;
They lukes in me vace, how they laffs to be zure,
Like as if I wid spaik they wid zay zummat moar.

I cude get a *dressmaker* weniver I likes,
Uny hold up me vinger, ta walking they hikes.
I zees *twineys clarks*, an' *shop vuller* zwells,
All awmin doo's et wen passing tha gals ;
Bit you needen be veer'd that I be tha zame,
I shude houp thit yu naws me tu wull vur that game ;
An' I'll tull thur agane, as avaur I've a zaid,
Thit I niver wid marry a *dressmakin* maid,
A squatting about in tha houze all tha day,
An' a girt dail tu vine vur ta clain en away.
I thinks very auffen wen us got zom vine weather,
How offen us used ta go walkin together,
An' 'bout tha girt tree in tha vour aker made,*
Ware hours es have zot vur ta bide in the shade ;
An' then I thinks auver tha zmacks I've a gied thur,
An' thort aut za long till I zim'd thit I zeed thur,
I dreem'd t'other night thit I geed thur a zmacker,
Wen in com'd yer vather an' vetch'd mer a wacker,
An' et vrightened me zo thit I val'd out a baid,
An' agin the girt paust there I hat me pore haid.
I zend thur deer Zogg a vew laces vur stays,
But I hoap you woant val in tha Exter maids ways,
Vur they hal up thare wastis za tight an' za small,
That I'm zartin tha mait niver gose down at all,
An' a cliver man tole mer ha vurily thort
The sqweez'd up tha bawls uv thare stummick ta nort ;
I haup this'll zit thur parfeckly aisy,
But I now very wull wat better wid plais'ee,
Yude rather I gee thur a kiss than a letter ;
But keep up yer spirits, 'tis all vur tha better.
Zo now I mist wish thur gude by, me deer Zogg,
Vrom yer veckshinit luver,

NATHAN HOGG.

GIRT OFVENDERS AN' ZMAL.

A muller ha voun a mowze in ez hutch,
An' zed, 'Vurr this yu bee bown ta dye ;'
Bit tha pore littl' crayt'r playdid hard,
An' wanted ta naw tha rayz'n wye.

'Tha rayz'n wye ?' tha muller ha zed.
'Way, that's a purty thing, ta be zshore ;'
Now, wadd'n thee voun in thic thare hutch,
A aytin tha mayl that's grownd vur tha pore ?'

Then ha cort'n hole ba tha end a tha tayl,
An' ez pore littl' haid gin tha hutch ha hat,
Arter wich tha cruel twoad ha drade
Ez pore littl' carkiss owt ta tha cat.

Now, a muller ha stayl'th, an' cal'th et 'tole,'
An' a mowthvul ur tu a mowze'll scral ;
Wat a honjist vate thare ez, I zess,
Vur ofvenders girt an' ofvenders zmal.

* Meadow.

JAMES BAKER.

THE author of that charming prose idyll, 'By the Western Sea,' though not a Devonshire man, has lived so long in the West that he has grown to love the Devon hills and tors, and the rugged Cornish coast, more than the heaths and wide open stretches of his native county, Hampshire. His writings, whether of prose or verse, have a strong West Country aroma. He contributes to all the principal magazines and journals of the day.

Mr. James Baker was born in 1847, and his first literary work was a little poem, published in 1871, entitled 'Auf Wiedersehen'; he also published a volume of poems in 1879, entitled 'Quiet War Scenes.' This volume met with much favour. After that he published a volume of prose sketches of European travel, which was entitled 'Days Afoot.' But it was not until the publication of 'John Westacott' that the author really became known to the reading public. This work was immediately taken up in America by the Messrs. Harper, and several editions have since been issued in England. Before the publication of this novel, Mr. Baker was engaged upon many of the principal magazines and reviews; he also wrote social and political articles for the *Yorkshire Post.*

But probably his most popular work was a Devonshire book, entitled 'By the Western Sea: a Summer Idyll.' The scene of this story was laid at Lynmouth, and it was very favourably received by the critics of every degree. The *Times* spoke of the writer as 'throwing the feeling of an artist and a poet into his sympathetic descriptions.' In fact, the highest encomiums were passed upon it both in England, in America and the colonies.

This Devonshire novel was dedicated to Mr. R. D. Blackmore. Another novel, 'Mark Tillotson,' is also a West-Country story, some of the principal scenes being laid in Cornwall, at Perranporth and Newquay. He leads his characters along through Devon and Cornwall, from Okehampton to Perranporth. In this novel there are many translations from Frederick von Bodenstedt, some of which are introduced in the West-Country chapters. We have only space to quote a couple of these, and a dialect poem.

'I once did stand in favour with a prince,
Who ofttimes bitterly complained to me
That no man spoke to him right truthfully;
But all from honest truth did shyly wince.
I pondered o'er his words, and found them true;
But when I spoke the truth, I soon did rue,
And was forbad the court I'd fain convince.
There are princes who yearn
The whole truth to learn;
But that few are given so sound a digestion
To dare swallow the truth, no man can question.'

'Hear, then, what the proverb says:
He who loves the truth, he must
Hold his hand by bridle ready;
He who thinks the truth, he must
Have his foot in stirrup steady;
He who speaks the truth, he must
Arms, as wings to fly, hold ready;
And yet sings Mirza Schaffy:
He who lies must punished be.'

It was upon the receipt of a copy of this work that Lord Tennyson wrote his last kindly note to the author, probably the last he ever penned, for it was written on the Sunday before his death; in it he informed the author of his illness, but expressed the hope to read the novel as soon as he was better. But that was not to be. By a singular coincidence the great German poet to whom the volume was dedicated, F. von Bodenstedt, also died without seeing the book that contained so many translations of his own work. Mr. Baker is now a special correspondent for the *Times*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and other papers, and has attended many important foreign functions. He has also travelled much in Bohemia, and written many articles relating to that country. Two important works have just issued from his pen, 'A Great Forgotten Englishman' (Peter Payne), an historical work on the fifteenth century, and 'Pictures from Bohemia' for the Religious Tract Society. Mr. Baker is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and is also on the committee for the Western District of the Institute of Journalists. He resides at Clifton. He has lately returned (March, 1895) from a tour in Egypt, and has contributed a series of articles entitled 'Egypt of To-day' to the *Western Morning News* (Plymouth).

SPRING FLOWERS.

On a cold wet night in spring, before a shop
Where, 'mid some moss, some early spring flowers lay,
A ragged, dissolute old man was seen to stop,
And mumbling, muttering low, o'erheard to say:

Ah, thur tha be! Lor! how I used to pick' em
A-bustin' forth beneath the barren hedges;
Waal, saay what thay ool, the vine vlowers thur don't lick 'em,
Thau these bean't vine like thim as grows in sedges.

'Gar, how I used to like to see 'em bustin' out
When 'twer sa cauld and vrosty like and nippin';
But bless 'ee! then I didn't care for nowt,
For I were young and lithsum, birds a-kippin'.

'Ah, that be long ago, main long ago,
Thur yunt naw moor o' thic thur sart for I;
I never see naw vlowers but them for show,
Them as is put about vor volks to buy.

'I wur a buoy then, a bit o' a chap,
And thought as sum day p'raps I mid be carter,
Vor I loiked the vields, and didn't care a rap
Vor them thur chaps as lives in bricks and marter.

'Lor! how them vlowers do bring it to me mind,
The times I've pick'd 'em when the spring wur breakin',
Used vor to pick the fust as I could vind,
A reg'lar purty posy on 'em makin'.

'And then I runn'd away and went for a sodger—
Ah, I wur a vool, I wur, in thic thur job;
But thic thur sargent he wur a downy codger,
And gid I a shillun', a did, out o' his fob.

''Od blast the vlowers! What be I stickin here vor?
A purty vool I be to stop and think!
I got some coin as I cud ha' some beer vor,
Better be half to go and aa some drink.

'But naw, naw, naw, I oodent cus the vlowers,
Thay've made I think o' what I mid a bin;
I mid a bin a drillin' arter the sowers,
Or out in the vields a puttin' barley in.

'And now I ain't a-got a friend in life,
Not one 'ud pick me up if I wur dead;
And I mid a had a kumly maid for wife,
And a tidy roof a me own awver me head.

'It's all along o' the drink, they all d'saay—
Well, I be main awld now, so 'twon't last long.
Who cares a cuss for I? Nor I vor thaay,
Let's go and aa three twos, hot and strong.'

And so he passed away into the night,
Ragged, half naked, 'neath the biting rain,
To lower depths it seemed to human sight,
Yet who dare say the flowers spoke in vain?

ARCHBISHOP BALDWIN (TWELFTH CENTURY).

We find in the life of Joseph Iscanus several references to his patron, Thomas Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury. Prince says: 'This our Devonshire Maro had for his Mecænas a Devonshire man, Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom he dedicated his first work, "Antiocheides," *opus merito immortale*, as Bale calls it, a work deservedly immortal.' The same author says Thomas Baldwin was born at Exeter, and was surnamed Devonius from his county; that he was of mean and obscure parents, but was well brought up, they having kept him at school and brought him up to the knowledge of books and letters, to which he early showed himself disposed. He became first a schoolmaster, and at length, having entered into holy orders, was admitted a monk in the abbey of Forde, in this

county, and became subsequently Bishop of Worcester, from which he was translated to Canterbury, and installed as Primate of all England in 1158.* He is noted for having travelled through England and Wales preaching the Crusades, and he subsequently accompanied King Richard to the Holy Land, and died there prematurely. This Devonshire worthy was a voluminous writer, and most of his works were dedicated to his friend Bartholomew, Bishop of Exeter, among them a few poetic compositions, which (especially his 'Carmen Devotionis') entitle him to be placed in the list of Devonian poets.

J. R. C.

JOHN CODRINGTON BAMPFYLDE.

This poetical writer was born August 27, 1754, and was the son of Sir Richard Warwick Bampfylde, of Poltimore, in the county of Devon. He was educated at Cambridge. His poetical works consist of 'Sixteen Sonnets' published in 1778, and two short poems added by Southey, and one by Park. Southey called them 'some of the most original in our language.' William Jackson, a well-known musician of Exeter, told Southey that Bampfylde lived as a youth in a farmhouse at Chudleigh, whence he used to walk over to show Jackson his poetical compositions. He went to London and fell into dissipation. He proposed to Miss Palmer, niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds, afterwards Marchioness Thomond, to whom the sonnets are dedicated. Sir Joshua disapproved the match, and closed his door to Bampfylde, who thereupon broke Sir Joshua's windows and was sent to Newgate. Jackson coming to town soon after, found that his mother had got him out of prison, but that he was living in the utmost squalor in a disreputable house. Jackson induced his family to help him, but he soon had to be confined in a private madhouse, whence he emerged many years later, and died of consumption about 1796. (See 'Dictionary of National Biography,' vol. iii.)

ON A WET SUMMER.

All ye who far from town in rural hall,
Like me, were wont to dwell near pleasant field,
Enjoying all the sunny day did yield,
With me the change lament, in irksome thrall,
By rains incessant held; for now no call
From early swain invites my hand to wield
The scythe. In parlour dim I sit concealed,
And mark the lessening sand from hour-glass fall;
Or 'neath my window view the wistful train
Of dripping poultry, whom the vine's broad leaves
Shelter no more. Mute is the mournful plain;
Silent the swallow sits beneath the thatch,
And vacant hind hangs pensive o'er his hatch,
Counting the frequent drips from reeded eaves.

* Prince, p. 526; Bale *Cent.*, p. 228.

ALEXANDER BARCLAY (1475?—1552).

'WHETHER this distinguished poet was an Englishman or a Scotchman has long been a *quæstio vexata*, affording the literary antiquary a suitable field for the display of his characteristic amenity. Bale, the oldest authority, simply says that some contend he was a Scot, others an Englishman ("Script. Illust. Majoris Britt. Catalogus," 1539). Pits ("De Illust. Angliæ Script.") asserts that though to some he appears to have been a Scot, he was really an Englishman, and probably a native of Devonshire ("nam ibi ad S. Mariam de Otery, Presbyter primum fuit"). Wood, again ("Athen. Oxon."), by the reasoning which finds a likeness between Macedon and Monmouth, because there is a river in each, arrives at: "Alexander de Barklay" seems to have been born at or near a town so called in Somersetshire"; upon which Ritson pertinently observes, "There is no such place in Gloucestershire." Warton, coming to the question double-shotted, observes that "he was most probably of Devonshire or Gloucestershire," in the one case following Pits, and in the other anticipating Ritson's observation.'

The above paragraph is from the 'Notice of Barclay and his Writings' prefixed to Jamieson's edition of 'The Ship of Fools,' Edinburgh, 1774, two vols. Without entering minutely into the question of his nationality, which probably will never be settled, it is sufficient for our present purpose to state that he was, on his return from the Continent, appointed to a chaplaincy at Ottery St. Mary by Bishop Cornish. There seems to be no doubt that Barclay's translation of Brandt's 'Ship of Fools,' published by Pynson in 1509, is of Devonshire origin, for at the end of the Latin dedication to Bishop Cornish appears the following note:

'This present Boke named the Shyp of folys of the worlde was translated in the College of saynt Mary Otery in the counte Deuonshyre: out of Laten, Frenche, and Doche into Englysshe tonge by Alexander Barclay Preste: and at that tyme Chaplen in the sayde College, translated the yere of our Lord God, M,cccc,viij. Imprentyd in the cyte of London in Hetestre at the signe of Saint George. By Richarde Pynson to hys Coste and charge: Ended the yere of our Saviour, M.d.ix. The xiiij. day of December.'

Barclay left Devonshire for Ely about 1508. He wrote many works after leaving Devonshire, but none of them were either in merit or popularity equal to his 'Ship of Fools.' There are occasional allusions throughout the work to Devonshire people and places.

FROM 'THE SHIP OF FOOLS.'

OF BACBYTERS OF GOOD MEN AND OF THEM YT SHAL DISPRAYSE THIS WARKE.

Suche Folys namely agaynst my boke shall barke [nes
As nought haue in them but synne and vicious-
Leuynge all besynes vertuous and good warke
And gyuynge them selfe to slouth and ydylnes
Horace the poet doth in his warke expres
That both wyse and vnwyse dyuers warkes wryte [small profyte
Some to gode: and pleasour, and some but

But if my warke be nat moche delactable
Nor gayly payntyd with termys of eloquence
I pray that at lest it may be profytable
To brynge men out of theyr synne and olde offence
Into the noble way of good intellygence
I care nat for folysshe bacbyters, let them passe
The swete Cymball is no pleasour to an asse

Melodyous myrth to bestis is vncouthe
And the swete grassis of wysdome and doctryne
Sauoureth no thynge within a folys mouthe
Whiche to the same disdayneth to inclyne
Cast precious stones or golde amonges swyne
And they had leuer haue dreggis fylth or chaffe
No meruayle : for they : were norysshed vp with draffe

Therfore o reders I you exort and pray
Rede ouer this warke well and intentyfly
Expell hye mynde, put statelynes away
Barke nat therat: loke nat theron awry
With countenaunce pale expressynge your enuy
If ought be amysse: of that take ye no hede
Tend to the best then shall ye haue the mede

Be pleased withall, and if that ye ought fynde
Nat ordred well, and as it ought to be
Whiche may displeas or discontent your mynde
In wantonnes, or in to and grauyte
Or sharply spoken with to great audacyte
Vnto your correccion all hole I do submyt
If ought be amys it is for lacke of wyt.

FRANCIS BARHAM.

Francis Barham was born at Leskinnick, Penzance, May 31, 1808, and died at Bath, February 9, 1871. He was the author of numerous works, including 'Socrates: a Tragedy, in Five Acts' (and in verse), 'The New Bristol Guide: a Poem' (1850), 'The Pleasures of Piety: a Poem' (1850), and other original works; he also translated the works of Cicero, and contributed verses to the *Cornish Magazine* and other periodicals.

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD, M.A.

THIS popular and voluminous writer was born at Exeter, January 28, 1834; he was the eldest son of Edward Baring-Gould, Esq., of Lew Trenchard, J.P. and D.L., and of Sophia Charlotte his wife, daughter of Admiral Francis Godolphin Bond, R.N. He was educated at Clare College, Cambridge, taking the degree of B.A. in 1857, that of M.A. in 1860. He was appointed perpetual curate of Dalton, near Thirsk, Yorkshire, in 1867, on the presentation of Viscount Downe, and Rector of East Mersea, Essex, in 1871, on the nomination of the Crown. In 1881 he became Rector of Lew Trenchard, Devon, on his own nomination, he having succeeded to the family estates in 1872, and thus become patron of the living. He was appointed J.P. for the county of Devon in 1882. Lew Trenchard has been in the possession of the Gould family since 1626; before that they were seated at Combe and Pridhamslee in Staverton since 1518, and before that at Seaborough in Somersetshire, from 1220 till 1545, when the last male of the elder branch was murdered, whilst hawking, by a neighbour. Of Mr. Baring-Gould's literary works it is difficult to speak, they have been so many and various. As a theological writer he has gained great repute; his 'Lives of the Saints' has become a standard work of reference. In historical and archæological matters he is a great authority, and he is quite as much at home in modern fiction as in the more solid branches of literature. Amongst his novels, mention must be made of 'Mehalah,' 'John Herring,' 'Red Spider,' 'Richard Cable,' 'Eve,' 'The Gaverocks,' 'Court Royal,' 'The Pennycomequicks,' and others, most of which have a local colouring. His characters are generally very original,

particularly his heroines, and his situations, without being unnatural, are, as a rule, highly dramatic and effective. Mr. Baring-Gould has published but few poems; these are chiefly contained in a volume entitled 'The Silver Store, Collected from Mediæval and Jewish Mines,' and was dedicated to the Viscountess Downe, published in 1868.

From the preface to this work we quote a few sentences as explaining the style and scope of the compositions contained therein. He first tells us that the majority of the legends and anecdotes in the volume have been drawn from ancient writers who are rarely studied, and from the Talmud and other kindred sources. 'No apology,' he says, 'is offered for introducing them to the public. It is not in the power of many to toil through ponderous tomes, written in languages with which they are not familiar; and it is proper for those who have facility and leisure for this study to employ what they have acquired for the public good. It has afforded the writer no little pleasure to bring, like Goldner, roses of gold out of the gloomy, tangled overgrowth of mediæval fancy and superstition, in the hopes that the drudgery and routine of nineteenth-century life may not have dulled the keenness of public perception of the beautiful and pure and true.' It may be added that the book contains some exceedingly humorous pieces, chiefly derived from mediæval writers. Mr. Baring-Gould's stirring processional hymn, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' is so well known that it is unnecessary to quote it here. He has written many other hymns and religious pieces, and has also collected and published 'Songs of the West, Traditional Ballads and Songs of the West of England,' a most remarkable and valuable compilation. We append the following specimens of both the serious and lighter veins of Mr. Baring-Gould's muse.

THORKELL-MÂNI.

['Thorkell-Mâni, the President, son of Thorstein, was a heathen living a good life, as far as his light went. In death-sickness he had himself brought out into the sunshine, and committed himself into the hands of the God who made the sun. He had also lived a clean life, better than many a Christian who knew better.'—*Landnáma Bok*, i. c. 9.

I am dying, O my children! come around my bed.
My feet are cold as ashes, heavy is my head;
You see me powerless lying—I, who was of old
The scourge of evil-doers, Thorkell, stout and bold.
I cannot mount my war-horse, now I cannot wield
My great blue sword there hanging, rusting by my shield.
Sons, look at these white fingers, quivering and weak,
Without the power a slender sammet thread to break.

My sons! I have been asking whither I shall go,
When this old body withers. Sons! I do not know.
There is a tale of Odin, sitting in Valhall,
Who to a banquet summons those in strife who fall,
To drink and to be drunken, then to rise and fight,
To wound and to be wounded, be smitten and to smite.
But when a man is drawing to the close of life
He yearns for something other than eternal strife;

And it is slender comfort, when he craveth peace,
To hear of war and bloodshed that shall never cease.
But He the sun who fashioned in the skies above,
And who the moon suspended, surely must be love;
Now therefore, O my children, do this thing I ask,
Transport me through the doorway in the sun to bask.
Upon that bright globe gliding through the deep blue sky,
Gazing—thus, and only thus, in comfort can I die.
For chambered here in darkness, on my doubts I brood,
But in the mellow sunlight I feel that God is good.
A God to mortals tender, the very Fount of light—
Not Odin, whose whole glory is to booze and fight.
What prospect opens to me, when gathered to the dust?
I feel I the Creator of the sun may trust.
He lays that lamp of beauty in a western bed,
And every morn it liveth, rising from the dead;
And if the sun, a creature, can arouse the grain
That, like a corpse entombed, long time in earth hath lain,
Then surely the Creator — wherefore be afraid?—
Will care for man, the noblest creature He hath made.
Away with Thorr and Odin! To Him who made the sun
I yield the life He gave me, which now seemeth done.
Then through the doorway bear me, lads, that I may die
With sunlight falling round me, my face towards the sky.

A PARABLE.

A youth caught up an aged pilgrim on the way
Of life, and to him said: 'My father, tell me, pray,
Where Paradise may lie, that I may thither speed.'
The old man halted, and thus answered him:
'Indeed,
The road I know full well, my son; look on before—
Yonder is Paradise, and yonder is the door.'
Thereat, off sped the youth, with bounding step to fly
Towards the portal.
But loud after him did cry
The old man: 'Not so; Paradise must entered be
On crutches, and with gouty feet, as done by me.'

THE TWO SIGNS.

As I went past the 'Dragon' bar,
I heard the barmaid, Susan Farr,
Behind the taproom sighing:
'Ah, me! I lead a weary life
In midst of drunkenness and strife,
All laughing, flirting, lying.
This is no place for me; I pine
Midst pewter pot and flagon;
I should do better, I should shine
As maid beneath the "Angel" sign,
Instead of the "Green Dragon."'

Well! I suppose that every day,
The world all over, people say,
As long as ages wag on,
'We are not in our proper sphere
Wherein our virtues would appear;
Here all we do is fag on.
Now, were we left to choose our line,
We'd serve beneath the "Angel" sign.
And give up the "Green Dragon."'

DR. JOHN BARKHAM.

THIS learned divine was born in the city of Exeter, being the son of Lawrence Barkham, of St. Leonards, and a near relative of Bishop Bridgman. He is described as an excellent scholar, and admirably skilled in all sorts of learning. His historical labours formed the chief substance of Speed's 'History of England,' to which Dr. Barkham was chief contributor. He was also the principal author of Gwillim's 'Heraldry. A long list of his works is given in Wood's 'Athenæ Oxoniensis,' among them a 'Carmen Gratulatorium on Mary, Queen of Scots,' and other verses.

R. W. S. BARON.

ROBERT WEBB STONE BARON was a native of the town of Plymouth. He was rather an eccentric character who wrote on municipal matters in rhyme, and dubbed himself the 'Poet Corporate.' His works, which have little or no poetical merit, are as follows :

1. 'Mayor-choosing Day; or, The Lambertine of the Angels,' and 'Bishop Saint Lambert Re-Martyred; or, The Adoption of the Mayor-Elect,' with other poems. Plymouth, 1824.

2. 'Gnothi Seauton. The Holey Cullender superseded by the Holy Calendar. A Church Almanac,' etc. Plymouth, 1844-45.

3. 'Mayors and Mayoralties; or, The Annals of the Borough (of Plymouth).' Plymouth, 1846.

4. 'Our Charter Week.' Plymouth, no date.

5. 'Our Art Week.' Plymouth, no date.

6. 'Municipal Reform; or, The Old Guiled All and the New Gilled All.' Plymouth, no date.

JOHN BARRY.

THIS writer was the author of a little volume of poetry entitled 'Weeds of Idleness,' printed at Barnstaple in 1826—with the consent of Mr. Barry—by his friends. The volume contained some forty short pieces of poetry, songs, and sonnets, in two parts, the first being chiefly local sketches, entitled 'The Banks of the Taw,' the second 'Trifles.' The following verses are from a poem headed 'Striking Incidents,' which records the fate of a family who died of the plague in 1646, and gave the name to the Seven Brethren Bank, they having been buried under seven elm-trees by the river.

'Their life current dies as it loiters along,
And all but their fate seems to shun them.
They totter, they fall, once the mighty and strong;
For the pestilent curse is upon them.

'The sweet voice of comfort is sternly denied,
As parched on their couch they are lying,
And a requiem groan for the last one that died
Is knelled by a brother now dying.

'Frail friendship recoils from its foe-spotted prey,
Though the slumber of death they are sleeping;
The west wind alone wafts a sigh o'er their clay,
And evening its dewdrops is weeping.

'O, lay them at rest where yon elm-branches wave,
And there let the green sod spring o'er them;
The pilgrim that lingers around their cold grave
Will hear their sad tale and deplore them.'

J. R. C.

T. P. BELL.

This writer is well known in Devonshire as a large contributor to contemporary literature. The Exeter and Torquay papers have for years past contained poems signed T. P. Bell, and the writer's works are widely appreciated. He was born in Guernsey on September 23, 1829. His father was a baker, and a native of Exeter, where he carried on business for many years in Lower North Street. His mother (who was a good, kind, and noble-hearted woman) was born at Budleigh, in the county of Devon, and was the youngest daughter of James Reynolds, Esq., Tanner. The Reynolds family, to which Mr. Bell is related, has been established in the county of Devon for several centuries. The great painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, often visited the poet's grandfather and great-grandfather at Wick, in the parish of Shobrook, Devon. His muse must therefore speak for itself. He has published several volumes of poetry, including 'The Wild Flowers of the Soul' and 'Lays of Love and Life.' The *Western Daily Mercury* of July 8, 1893, has the following encomiums of Mr. Bell's writings:

'Mr. T. P. Bell, of Torquay, who has been wooing the Muse these many years, is still able to wield a graceful pen when occasion requires. The marriage of the Prince of Wales, the opening of the Albert Memorial Museum at Exeter, and other public events which stirred the national heart when the young men of to-day were in their cradles, were commemorated by Mr. Bell in poems of much merit. He is now celebrating the marriage of the Duke of York and the Princess May by the publication of "Devonia's Royal Wedding Ode." It is a poem of nearly three hundred lines. He invokes the "gentle Dawn," "the rosy Hours," Hymen, Cupid, Neptune, and the nymphs of the sea, in stanzas of varying measure; describes the wedding ceremony and the royal progress through the streets of the Metropolis, and winds up with a cordial invitation to the newly-wedded pair to visit "our bright and beautiful Torquay" when convenient. Some of the

stanzas are prettily turned, and there is a joyousness of movement in them all that seems to suggest that the writer must have found the secret of perpetual youth.'

Mr. Bell has been the recipient of many letters of thanks from royal personages for his poems on national and other events. His volume 'The Wild Flowers of the Soul,' from which the following poem is taken, was published so long ago as 1865, but he had for many years previously contributed to the Exeter papers. Many of his latest poems have appeared in the Torquay papers.

TO ILFRACOMBE.

Sweet Ilfracombe! there ever dwells
Within thy deep and shady dells
A sweetly mystic spell.
No town upon the blue-waved brine
Can boast a grandeur such as thine,
Or such a charmful dell.

Sure thou art Nature's petted child,
For whom the breezes blow all mild
Along the sweet ravine;
Where bloomy buds their blushes fling
(In winter-time as in the spring),
To make thy life serene.

Thy hills of verdure grandly rise,
And seem to kiss the azure skies.
Their rugged brows all proudly mock
The foaming waves that leap the rock,
Which, iron-hearted, sleeps below,
Heedless how their wild waters flow
Over old Neptune's wondrous way,
Where mermaids dance to merman's lay.

Fair, lovely spot! 'tis sweet to glide
Along thy hills, and watch the tide
Majestic sweep its way:
As doth a Dryad through the grove,
The time her heart is touch'd by Love,
Or Love's all-cheering lay!

Upon thy heights Health, smiling, dwells;
Her bright-eyed glance the gloom dispels
Which wan Disease e'er flings
Upon the vestal flowers of Earth,
Who 'neath thy smile grow into worth
And beauty—passing Spring's!

From killing toil at desk and mart;
From anxious hours that crush the heart;
From baneful airs that poison life,
Amid the breathing city's strife,
To thee we fly! for thou dost give
The charm by which the heart can live!
And, lark-like, sing its mirthful glee,
To fill the soul with jollity!

Words fail to paint thy loveliness,
O bower! where Health, in crimson dress,
Reigns as a graceful queen!
Where Beauty trips by every brook,
And smiles in every rocky nook,
E'er clad in vestment sheen!

Yea, words do fail thy charms to tell,
Which linger in each mossy dell,
And by each bounding rill;
And on each gay, sky-seeking height;
And in each witching floweret bright;
And on each green-brow'd hill.

The soul that loves anon to view
The grand old ocean's heart of blue;
The hills of heath that tower above,
Where balmy breezes sing their love;
The wondrous spell which Nature's hand
Doth lavish on thy fairy land,
Must visit thee; then it will ken
A grace and beauty in each glen!

CHARLES BENNETT.

CHARLES BENNETT, known as the 'Blind Organist,' was a native of Truro, where he died April 12, 1804. He was the author of sundry fugitive poems, also of 'Twelve Songs and a Cantata,' inscribed to Mrs. Trevanion, of Caerhays. The words of these songs were by Mr. Walcot. He also wrote some music for the organ.

BISHOP BICKERSTETH.

WE are permitted by the Lord Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Edward Henry Bickersteth) to reprint one or two of his poems in the present volume, and to give a brief notice of his life.

The present occupant of the See of Exeter is a son of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, sometime Resident Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, well known as a writer of some twenty theological works still popular. The Bishop is a cousin of the late Dean of Lichfield, whose brother was the late Bishop of Ripon. He was born at Islington, January, 1825. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. After taking honours, he proceeded to his B.A. degree in 1847, and became M.A. in 1850. On his ordination he was appointed to the curacy of Banningham, Norfolk, in 1848, and afterwards accepted a curacy at Tunbridge Wells. In 1852 he became Rector of Hinton-Martell, and in 1855 became Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead. Here he made his mark by his active work

and parochial organization. Appointed Dean of Gloucester in 1885, he became in the same year Bishop of Exeter, in succession to Bishop Temple, now Bishop of London. He has a numerous family, consisting of six sons and six daughters. The eldest son is a bishop in Japan; two other sons are in the Church; two of his daughters are married to clergymen.

The Bishop is an active worker, and does not overlook any part of his large diocese.

He is well known in the literary world, and his works are for the most part poetical, although he has published several works of a religious character, including a 'Commentary on the New Testament.' His well-known poem 'Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever,' in twelve books, has passed through twenty editions. New editions have also been printed of his volume of hymns for the seasons of the Church, entitled 'From Year to Year.' His greatest success, however, has been as hymnal editor. His 'Hymnal Companion,' now in use in the principal churches in the diocese, has reached two editions. About thirty of his own hymns are in general use, the most popular being 'Peace, perfect Peace.' The following criticism on his hymns and their style, by the Rev. J. Julian, in his recent very elaborate work, 'The Dictionary of Hymnology,' may be received as just and truthful: 'As a poet, Bishop Bickersteth is well known. His reputation as a hymn-writer has also extended far and wide. Joined with a strong grasp of his subject, true poetic feeling, a pure rhythm, there is a soothing plaintiveness and individuality in his hymns which give them a distinct character of their own. His thoughts are usually with the individual, and not with the mass, with the single soul and his God, and not with a vast multitude bowed in adoration before the Almighty. Hence, although many of his hymns are eminently suited to congregational purposes and have attained a wide popularity, yet his finest productions are those which are best suited for private use.' The beautiful hymns which follow are typical examples of that deep religious and intensely human feeling which characterizes the reverend author's writings and discourses. The Bishop of Exeter is not a brilliant orator, but he speaks with an impassioned utterance that appeals direct to the feelings, and the same may be said of his written words, whether poetry or prose, particularly the former.

HYMN—PEACE.

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

ANGELS.

And do Thy angels always worship Thee,
And guard Thy little ones adoring thus?
Always Thy face, O holy Father, see,
And in Thy presence minister to us?

And do they always drink the streams above
That from the fount of living waters flow,
The while on secret embassies of love
They camp unwearied round Thy saints below?

And are the little ones who lisp Thy name
As much the objects of their tender care
As those whose loftier work might seem to claim
In their great ministries a nobler share?

Still on the mystic ladder of the seer
Ascending and descending do they come,
And watch with sleepless love Thy pilgrims here,
Until they bear them to Thy perfect home?

And shall we join their shining ranks ere long
With harps of praise, and garments wash'd in blood,
And swell with them the Alleluia song
Which rises from the universe of God?

O holy Father, make our service now
A daily sacrifice of prayer and praise;
And, as beneath Thy easy yoke we bow,
Vouchsafe us on Thy blessed face to gaze,

Till in Thy glory, earthly labour done,
We see Thee as Thou art on Sion's height,
Service and worship blending into one,
And duty felt to be supreme delight.

EXTRACT FROM 'THE MILLENNIAL SABBATH.'

A Sabbath morn—softly the village bells
Ring out their welcome to the sacred day.
The weary swain has drunk of longer sleep,
And now, his children clustering round him, leads
The happy group from under his low porch
And through their little garden, where each plucks
A rose or pansy, to the school they love:
The busy hum delights his ear: and soon
The morning hymn floats heavenward; but himself,
Holding the youngest prattler in his arms,
Waits in the churchyard, where about him lie
His father and his father's fathers, till,
The children following in their pastor's steps,
Whose gray locks flutter in the summer breeze,
All pass beneath the hallow'd roof, and all
Kneeling, where generations past have knelt,
Pour forth their common wants in common prayer.
A rural Sabbath—nearest type of heaven:
Yet scarcely less beloved in toilworn courts
And alleys of the city. What true heart
Loves not the Sabbath—that dear pledge of home;
That trysting-place of God and man; that link
Betwixt a near eternity and time;
That almost lonely rivulet, which flows
From Eden through the world's wide wastes of sand
Uncheck'd, and though not unalloy'd with earth
Its healing waters all impregn'd with life,
The life of their first blessing, to pure lips
The memory of a bygone Paradise,
The earnest of a Paradise to come?

ERNEST LEOPOLD TREVENEN HARRIS BICKFORD.

THIS well-known writer is a Cornishman, and was born at Camborne on May 27, 1859. Up to the age of seventeen, Mr. Bickford had shown little or no aptitude or inclination for a literary life, his only property at the time being, as he says, 'a quire or two of paper, a bottle of ink, and a library of very modest dimensions, consisting of a few books that might have been counted on the fingers.' His first appearance in a magazine was in 1879, when, at the age of twenty, he contributed 'The First Attempt' to the *Young Folks' Budget*, an effort which called forth a complimentary note from the editor. Not long after, a somewhat lengthy piece entitled 'My Sanctum Sanctorum' was produced, in which the author describes, with a humour which must have had a slight touch of pathos, 'a little room at the back of his parents' home, done up in curious fashion, as by force of circumstances:'

'My study! I have come at last,
Though shattered both by wave and blast,
And tossed about upon life's sea
From shore to shore alternately,
To anchor here where I have found
Quiet and Knowledge both abound;
Home of the Muse! shall I call thee,
Where fancy's noble pageantry
Assembles? yet art thou so small
Thy space will scarce contain it all.'

Thus sings the youthful rhymester. But it was soon to be disturbed, for the most serious calamity of his life shortly afterwards occurred—his beloved mother's mental illness, an

affliction that has continued up to the present time, and has proved a source of intense sadness and anxiety to her eldest son, as fully illustrated in one of his most affecting pieces, 'Lodged with Insanity.'

In 1879 the appearance of 'Retrospection,' a family history in verse, marked a distinct advance, and if not bringing exactly fortune, it at least brought the author some amount of local fame. The poem was published in the columns of the *Cornish Telegraph*, and the editor presented Mr. Bickford with 350 copies in pamphlet form as an acknowledgment.

During 1879 to 1881 contributions appeared in the *Poets' Magazine*, of one of which, 'A Vigil Vision,' the *Literary World* spoke in terms of commendation. About this time were written all Mr. Bickford's heavier works: 'Espérance' (a poem in three books); 'A Dream of Destiny' (in two books); 'The Fetters of Fate,' a dramatic poem in eight scenes; 'Pæan,' a dramatic ode dealing with a mythological subject; 'A Terrible Time,' another dramatic work of a serio-comic nature in one act; 'John Baltimore,' a drawing-room play, some of which are still in manuscript. Special work for Messrs. Allen and Co., Macrae, Curtice and Co., the *Christian Million* Publishing Company, and other well-known publishers, has added not a little to the author's reputation. In 1884 he became a Fellow of the Society of Science, Letters, and Art of London, and for this society he afterwards wrote the 'New Year's Address.' In 1887 an appointment as literary tutor to a London Society was bestowed upon him, and he contributed the address for its fourth anniversary. He also contributed, in that year, a series of articles (in connection with household matters) to *Home Work*, some of which were placed as editorials.

Mr. Bickford is at the present time a member of several literary and kindred societies; he is also President and Critic of the International Literary Association. He has for some years been an occasional contributor to the Cornish press, besides doing much work as a literary critic, both in a public and private capacity. Amongst the West-Country periodicals to which he has from time to time contributed are the *Cornish Telegraph*, for which he wrote 'The Heiress of Tregonwell: a Domestic Story;' the *West Briton*, to which he contributed 'The Cornish Mine-girl's Song;' the *Royal Cornwall Gazette*, 'Through Cornwall'; besides contributions in prose and verse to the *Redruth Independent*, the *Cornubian*, the *Cornishman*, the *Western Weekly Mercury*, the *West of England Magazine*, and others. In September, 1890, Mr. Harris-Bickford became editor and proprietor of a journal which he christened with his own name, *Bickford's Magazine*. Mr. Bickford hopes at no very distant date to be able to re-issue this journal on a broader scale. In 1894 the subject of this notice collected and issued about 150 of his poems in book-form, under the title of 'Gold—the God, and other Poems,' the work being inscribed to his mother, and reviewing which the *Irish Weekly Times* says:

'The poem that gives title to the volume of poems before us, "Gold—the God," is a fine blank-verse composition. It very powerfully epitomizes the great but transitory ruling of mankind by Plutus. Mr. Bickford's poetry possesses all the qualities that should make him a popular poet. It echoes feelings that are common to humanity; it is capable of

being readily understood by the vast majority, and it carries a lively poetic lilting that is infectious, and that will fix it in the minds of all who luckily read it.'

A 'Literary Directory of the United Kingdom,' to include the names of all our authors, journalists, illustrators, verse-writers, etc., is another work that at present claims his attention; also a work entitled 'Poems from Many Pens,' to consist of selections from the verse-work of modern minor poets. Mr. Bickford is undoubtedly a hard-working, clever literary man, and deserves the popularity that he seems to have won for himself. We subjoin two of his happiest poetical efforts as samples of the products of his versatile powers:

I KNOCKED AT THE DOOR OF THE WORLD.

I knocked at the door of the World,
But the World then had nought to bestow;
Not e'en though Thought's flag flew unfurled,
For I was unknown then, you know.

And many long years sped away,
And many a trial was borne;
I softened life's woes with the lay,
And waited the sunnier morn!

And Faith sometimes drooped in its bloom,
And Hope often sank as the sun
Sinks westward to redden the gloom
That gathers when daylight is done.

And oft was the soul sore and sad,
And oft was the brain overweighed;
How could I, so lonely, be glad?
How could I feel aught but dismayed?

The hills were so frowning in front,
The ruts were so rugged behind;
Beside me was sorrow to daunt—
And little mine own save the mind.

Save the mind, and for that I have fought—
Save the mind, and with that I have sung;
I have toiled, I have wept, I have wrought,
And my heart by much sorrow's been wrung.

But over the waste and the wear
Of the worry that wrestles with life,
Over the chill and the care
The sadness, the dreariness rife,

Innately I've felt that to crown
The desert I've journeyed amid,
A sun at the last would gleam down,
Despite the dense shadows that hid.

And thus, with resolve at my heart,
I've knocked at the door of the World
Again and again—and I start
At the greeting to Thought's flag unfurled!

No longer so desolate now,
Though strong as becometh a man;
I glance at the lines on my brow
Like a field, newly-furrowed, to scan,

And glancing, respond to the cheer
That groweth around me to-day;
Reward for the struggle severe—
Reward for the length of the way.

And my friends! be ye near, be ye far—
Friends made in the thick of the fight,
May your hopes be like Bethlehem's star
That guided the pilgrims at night!

And lead ye to pastures of peace,
Till, safe in the Harbour of Joy,
Your struggling and striving shall cease,
And nought shall Love's blessing destroy.

CORNWALL'S CLIFFS.

See the cliffs, in craggy splendour,
Tower magnificently high;
Kissed by breezes, cool and tender,
Echoing sea-waves' shriek or sigh.

Rich in heather, steep, unbending,
Deep descending, broad of brim!
Man athwart them wand'ring, wending,
Feels the heart's-depths stirred in him.

Is he weary? yield they vigour;
Is he languid? they will cheer;
Is he doomed to senseless rigour?
They will give him comfort dear.

They will tell him how through ages
They have borne the brunt of storm;
And that though old Ocean rages,
They present a stalwart form.

They present a moveless barrier,
So impregnable, supreme,
That the wind, destruction's carrier,
Passes o'er them like a dream!

JOHN BIDLAKE, D.D. (1755—1814).

John Bidlake was born at Plymouth in 1755, and was the son of a jeweller in that town. His education was begun at the Grammar School there, of which he afterwards became Head-master. He entered Christ Church, Oxford, in 1774, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1778, M.A. and D.D. in 1808. He was for many years Master of the Plymouth Grammar School, and minister of the chapel of ease (now St. George's Church) in Stonehouse. Neither of these posts brought him much emolument, and his position as chaplain to the Prince Regent and Duke of Clarence did not add much to his pecuniary gains. In 1811 he was appointed Bampton lecturer, but during the delivery of the third discourse he was attacked with cerebral affection, which terminated in blindness. In consequence of this misfortune he was forced to resign his curacy at Stonehouse, and being without the means of support, an appeal to the charitable was made on his behalf in June, 1813. He died on February 17, 1814.

Bidlake's works were very numerous. He published separately seven sermons, in addition to three volumes of collected discourses. His earliest poem was an anonymous 'Elegy,' written on revisiting the place of his former residence (1788). He published 'The Sea' (1796); 'The Country Parson' (1797); 'Summer's Eve' (1800); 'Virginia; or, The Fall of the Decemvirs' (1800); 'Youth' (1802); and 'The Year' (1813). His poetical works were published in 1794, 1804, and 1814 respectively. He was also the author of a moral tale, 'Eugenio; or, The Precepts of Prudentius,' and an 'Introduction to the Study of Geography.' His Bampton lectures were entitled 'The Truth and Consistency of Divine Revelation,' and were published in 1811. In 1809 he started a periodical called *The Selector*, of which only five numbers were issued. (See *Western Antiquary*, vol. ix., pp. 182, 183.)

Bidlake was a man of varied talents and considerable acquirements, but his poetry was imitative, and the interest of his theological works was ephemeral.

WRITTEN AT MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

Ye darksome wilds! ye burnish'd glades!
How gay your greens! how cool your shades!
Ye elms majestic, poplars tall;
Ye ash, whose graceful branches fall
In clust'ring elegance around,
With shadows quiv'ring on the ground;
With mottled moss, that various mark
With white or black your olive bark

Ye flow'ring chestnuts, depth of shade ;
Ye limes, in gayer garb array'd ;
Ye beech, beneath whose solemn gloom
No vegetation dares to bloom ;
Where faded leaves, profusely shed,
Lie strew'd, like generations dead ;
Ye cone-crown'd pines, of solemn hues,
Whose gales a rich perfume diffuse,
Who all in masses wide unite,
And as ye spread exclude the light,
Save where the bold obtrusive day
Pours thro' your night a casual ray ;
Within your depths I meditate
The dread vicissitudes of fate :
While hoary limbs, in huge decay,
The ruin of the storm display.
And ye who brave the storm, alone,
Like orphan outcasts distant thrown ;
And ye, high nodding o'er the steep,
As list'ning to the murm'ring deep,
Whose waves beneath incessant beat
The promontory's rugged feet,
When vex'd with storms, in wild uproar,
They vainly chafe the fretful shore :
Ye all with awful warnings chide
The brief delights of human pride.
What groves on groves ascending grow !
How green the crystal waves below !
And there the fishers ply their trade,
And round the circling nets are spread ;
And as the barks approaching close,
The ardent work more busy grows,
The struggling shoals, in glitt'ring strife,
Are robb'd of liberty and life.
Beneath the still umbrageous wood
The simple cottage crowns the flood,
Where oft, with pomp fatigued, the great
For meditation find retreat.
That what we seek, within us lies ;
From vice or noise disturb'd it flies,
To learn that humbler scenes can cheer,
The mind content, the conscience clear :
But yet in vain for peace we go,
If guilt pursue—that mental foe.
Amidst the woods, the trembling deer
Impetuous rush, all wild with fear ;
Oft turn to gaze, with jealous eye,
As from destructive man they fly ;
And from the dark wood to the lawn
Lead off in troops the bounding fawn.
Ah ! shun not us, ye timid race !
We never urge the savage chase ;
We would not stain your spotted sides
With cruel murder's crimson tides ;
For us you may in safety wear
Your branching antlers, void of care ;
Or thro' the woods, each vacant day,
Or o'er the fragrant lawns, still play :
We would not bid the insect die,
Nor wound the gaily plumag'd fly.
Man lives the tyrant of the field;
But more, by hard unkindness steel'd,
On his own race destruction brings ;
Ingratitude's deceitful stings,
And Avarice, to pity cold :
Ambition proud, and conquest bold ;
Revenge that never sleeps, and pride,
And war, in bloody garments dyed ;
Oppression rude, and Lust that preys
On beauty's fairest, happiest days.
These all against our peace combine ;
Thro' these we mourn, thro' these we pine ;
And more thro' these, alas ! we know
That sharpest ill, domestic woe.

The raptur'd eye now wanders round
The circling stretch of distant ground,
Where fading mountains crown the scene,
With many a fertile vale between ;
Where, sporting with the solar beams,
Fam'd Tamar winds his wanton streams ;
And deck'd with villas, forts, and towns,
With woods and pastures, hills and downs,
With docks and navies, England's pride,
And lighter barks that swiftly glide ;
With islands, shores, and caverns deep,
In hours of calm where tempests sleep;
Amid the glowing scenes we see
Life pictur'd in variety.
The moral page then let us trace,
And read ourselves in Nature's face.

That stream, which proudly rolls below,
Ordain'd thro' many a maze to flow,
Obstructed ruins its early course
Thro' winding channels work'd by force :
Still changing objects doom'd to find,
Yet each still doom'd to leave behind :
But when enrich'd, and strengthen'd most,
In the wide ocean soon is lost.
So we, in ardent youth obscure,
The checks and scorns of pride endure ;
And, as from scene to scene we range,
Flow down to death in ev'ry change.
Yon greens the face of friendship wear,
That 'mid the blast unchang'd appear ;
Like worldlings, some awhile are gay,
A summer's smile of hope display.
That sea how smooth, and yet how soon
Rash storms destroy its placid noon !
Changing as ev'ry breeze may blow,
O may our days more temper'd flow,
Till hence the sated spirit flies
To brighter scenes and brighter skies !

TOM BILLINGER.

'This man,' writes Mr. J. R. Chanter, 'was for many years, in the early part of the present century, a well-known character in the town [Barnstaple]. He had a facility for scribbling poetry and lampoons, and writing songs on any persons and on any subject, and used to chant and sell his songs and productions through the streets. He died about 1811.' He was one of the heroes of 'The Dapiad,' an amusing poem by Mr. John Randall.

JOHN ARTHUR BLAIKIE.

The name of this gentleman is very well known to the residents of Torquay and the neighbourhood. In the year 1870 he published, in conjunction with Mr. Edmund Gosse, a volume of poems, and more recently we find that he has published a volume entitled 'Love's Victory: Lyrical Poems,' a flattering notice of which appeared in the *Saturday Review* for December 20, 1890. These lyrical poems are all carefully finished, and have but little relation to the conventional fashion of modern verse-writing; being largely inspired by the combination of music, odour, and a twilight which suggests the obscurity of a tropical forest. Such is 'The Invitation,' with its fine exotic landscape :

'Arouse thee, sweet, and come away,
To the forest dim,
Leave the rude, all-seeing day
And the garden trim ;
Safely mantled, and all wild,
By moon and music be beguiled.

'Here, among magnolia-trees,
Tulips gray and vast,
Old Romance, enthroned at peace,
Vivifies the past,
Thee to soothe on fairest pinions
In the heart of sleep's dominions.

Some of the most attractive numbers in the volume are those which record impressions of foreign travel, and a truly English study of Nature is found in other poems, as in the affecting seaside piece entitled 'In the Combe,' which is a veritable picture of one of the most beautiful spots on the coast near Torquay. We quote a few stanzas :

'IN THE COMBE.

Once more the hollow combe and green ;
The huge red mountain-rock in sheen
Of mellow sunshine rises where
A thousand jackdaws peep and peer
From many an ancient cell, and cry
In shrillest tones unceasingly.

And there ! the sea, as then it lay,
On whose dark floor the halcyons play ;
The lawny dells, the downs, the trees,
The ivy-crested tors with bees
Still murmurous, as when, a boy,
I met heart innocent with joy :
Beneath me lies a quiet pool
Unfathomed, emerald-lipped, and cool,
The faithful witness of a vow,
Broken long since and dreamlike now,
The twin-soul dedication made,
Which in wild lyric was conveyed,
That through the might of poesy
One spirit we should ever be.

Ah, dark, mysterious pool ! I gaze
Into thy depths, and fondly raise
The stately fabric of my dream,
And strive once more, as then, to seem
A child again, with wandering eye,
Whose inner vision did espy
In the red rock and green heights round,
In every odour, every sound,
In all things betwixt earth and sky,
Nature's great heart in sympathy.

The above descriptive lines refer to Anstey's Cove and Maidencombe near Torquay.

EDWARD HENRY BLAKENEY.

THIS young writer, though not a native of Devon, claims a connection with the shire on account of education and long residence.

He was born at Mitcham, Surrey, August 15, 1869, and was educated partly at Westminster, and partly at Kingsley College, Westward Ho, North Devon. He proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1888, and took a degree in classical honours (second class) in 1891. He was elected to a lectureship in English Literature by the University (Cambridge) Extension Syndicate in 1891, and the same year he became Oration Prizeman (English Declamation) and Exhibitioner, Trinity College. In 1892 he accepted a post as classical master at the South-Eastern College, Ramsgate, where he now resides.

His published works are as follows : 'The Exile's Return, and other Poems' (1889) ; 'Wordsworth : an Essay' (1891) ; 'Poems by Two Friends' (joint author with Mr. D. M. Panton, 1892) ; 'Caird's Essays : a Critical and Metaphysical Review' (1893). Besides these published works, Mr. Blakeney has contributed essays to the periodical press, and

at the close of 1892 he printed (for private circulation only) a small volume of poems with the title 'Driftwood, or Wayside Musings in Verse.'

Mr. Blakeney's family have spent many years in North Devon; he himself is an owner of property in the locality, and he has passed some ten years of his life at Westward Ho! His book, 'Poems by Two Friends' was chiefly written while in Devonshire. We append some short pieces by this writer:

LINES

COMPOSED UNDER THE CRAGS OF THE FINSTERAARHORN, IN VIEW OF THE MARJÄLEN SEA, AUGUST 18, 1892.

Majestic in their silence rise the hills,
Each summit crown'd with everlasting snows;
And from their crags, where glittering ice-fields sleep,
The echoing torrent flows.

The slow-enfolding mists ebb to and fro,
Winding damp arms about the rocky spires,
And, all too soon, from peak and scarpèd cliff,
Fade the enchanted fires.

Over a jutting hill the moonlight stoops,
Touching with silver half the quiet lake;
While, flush'd with secret loveliness, the clouds
A new-born glory take.

The day is past. Night, like a sombre robe,
Falls o'er the face of Nature—all is still;
But in my soul a living presence bides—
Of mountain and of rill.

IMPROMPTU FROM 'POEMS BY TWO FRIENDS.'

Linger awhile, sweet light!
Still wave thy floating banners in the west
As through the air there steals a solemn rest,
Or ever comes the night.

Such pause may not be long;
So soon, 'mid quiet depths of darkness, rise
Bright stars, that tremble like angelic eyes
Hung with quick tears, when some diviner song
Wells through the silent skies.

Thou canst not linger more,
Image of all things brief and beauteous! dreams
Of myriad worlds, whence far-off glory streams
Toward this earthly shore.

THE POET.

The poet stood by the sea,
Under the brow of the night,
While the firmament flashed in stars
And the moon unveil'd her light;
And the fireflies darted and shone,
And the sudden meteors gleam'd,
Dying out in the depths of a joy diviner
Than ever the poet had dreamed.

And an echo of minster bells
Stole up on the wings of the wind,
Filling the air with the chimes of Heav'n,
Utter'd to humankind;
And the river swept noiselessly by
To the sea; and the cataract leapt
Half a league in the light of its silver foam,
And the soul of the charm'd woods slept.

And the heart of the poet was glad,
And he wrought him a noble psalm,
Crowned with a vision of Life and Love,
And touch'd with a sacred calm ;

To the uttermost ends of the earth
That the feet of his fellows had trod,
His song went out by the way of the years,
And rose to the feet of God.

R. M. BLAMEY.

Richard Manuell Blamey was the son of Philip Blamey, of Gwennap, Cornwall. He was born at Cusgarne, May 23, 1817, and educated at Trevarth Grammar School, and at Kentisbeare, Devon; he afterwards became a pupil of Mr. E. J. Spry, M.R.C.S., Truro; Extra-Licentiate of Royal College of Physicians, London ; M.D. of Heidelberg, September 3, 1842; in Australia from 1844 to 1848. Died at Perran Wharf, May 12, 1855, and was buried at Gwennap.

He was the author of 'An Epic Poem, etc., in Honour of the Students of University College, London, with an Address to the Professors' (London, 1844). It is dedicated to the Right Honourable Lord Brougham and Vaux, F.R.S., President of the Council of University College, etc.

ZACHARY BOGAN (1625—1659).

Although not a poet in the ordinary acceptation of the term, this gentleman may justly be included here in consequence of his translations from the classics, and his treatises on the poetry of Homer and Hesiod as compared with the Scriptures. He was born at Gatcombe House, Little Hempston, near Totnes, in the summer of 1625, and received the rudiments of his education under a well-known schoolmaster who lived a few miles distant from his father's house. He became a Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and for some time acted as tutor, but his constitution was naturally weak, and he had a disposition for melancholia. He died September 1, 1659, and was buried in the college chapel. Bogan was a great-nephew of Sir Thomas Bodley, himself a Devonian.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THIS distinguished man was born in the city of Exeter, October 17, 1792, being the eldest son of Charles Bowring, Esq., of Larkbeare, and his mother was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Lane, of St. Ives, Cornwall. The family have given their name to the estate of Bowringsleigh, in the parish of West Alvington. He was educated at Moreton Hampstead, in the school of the Rev. J. H. Bransby, and on leaving school he obtained a situation as clerk in the office of an Exeter merchant, a position, however, which did not afford scope for his high abilities. Early in life he became the political pupil of Jeremy Bentham, and maintained his master's principles in the *Westminster Review*, of which he was for some years the editor. He published during Bentham's lifetime his 'Deontology,' in two volumes, and on the death of Bentham (with whom he had lived in habits of the strictest intimacy, and of whom he was the literary and general executor), Dr. Bowring edited a collection of his works, accompanied by a biography of the great jurist, the whole consisting of twenty-three octavo volumes. This edition was published in 1838 and 1839 at Edinburgh. He also distinguished himself by an extraordinary knowledge of European literature, particularly the lyrical, or rather the song—poetry of the different European nations; and in 1821-23 he gave to the public his 'Specimens of the Russian Poets' (two volumes), for which he received in recompense a diamond ring from the Emperor Alexander. In 1824 he published his 'Batavian Anthology' and 'Ancient Romances in Spain'; in 1827 appeared 'Specimens of Polish Poets' and 'Servian Popular Poetry'; in 1830

'Poetry of the Magyars,' and in 1832 'Cheskian Anthology.' Besides these he published translations of poems, songs and other pieces from the Danish, German, Frisian, Dutch, Esthonian, Portuguese, Icelandic, Biscayan, and several other languages; and also many volumes of hymns, original poems, and other works, in all some fifty volumes.

Dr. Bowring devised a great scheme, in which he was assisted by many eminent poets and authors, for writing a history and giving translations of popular poems, not only of the Western nations, but of the Oriental world. This work was never carried out, as his life was given up to other objects; but scattered translations from Chinese, Sanscrit, Cingalese, and other Oriental tongues, with all which he was familiar, which have from time to time appeared in our periodical literature, testify to the wide scope of his researches.

In 1829 he made a collection of Danish poetry, and he also translated 'Peter Schlemihl' from the German. This version was illustrated by George Cruikshank. In 1828, at the recommendation of Mr. Alexander Baring (afterward Lord Ashburton), he was sent to report on the public accounts of Holland. About this time he received the diploma of LL.D. from the University of Groningen. For his works on Holland, some of which were translated into Dutch, he received a gold medal from the King of the Netherlands, and was made a member of the Institute of Holland. In 1834-35 he was sent as a commissioner to most of the European countries, presenting reports to the English Government on our commercial relations with the countries he visited. In 1835 he entered Parliament as member for the Kilmarnock Burghs, and later (1841-49) represented Bolton. His services to the Legislature were many and varied, and they were fully recognised. To him we are indebted for the issue of the florin, as a first step towards a decimal currency, which he always advocated. In 1849 he was nominated to the British Consulate at Canton; in 1853 he became Superintendent of Trade and Plenipotentiary to China, and subsequently held several other important appointments in China, Japan, Siam, Cochin-China, and the Corea. In 1854 he received the honour of knighthood, and from time to time was presented with many honourable distinctions and orders, both at home and abroad. He was knighted more than a dozen times by different European sovereigns. Beside this he was a member of the Royal Society, and of many other learned societies, English and foreign. In 1855 he had a special mission to Siam, the account of which is given in his work 'The Kingdom and People of Siam.' He retired from active service in 1859, and from that time contributed to the periodical literature of the day. In 1860 he was appointed a deputy-lieutenant and magistrate of Devon, and in 1861 he went abroad again to report on our commercial relations with Italy. Sir John Bowring was the first president of the Devonshire Association (established in 1861), and delivered the inaugural address. From that time until 1872 he regularly attended, and contributed many valuable papers, amongst which one on 'Devonshire Worthies' is well deserving of note. Sir John Bowring was a warm advocate of the Social Science Association, and took a leading part in other social movements. He died at his residence, Claremont, Exeter, on November 23, 1872, in the eighty-first year of his age. His character is thus summed up in the admirable

obituary notice appended to the sixth volume of the Transactions of the Devonshire Association (1873-74), from which we have gleaned the above particulars of his life and work:

'In personal appearance Sir John reminded one to some extent of the portraits of his master and friend, Jeremy Bentham. Though he was of an extremely venerable aspect, his hair silvered by the frost of eighty winters, he had no signs of decrepitude about him, was compact and firm-looking in body, walked erect, and could address a public meeting with graceful ease and fluency.

'As we look back upon Sir John's life, we are struck by the wonderful energy and assiduity that he devoted to whatever he put his hand to. What he did he did with all his strength, and heart, and soul. Sir John spared not himself when the interests of any cause he had at heart could be benefited by his services. He recognised no middle course of action. Either a cause was deserving of his utmost energies in its support, or it merited his most strenuous opposition. His character presented a rare combination of fiery ardour and almost unlimited power of perseverance. Above everything, he was sincere. In his home life his habits were characterized by gentleness, simplicity, and an earnest desire to render service to all those who required it, irrespective of position. He dearly loved little children, and was ready with accounts of travel suited to their capacity. He found time to cultivate the acquaintance of the birds which frequented the garden around his house, and on cold mornings he usually fed them himself, and took the greatest pleasure in seeing them about his window. He was specially fond of hymns, and wrote many pieces of fugitive sacred poetry besides those published; and when he was well, he was constantly heard singing from a small hymn-book which lay on his dressing-table as he was getting up. We may aptly close this memoir by quoting a sonnet from one of his latest efforts in poetry, which he named "Aspirations," and which he has now, let us hope, begun to realize in a more vivid way than is given to the earthly pilgrim:

'"Under the canopy of holy thought,
I turn to Thee, and in the silent awe
Of Thy felt presence reverently draw
Nearer Thy light; while marvellously brought
Within a sphere Diviner, I am taught
New revelations, and sublimer law
Unearthly, and I see what prophets saw
When in their spiritual Lord Thy glory wrought
The work of inspiration; then, absorbed
In Thine own self, and all that's pure inorbed
With an ineffable beatitude,
Freed from all worldly taint, all element
Unworthy, I become a light-beam blent
In the vast fountain, source of joy and good."'

HARVEST SONG.

(FROM THE SERVIAN.)

Take hold of your reeds, youths and maidens! and see
Who the kissers and kiss'd of the reapers shall be.

Take hold of your reeds, till the secret be told,
If the old shall kiss young, and the young shall kiss old. [and see
Take hold of your reeds, youths and maidens!

What fortune and chance to the drawers decree :
And if any refuse, may God smite them—may they
Be cursed by Paraskev, the saint of to-day !
Now loosen your hands—now loosen, and see
Who the kissers and kiss'd of the reapers shall be.*

JOHN BRADFORD ('JOSIAS HOMELEY').

THE author of 'Songs of Devon,' etc., appears to have been a native of North Devon, but he settled down at Newton Abbot about the year 1839. He was an Excise officer. He was in no way related to the family of Bradford, one of whom, curiously enough, was the contemporary Rector of the parish (Wolborough) where he resided. Bradford held views a little in advance of his time, and was stigmatized as a freethinker. He dabbled in phrenology, had probably read Combe, and delivered lectures to the incipient 'Useful Knowledge Society' of Newton. Practically he was, perhaps, as much of a Chartist as he dared to be, being an employé of Government. He was fond of writing to the newspapers, and at one time tried to draw his namesake, the Rector, into a controversy with reference to the latter's refusal to read the Burial Service over an unbaptized child, but the Rector refused to be drawn. His wife gave lessons in dancing. He lived in East Street, Newton Abbot. Soon after the publication of his book (in 1843) he left Newton, being removed to another station, either at Plymouth or in Cornwall. What became of him we do not know, nor when he died. Crews, the printer of his book of poems, was the first to set up a printing-press in Newton ; he afterwards went to Australia. Bradford's 'Songs of Devon' was dedicated to Dr. Bowring, M.P. (afterwards Sir John Bowring). His preface is somewhat jocular. Some of his songs are very musical and contain happy conceits, while his more ambitious pieces prove him to have been possessed of considerable poetic power, and to have a great variety of themes.

TO A FLY.

Go, get thee gone ! 'tis not the summer coming,
But my first fire, the winter's harbinger,
Which from thy crevice warm has sent thee roaming
On the chill air thy little wing to stir.
Yet stay, I should be loath to see thee wander
Forth to the gale, to face the surly blast ;
Around my chair in playful flight meander,
But seek thy winter home again at last—
Yet I dislike thy race, nor them alone,
But buzzing impudence among my own.

* This song is sung at the close of the harvest, when all the reapers are gathered together. Half as many reeds as the number of persons present are so bound that no one can distinguish the two ends which belong to the same reed. Each man takes one end of the reeds on one side, each of the women takes one end at the other : the withes that bind the reeds are severed, and the couples that hold the same reed kiss one another.

Still be my winter guest, till spring returning
Shall bring the balmy zephyrs back again ;
Then spread thy pinion to the first fair morning,
And humming wander o'er the flowery plain.
Here fold thy fragile wing, and fix thy hermitage
Where the bright blaze my cheerful cottage warms,
Till the keen 'biting north' has spent its rage.
Lone, homeless pilgrim in a world of storms,
I pity him who could not pity thee ;
I scorn the man who'd crush thee wantonly.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT 'LOVER'S LEAP' ON THE BANKS OF THE DART.

I'd live a hermit on the craggy side
Of this rude rock, which juts its rugged breast,
Where murmuring at delay the waters glide,
Running the restless race in search of rest.
The rapid Dart with its own foam at play,
Dashing and rippling as it speeds along,
As through the rocks its gushing waters stray,
Should raise a chorus to my morning song.
And when at eve the moon in vain essays
To view her likeness in the playful stream,
And the soft radiance of her smiling rays
Strays o'er the wave in many a sparkling beam,
Pure would my vesper hymn ascend on high—
Meek could I live, and humbly trusting die.

REV. E. A. BRAY.

THE Rev. Edward Atkyns Bray was born in the Abbey House, Tavistock, on December 18, 1778. He was the only son of Mr. Edward Bray, a solicitor, who, from an early period till the time of his decease in 1816, managed the whole of the extensive property of the Duke of Bedford in the West of England. He was a delicate child, but from his earliest years displayed a singular aptitude for study. So great was his love of books, that he was never so happy as when he could get into a corner and pass the hours over the pages of a favourite author. He also exhibited artistic skill, and at eleven years old he sketched portraits with a correctness of outline and truth that older artists might have envied. He was also musical.

One of the boy's godfathers was the late Mr. Tremaine, of Sydenham House, Devon, who, desiring to confer on his godson a benefit, had, whilst he was yet a child, given to a clergyman related to the lad the living of Lew Trenchard, Devon (now held by the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould), to hold till he should be of sufficient age to take the duties of it upon himself. But this kind act on the part of Mr. Tremaine was afterwards rendered useless by Mr. Bray's determination to make his son a lawyer. His mother had a rooted objection to sending the boy to a public school, so he was placed under the care of a most worthy clergyman at Moreton Hampstead, and afterwards under the same at Alphington,

near Exeter. On leaving school he gave himself up heart and soul to poetry, and in his nineteenth year published a volume of his juvenile productions. Park, in his edition of Ritson's 'Select English Songs,' spoke with commendation of the volume, and quoted some of the pieces. About this time Edward formed a plan for writing the history of his native town, and made notes of his investigations and discoveries in the neighbourhood and on Dartmoor. He had also a good knowledge of French, German, and Italian; for the former he was indebted to a French prisoner-of-war then on parole at Tavistock. A second volume of poems followed closely upon the one just mentioned; this was entitled 'Arcadian Idyls,' and these also met with considerable favour. In 1801 he went to London, and was entered as a student at the Middle Temple. Five years after he was called to the Bar. He prosecuted his studies and his practice most assiduously, but

followed still more industriously his favourite literary pursuits. He formed an acquaintance with Mr. Edwards, a leading publisher of his time, who placed his valuable library at the disposal of the young student. His acquaintances amongst the leading literati of London were numerous, and with many of them he formed a life-long friendship. His initiation into the mysteries of London life gave him the incentive to write many bright and witty pieces, such as are now denominated *vers de société*. For five years Mr. Bray went the western circuit, and attained a fair reputation in his vocation, though it was not to his liking. His own inclinations were always turned to the Church, and even whilst in the Temple he studied the works of the old divines. At length he resolved to enter that

sacred profession to which his heart and his wishes were devoted, and, by the aid of Mr. Mathias, with whom he had long been on terms of great intimacy, he received ordination at the hands of the Bishop of Norwich, although he had not taken a degree or passed through the usual course of University studies. He then proceeded to Tavistock on a visit to his parents. Just then the Vicar of Tavistock (the Rev. Richard Sleeman), died suddenly, and through the exertions of Mr. Adam (afterwards Baron Adam) Mr. Bray was appointed to the vacant preferment, in the year 1812. He was thus, after many changes of fortune, at last settled in his native town and established as a minister in the very church on which he had always fixed his desires and his hopes. An amusing incident occurred soon after he had taken holy orders. The Rev. Dr. Hunt, a well-known clergyman in Devon, said to him one day: 'Mr. Bray, I have had the pleasure of seeing you but three times in my life; the first was in your regimentals' (he was a volunteer officer) 'at a dinner given by General England to the military, the second was in your wig and gown as a lawyer in the court at Exeter, and now I see you in gown and bands as Vicar of Tavistock.' In 1822 he became Bachelor of Divinity at Trinity College, Cambridge; he had previously (1812) been made a magistrate. On being made Rural Dean he made, in a clear and beautiful outline, sketches of every church he visited, and also kept a journal, still having an intention of publishing an account of Tavistock and its vicinity. In 1820 he published a little volume of 'Lyric Hymns,' and in 1821 he printed, for private circulation, a selection of songs, chiefly those written in his earlier years. He wrote and published various works of a controversial character, and several sermons. Many of his notes on Dartmoor were incorporated by his wife, Mrs. Bray, in her popular work, 'Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy,' published in 1836, and since reprinted. This work was undertaken at the suggestion of Mr. Southey. In 1839 Mr. and Mrs. Bray visited Switzerland. He kept a journal, which was afterwards published by Mrs. Bray in a work entitled 'The Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland.' Mr. Bray, despite his delicate constitution, lived to a good old age, and died on July 17, 1857. He was interred in the old churchyard, in a spot that he had always indicated, close to the only remnant of the once famous abbey church of Tavistock. Mr. Bray's poetical works were published by his widow (herself a writer of no mean repute) in two volumes in 1859, with a memoir, from which these few facts have been culled. Some of his hymns are very beautiful; in the *vers de société* he excelled, while his miscellaneous and patriotic poems contain many stirring pieces. Many of his poems have a local colouring, and all bear the stamp of deep thought and high culture.

THE BANKS OF TAVY'S STREAM.

How soon within my youthful breast
Is every anxious thought suppress'd;
How feels it nature's soothing power,
When lonely, at eve's tranquil hour,
Led by the moon's unclouded beam,
I seek the banks of Tavy's stream.

If absent from my native cot,
Affliction were to prove my lot;
Though on my bed in tears I lay,
My woes would swiftly pass away,
Were I an instant but to dream
I saw the banks of Tavy's stream.

HUMAN INCONSISTENCY.

Oh! what is man, the boasted lord of earth?
What, but a contradiction from his birth?
One moment sees him rapt in thought profound,
Another, whirl'd in Passion's frantic round:
Now dares the soul to highest heaven aspire,
Now to the world confines its base desire.
Thus changed, from joy and life to woe and death,
Was man, God's image, by Sin's baleful breath:
Then, too, from Reason, sovereign of the soul,
The rebel Senses seized a joint control.
But though the body thus its will constrains,
And binds it down to earth with iron chains,
That soul still feels 'twas framed a course to steer
'Beyond this visible diurnal sphere:'
E'en as a king, by lawless hands uncrown'd,
Prelude to death, within a dungeon bound,
Feels he was born, nor fears to make it known,
To speak his sovereign mandates from a throne.

TO BRENT TOR.

Hail, far-seen Tor! piled on whose craggy head
This sacred tower has seen the mother's tears—
The knell wide-sounding to the pilgrim's ears—
Fall for her infant, number'd with the dead.
Thy breezy steep with youth's light steps I tread,
And strain my sight to where Mount Edgcumbe peers,
With charms reflected, whence the sailor steers,
'Mid countless dangers, o'er old ocean's bed.
Those kindred dead, that silent round me lie,
Once ranged those vales that open to my view;
And oft with noisy mirth, that checks the sigh
Sported, regardless how the moments flew.
Alas! to think, whilst tear drops dim mine eye,
How soon we all must bid the world adieu.

LYNE BRETT.

Lyne Brett was a native of Plymouth, where he was born in 1713. He was the author of a tragedy entitled 'The Merchant of Plymouth,' founded on the old story of the murder of 'Page of Plymouth,' by his wife and her lover, which still remains in MS., and numerous occasional pieces. He died in 1741. The little piece which follows was written on Plymouth Hoe:

THE SEA.

Great God, though every work of Thine
Proclaims its Author all Divine,
We in the ocean plainest see
The noblest attributes of Thee.
When all is bright, when all serene,
When no rude winds disturb the main,
The shining prospect seems to prove
The mildness of the God I love.
But when the raging billows roar,
And foam and dash against the shore,
Then in the tempest does appear
The vengeance of the God I fear.

Methinks the wide-extended sea
Resembles Thy immensity;
And, Lord, like Thee, the vast profound
Unfathomable too is found;

Like Thee, the sea its blessings grants
Though always giving, never wants,
Is ever full and still the same,
And nations only change its name.

ANDREW BRICE (1690—1773).

This man was the son of Andrew Brice, shoemaker, and was born at Exeter in 1690. Although intended for the ministry, he was, from lack of means, apprenticed to a printer, and followed that calling throughout the remainder of his life. Whilst undergoing a long term of imprisonment for damages in connection with a lawsuit in which he had been entangled, he composed an heroi-comic poem in six cantos, entitled 'Freedom: a poem written in time of recess from the rapacious claws of bailiffs and devouring fangs of gaolers, by Andrew Brice, printer, to which is annexed the author's case,' 1730, the profits arising from which enabled him to obtain his release. He also published a collection of stories and poems with the title of 'Agreeable Gallimaufry, or Matchless Medley.' His disposition was mirthful, and he was a great patron of the stage. In 1745, when the players were being persecuted at Exeter, he published a poem defending their conduct and attacking the Methodists, to which he gave the name of 'The Play-house Church, or New Actors of Devotion.'

Other works ascribed to him are 'A Humorous Ironical Tract' called 'A Short Essay on the Scheme lately set on foot for lighting and keeping clean the Streets of Exeter, demonstrating its pernicious and fatal effects,' 1755; the 'Mobiad, or Battle of the Voice: an heroi-comic poem, being a description of an Exeter election,' 1738. His great work, however, was the 'Grand Gazetteer, or Topographic Dictionary,' published in 1759. Many important West-Country works issued from his press. He died November 7, 1773, and was buried in Bartholomew Churchyard, Exeter.

THOMAS BRICE (died 1570).

This writer, described in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' (vol. vi., p. 31) as a martyrologist, was engaged early in Queen Mary's reign in bringing Protestant books from Wesel into Kent and London. He was the author of a work with the following formidable title, which gives him claim to be included in our West-Country anthology: 'A Compendious Register in Metre conteinyng the names and pacient suffrynges of the membres of Jesus Christ, afflicted, tormented, and cruelly burned here in Englande since the death

of our late famous Kyng of immortall memorie Edwarde the sixte, to the entrance and beginnynge of the reigne of our soveraigne and derest Lady Elizabeth of England, France, and Ireland, queen defender of the Faithe, to whose highness truly and properly apperteineth, next and immediately vnder God, the supreme power and authoritie of the Churches of Englande and Ireland. So be it. Anno 1559.' The dedication is addressed to the Marquis of Northampton.

In 1567 was published 'A Moralitie: The Court of Venus Moralized,' by Thomas Brice, and subsequently a book of songs and sonnets.* A broad-sheet ballad of his, in the collection of George Daniel, Esq., has recently been reprinted, entitled, 'Against filthy Writing and such like Delighting,' commencing:

'What means the rimes that run thus large in every shop to sell,
With wanton sound and filthy sense? Methinks it 'grees not well.
We are not Ethnickes—we forsooth, at least, professe not so.
Why range we then to Ethnicke's trade? Come back, where will ye go?
Tell me is Christe or Cupide lord? doth God or Venus reign?'

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

The author of the beautiful poem descriptive of Babbicombe, Torquay, from which the following extract is taken, was a well-known writer, and, most probably, not a native of Devon. He was the author of the 'History of the Roman Empire under Constantine the Great,' published in 1828, and many other works bearing upon ancient and modern history. His chief poetical work is entitled 'Babbicombe; or, Visions of Memory, with other Poems' (1842); he also wrote 'Jerusalem Regained, a Poem' (1825); 'Hymns of the Heart for the Use of Catholics' (1848), etc. It is possible that he was the Matthew Bridges, the son of John Bridges of Maldon, Essex, who matriculated from Magdalen Hall, May 25, 1831, aged thirty, according to Foster's 'Alumni Oxonienses.'

BABBICOMBE.

Hamlet of peace,—to me of all most sweet,
Where the choice charms of earth and ocean meet:
Fresh fragrant downs, whose breezes breathe and play,
Cliffs clothed with green,—yet interspersed with gray;
A zigzag road for vulgar wheels too steep,
Where only lovers ever learn to leap;—
The rocks so tall, and yet so full of flowers,
Cool,—but not cold in summer's sultry hours;
The slopes all lined with many a verdant grove
Down to the margin of the tranquil cove,—

* See Ritson's 'Bibliographia,' p. 142; 'Black-Letter Ballads and Broadsides,' London, 1870, p. 13.

That glassy sea,—outspread from morn till even,
The mirror of a blue and cloudless heaven;—
Whilst cloven crags and marble quarries fair
Surround the calm, and shine reflected there;
These, and ten thousand varied beauties more,
Attract, and chain me to the enchanted shore.

Happy are they, who through a wicket-gate
Catch the first glimpse, and let their horses wait:
A hollow, scooped by Nature, opens wide
The very lap of Spring, in all her pride:
Orchards and gardens bursting into bloom,
The picture paradise;—the air perfume:
Shades beneath shades, with cottages between,
At once a sylvan and domestic scene:
Roofs picturesque, whence curious chimneys rise,
Censers of smoke upcurling to the skies:
Each terrace tufted, as with feathery wood,
With neat turf banks smoothed downwards to the flood:
The trees with mantling creepers clasped and bound.
Thick shrouds of foliage over many a mound,—
Where groups of children spend the livelong day
In rustic sports, or happy roundelay;—
Such is the panorama, from that height,
Expanding smilingly in hues of light:
Whilst eye and heart,—around,—below,—above,
Rove in sweet rapture, and ecstatic love.—

* * * * *

Commend me to yon rural—fairy—realms,
That cot and modest lawn, embraced in elms;
With open porch, and Gothic windows seen
Robed in rich ivy, beautiful and green;
Its garden crowned with roses white and red,
And gay, and humble flowers, in many a bed;
Tulips and peas, with pansies great and small,
Round orange lilies tapering and tall;—

Those bright laburnums, in their golden glow,
With sweet syringas, like a wreath of snow;—
Secluded spot,—nest for a married pair,
Home for pure holiness,—a shrine for prayer!
From that calm threshold, Meditation's eye
May look from earth, and pierce beyond the sky,
Lost in those depths, where angels can discern
Things that the sons of men will never learn!

Lead me to Anstey's cove, and Ilsam's shades,
That cove of loneliness,—those sylvan glades;
Where jutting headlands stretch into the deep,
And lull its thousand ripples fast asleep:—
Where meadfoot seaward opens many a slope,
And islands wait around the Naze of Hope:
Where Kent's dark caverns far below extend
Midst spar and stalactite that never end!
Lead me to Watcombe,—where the waves are rolled
Round rocks of wonder,—rifted,—bare,—and bold;
Where the sly otter steals ashore uncurbed,
And ravens croak in echoes undisturbed.
Lead me still further on,—where seamews call
From their lone watches o'er the Maiden's Fall;
That stream of foam, descending night and day
Upon the barren beach in showers of spray.—
Then bear me back to whence this theme began
To Nature's sweetest scenes for mortal man,—
That peaceful hamlet seated on the sea,
Dear to Devonia,—memory,—and me.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

Among the English poets there are several who may be claimed as men of Devon, either on account of the place of their birth, or by reason of their long residence in the county.

Very little is known of the life of William Browne, the subject of this sketch. It would not be difficult to supply the blank, after the fashion of some modern biographers, with pictures equally fanciful and valueless, but I prefer to state simply the few facts that can be ascertained. He was the son of Thomas Browne, of Tavistock, and appears from a pedigree* discovered by Sir Egerton Brydges to have been a descendant of a branch of the family of the Viscounts Montagu. Beside this pedigree, the only original information that we have about him is to be found in some passages of his own works and in Wood's 'Athenæ Oxonienses.' From the latter we learn that he was born at Tavistock, in the year 1590. Early in the reign of James I. he was sent to Exeter College, Oxford, and he afterwards became a student in the Inner Temple. In 1613 was printed the first book of his 'Britannia's Pastorals.' We find in the fifth song an elegy on the death of Prince Henry, which happened in November, 1612, but from a passage in the same song it may be concluded that a part at least of the poem had been written several years before, and while its author was still less than twenty years of age. He published in 1614 the 'Shepherd's Pipe,' a series of eclogues after the manner of Spenser's 'Shepheardes Calendar,' and two years later the second book of the 'Pastorals.' About this time he wrote, and possibly took part in the performance of, a masque setting forth the story of Ulysses and Circe, which is printed among his works under the title of the 'Inner Temple Masque.' Entertainments of this kind were then very popular, and the students of the Inns of Court were not slow to take advantage of the opportunities for dressing and display which they afforded.

In 1624 Browne returned to Oxford to become the tutor of Robert Dormer, afterwards Earl of Caernarvon. During this second residence at the University he took his degree of Master of Arts, being described in the public register as *Vir omni humana literatura et bonarum artium cognitione instructus.* He had dedicated the second book of his 'Pastorals' to the Earl of Pembroke, and when he again left Oxford, he became a retainer to the family of that nobleman, who, himself a poet, was famed for his liberality to men of parts and understanding.

It appears from the pedigree before mentioned that Browne married 'Tymothy, daughter of Sir Thomas Eversfield, of Den, near Horsham, in Sussex, Knight,' and had two children, both of whom died in infancy. It is probable that he survived his wife.

But the time and place of the poet's death are uncertain. Wood writes: 'In my searches I find that one Will. Browne, of Ottery St. Mary in Devon, died in the winter time, 1645; whether the same with the poet I am hitherto ignorant.' If the poet came back at last to his native county, he would, I think, have returned to the banks of the

* Harl. MSS. 6,164.

Tavy, which, as his writings prove, he knew and loved so well, and I am therefore inclined to believe that 'Will. Browne, of Ottery St. Mary,' was another person.

The works of Browne have had rather less than their desert of study and of praise. I am not, indeed, surprised at the neglect of his poetry, for what is known of it consists almost entirely of pastoral, and people are not likely nowadays to care much about the rather insipid loves and quarrels of

> 'Thenot, Piers, Nilkin, Duddy, Hobbinoll,
> Alexis, Silvan, Teddy of the glen,
> Rowley, and Perigot here by the fen.'

Yet I think that the merit of the poet would be rated higher if the poems printed for the first time by Sir Egerton Brydges, in 1815, were generally known.* But of the volume containing these poems, only eighty copies were printed, and it is therefore rare and somewhat costly. From it I have taken the epitaph quoted above, and I shall seek to illustrate what I have to say of Browne's writings by extracts from it, as well as from his more accessible works.

'Britannia's Pastorals' is to the ordinary reader a most disappointing volume. It has no plot, tells no story. There are fabulous divinities, but no fable, allegorical personages, but no allegory. And yet through it there flits the provoking semblance of a purpose, the phantom of a story that allures for a little, and then vanishes and cannot be recovered. But the reader who is not disgusted with this want of coherency, which I admit to be a great defect, will find in the poem much to repay his pains. The versification is fluent and often melodious, the language apt and elegant. Chiefly notable, however, are the purity of thought, the manly boldness and independence, combined with much sweetness and tenderness of feeling, the genial and affectionate disposition, the minute and accurate observation of Nature—rare at that time in its kind as well as in its degree—which the poem displays. The little that we learn from other sources of the character of the poet accords with what we gather from his verses. Drayton called him his 'bosom friend, a man of much note, and no less noble parts.' Thomas Heygate, of the Inner Temple, wrote to him of the Pastorals:

> 'Being hurt in mind, I keep in store
> Thy book, a precious balsam for the sore;
> 'Tis honey, nectar, balsam most divine;
> Or one word for them all—my friend, 'tis thine.'

Jonson called him 'my truly beloved friend,' and Anthony Wood says of him, 'As he had a little body, so a great mind.' I can fancy him of even temper and of unruffled life, religious and benevolent, such a one as he has himself described in these verses, not less gracious and refined than those of Pope or Rogers:

* These poems were copied from a manuscript supposed to have belonged to Warburton, and now among the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum.

'O blessed man! who homely bred
In lowly cell can pass his days,
Feeding on his well-gotten bread,
And hath his God's, not others' ways.

That doth into a prayer wake,
And rising (not to bribes or bands)
The Power that doth him happy make
Hath both his knees as well as hands.

His threshold he doth not forsake
Or for the city's cates or trim;
His plough, his flock, his scythe and rake
Do physic, clothe, and nourish him.

By some sweet stream, clear as his thought,
He seats him with his book and line;
And though his hand hath nothing caught,
His mind hath whereupon to dine.

He hath a table furnished strong
To feast a friend or flattering snare,
And hath a judgment and a tongue
That know to welcome and beware.

His afternoon (spent as the prime)
Inviting where he mirthful sups;
Labour, and seasonable time
Brings him to bed, and not his cups.

Yet, ere he takes him to his rest,
For this and for their last repair,
He with his household meek addrest
Offer their sacrifice of prayer.'

Browne is chiefly distinguished from the other poets of his time by the truth and liveliness of his descriptions of Nature. In these he often resembles the poets of the nineteenth century rather than those of the seventeenth, for while his landscapes are sometimes such as are generally to be found in the works of his contemporaries, vague, and merely romantic, they are not unfrequently as carefully studied and as accurate in detail as those of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

The scene of the 'Britannia's Pastorals' is laid for the most part in the western counties. The following description of the course of the Tavy is from the second song of the first book:

'As Tavy creeps upon
The western vales of fertile Albion,
Here dashes roughly on an aged rock,
That his extended passage up doth lock;
There intricately 'mongst the woods doth wander,
Losing himself in many a wry meander;
Here amorously bent clips some fair mead,
And then disperst in rills doth measures tread
Upon her bosom 'mongst her flowery ranks;
There in another place bears down the banks
Of some day-labouring wretch; here meets a rill,
And with their forces joined cut out a mill
Into an island; then in jocund guise
Surveys his conquest, lauds his enterprise;
Here digs a cave at some high mountain's foot;
There undermines an oak, tears up his root;
Thence rushing to some country farm at hand,
Breaks o'er the yeoman's mounds, sweeps from his land
His harvest hope of wheat, of rye or pease,
And makes that channel which was shepherd's lease;
Here, as our wicked age doth sacrilege,
Helps down an abbey; then a natural bridge,
By creeping underground he frameth out,
As who should say he either went about
To right the wrong he did, or hid his face
For having done a deed so vile and base;—
So ran this river on.'

His poems abound in passages of rare grace and tenderness. He is mourning the departure of his mistress:

'So shuts the marigold her leaves
At the departure of the sun,
So from the honey-suckle sheaves
The bee goes, when the day is done.'

In an elegy he exclaims:

'O where do my for ever losses tend!
I could already by some buried friend
Count my unhappy years.'

In a poem on the death of the Countess of Pembroke:

'I would not any knew
That thou wert lost, but as a pearl of dew
Which in a gentle evening, mildly cold,
Fallen in the bosom of a marigold,
Is in her golden leaves shut up all night,
And seen again when next we see the light.'

This being the character of Browne's poetry, it will readily be supposed that he was the happiest in the composition of songs and lyric poems. And this was in fact the case. Two or three very graceful songs are to be found in the 'Pastorals,' and several in the volume edited by Sir Egerton Brydges. In this are also contained a considerable number of epitaphs, not a few of which are of rare excellence.

There seem to me to be good reasons for supposing Browne to have been the author of one of the most celebrated of all epitaphs, that on Mary, Countess of Pembroke, the first verse of which has been generally ascribed to Ben Jonson. In the MS. volume of Browne's poems, printed by Sir Egerton Brydges, the epitaph appears as follows:

'Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name for after days;
Some kind woman born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.'

Though generally believed to be Jonson's, the epitaph was not to be found among his works till the first verse was printed in Whalley's edition in 1756. Gifford ascribes this first verse to Jonson, and believes the second to have been added by the son of the Countess. But the two verses are said* to be found together in a MS. in Sancroft's collection, and in one of the Ashmolean MSS., in both cases being anonymous. They are printed together in the 'Traditionall Memorialls on the Raigne of King James the First,'

* In a note to the Poems by Wotton and others, edited by the Rev. J. Hannah, Introduction, p. lxii.

by Francis Osborne, who says that 'the author doth manifest himself a poet in all things but untruth.' The name of the author is not mentioned, which would doubtless have been the case had they been then ascribed to one so well known as Jonson. In the MS. of Browne's poems the epitaph is placed among poems that are undoubtedly his. Verses by other writers are to be found at the end of the MS., but to these the names of their supposed authors are added. From internal evidence, we should be inclined to attribute the epitaph to Browne. In many respects there is a striking resemblance between it and others not quoted here. The rhyme at the beginning, *hearse*, *verse*, is not a common one, but it occurs at least four times in the 'Pastorals,' and four times in Browne's minor poems. But in addition to this, there are, in the MS. of Browne's poems, some verses of his on the death of Charles, Lord Herbert, the grandson of this Countess of Pembroke, which end as follows :

'O let my private grief have room,
Dear Lord, to wait upon thy tomb ;
And as my weak and saddest verse
Was worthy thought thy grandam's hearse,
Accept of this ! Just tears my sight
Have shut for thee. Dear Lord, good-night.'

I cannot but believe that the two lines printed in italics refer to the famous epitaph generally ascribed to Jonson, but which, if I am right in my belief, is here claimed by Browne. It must be remembered that in 1616 Browne had dedicated the second book of his 'Pastorals' to the Earl of Pembroke, the son of the Countess, who is mentioned in the epitaph, and that in 1625, about four years after the death of the Countess, he was taken into the family of the Earl.

Though Browne wrote thus well and often of tombs and the solemnities of death, he was not wanting in skill to treat of lighter things. A pleasant humour appears in several of his poems, the best known of them being that on Lydford Law, 'How in the morn they hang and draw, and sit in judgment after,' which is quoted in the 'Worthies of Devon,' and thence in Rowe's 'Perambulation of Dartmoor.' He was also the author of a drinking song or round, not, indeed, of supreme excellence, but yet of considerable vigour. Of the songs inserted in the 'Pastorals,' several display much of the ingenuity, with but little of the affectation, fashionable at the time, the best of them being the comparison of Love to a knot, and that beginning,

'Venus by Adonis' side
Crying kist and kissing cried,
Wrung her hands and tore her hair
For Adonis dying there.'

Browne was a confessed follower of Spenser and Sidney, but he wanted the fire and force which gave reality to the allegorical knights and maidens of the 'Faerie Queene,' and the fervency of passion that glows in the Italian conceits of Sidney. He would have done

better had he been free from their influence. Had he dared to break loose from pastoral conventionalities, he might have been what Cowper became two hundred years later, the poet of common life, skilled to associate with humble duties and ordinary emotions, with simple and unromantic scenes, a tender and serious sentiment, a sweetness and grace by which they are exalted and refined. That he failed to do this is to be ascribed not so much to his inferiority of power as to his being in more intimate and constant intercourse with the men who shaped and guided the literary tastes of the time. The form into which his poetry was cast, the deep impression made upon it by fashions and modes of thought that were merely temporary, will for ever prevent his works from being ranked among those which have a universal and unchanging popularity, yet I doubt not that there will always be a few who, having patience with his faults and discernment of his merits, will cherish in his writings the memory of this Devonshire poet, the gentle, affectionate William Browne.*

S. BROWNING.

Mr. Samuel Browning published in 1846 a volume of 'Poems,' dedicated 'To the Naval Officers of Greenwich Hospital,' 'by a British Tar.' The chief poem is entitled 'Devona, an Historical Poem' which occupies eighty-six pages, and contains a running description of Devonshire scenery embracing the whole county. The other poems contained in the volume are of general rather than local interest. We have been unable to discover any particulars of the author beyond that given by himself in the book referred to, and which we here furnish for our readers in lieu of the usual biographical data. He says: 'The author published some poems at the age of seventeen (being four years after he went to sea), and wrote nothing further till twenty-seven years afterwards. At the age of twenty-one the author commanded (at the time of war) a running ship out to Quebec, and has been near thirty years a commander in the merchant service. During the Peninsular War he commanded the ship *Hiram*, of Plymouth, in the transport service, and was at the blockade of Lisbon; at the burning of the French fleet in the Basque roads; at the re-taking of Vigo and Oporto, and was commander of one of the last vessels that left Corunna on Sir John Moore's retreat, with part of his army on board, at which place he received the thanks of Captain Digby, of the *Cossack* frigate, for services rendered on that occasion, on the quarter-deck before his officers. The author also took a survey of Sleet Harbour (not before generally known), in the Island of Gothland, on the coast of Sweden, with remarks thereon, when froze up there one winter, the service and utility of which must be felt and acknowledged by everyone frequenting the Baltic Sea. Providence led him into it while running along the coast, searching for a place to save

* The above is condensed, by permission, from an excellent critical article by Mr. John Shelly, originally published in 'Clack' (Plymouth, 1865).

their lives by running their sinking ships on shore. This survey has since been published by J. Norie. About twelve years since the author left the sea through ill health. The energy of his mind was then called forth, and he beguiled the hours of painful illness by writing these poems. It was amusement and pleasure to him, requiring little or no study.' The dedication of this volume is dated 'London, August 25, 1846,' and there is an announcement to the effect that 'The History of Joseph, and other Poems,' is ready for the press, forming the second volume of the author's works. We are not aware if this volume ever appeared.

DARTMOOR 'FROM DEVONA.'

Dartmoor doth now my roughest lays demand,
And harshest strains to suit thy sterile land,
To paint thy scen'ry and thy heaths display,
Wild as the wind, rough as the raging sea,
Where Nature clad in her most dreadful form,
Wild wand'ring o'er thy dreary heath forlorn,
In nudid state, wrapt in a rugged dress,
A wither'd form, whose haggard looks express
A savage wildness, hopeless and forlorn,
She braves the skies, and howls amidst the storm:
With lurid eye the light'ning doth survey,
And mocks the black'ning thunders as they play;
High rears her crest—her hoary head oft shrouds
In horror's gloom amidst the pitchy clouds,
Whose barren hills and rugged waste display
A wide expanse smelling like ocean's sea;
There hills on hills in Alpine grandeur rise,
Extensive spread, and climb the lofty skies,
Whose heads the regions of the clouds invest,
That like a mantle folds around their breast.
The eye excursive views the hills around,
And finds the horizon its distant bound.
Region of wildness!—awful, bold, and grand,
The roughest work of Nature's forming hand:
Amidst the summit of whose wide domains
Dread horror scolds, and desolation reigns;
Here fortitude would stand appall'd with fear
On this drear heath to meet its horrors there.
When snow, wild winds, and thunder's pitchy cloud
With wrath surcharg'd, howling terrific loud,
Fly o'er the dreary heath in dread array,
Dark as usurp'd Egyptia's gloomy day,
On their bleak heads their dark artillery play:
Then on wild wing the demon of the storm,
In howling tempest o'er the heath is borne,
Dark as Erebus—clad in horrors drear,
As if old Chaos sway'd his empire there.
Tumult and confusion round him spread,
And horror drear amidst appalling dread;
Thunder his voice—his eyes the light'ning's glow,
And from his wings shakes hailstorm, sleet, and snow.
In rage terrific on the whirlwind rides,
In pitchy clouds his awful head he hides,
While tow'ring tors his dreaded rage defy,
And dash the clouds in atoms as they fly.
Then, then behold, the dreadful conflict rage,
When all the warring elements engage:
The sever'd clouds confus'd fleet onward dash,
Thunder's loud growl, and the blue lightning flash,
While the dire artillery of winter's hurled,
And shakes with terror all this nether world.

CARL VON BUCH.

Carl Theodore von Buch is a native of Almorah, East Indies. He entered Exeter College, Oxford, and matriculated June 3, 1876, aged eighteen; was exhibitioner, 1876; student Christ Church, 1877; B.A., 1880; M.A., 1884. Our only excuse for including him in this volume is that he was the author of a poem entitled 'Sir Walter Raleigh,' dedicated to Bret Harte, and dated from Christ Church, Oxford, 1880. We give a short extract from this appreciative poem:

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE END.

O! mourn for England's Queen.—Let ages ring
In detestation of a craven king,
Yielding a willing ear to Slander's spite,
Whose venomed tooth has marred a scutcheon bright.

Condemned by traitor's tongue, no cell's control
Can quench the yearnings of thy lofty soul.
The sword lies idle. But those time-worn towers
Bear lasting record to thy nobler powers.
There thou wert versed in all the mystic lore
Of alchemy, and learned from nature's store.
There penned thy history for the princely child,
Too bright for earth. on whom a nation smiled,
Whose young life withered, as the flowers fade
Cut with the ripened ear before the blade
At harvest-tide. Hadst thou but held the throne,
Ne'er had that storm of deadly warfare grown;
Ne'er had thy kingly brother's blood been shed.

From prison freed, with the blue skies o'erhead,
And glad heart leaping to the freshening breeze,
Once more he sails toward the tropic seas,
Unconscious of the ills that wait him there;
All sick he lies beneath the strong sun's glare,
While o'er his brain as in some magic glass,
The shadowing phantoms of the future pass.
Through the dim mist there looms his pale-faced son,
Brave lad who fell as victory was won.—
All broken-hearted he sails home again,
Doomed by the hate of Gondomar and Spain.

A solemn scene, on his last earthly morn
As cold and clear there breaks the early dawn,
And on his prisoned ear falls fitfully,
Like the faint ripple of some distant sea,
The murmur of the crowd. Fondly, while yet
In those sad eyes the tears are wet,
And silent sorrow pales the upturned face,
One lingering kiss he gives, one last embrace,
Then passes forth to die. That fearless brow
Marked by Time's hand, those locks all silvered now.
And so, at peace with men, he bows his head
To join the silent throng of mighty dead,
Safe in the haven of that quiet shore,
Where never woe shall touch him more.

EUSTACE BUDGELL (1686—1737).

THIS notorious author, descended from an ancient Devon family, was born at St. Thomas, Exeter, August 19, 1686. He was the son of Gilbert Budgell, D.D., of St. Thomas, Exeter, by his wife Mary, only daughter of Bishop Gulston of Bristol, whose sister was wife of Lancelot, and mother of Joseph Addison. He matriculated March 31, 1705, at Trinity College, Oxford, and afterwards entered the Inner Temple, and was called to the Bar; but an intimacy with his cousin Addison diverted him from his profession, and led him to take up literature. He was a frequent contributor to the *Spectator*, no less than thirty-seven papers being ascribed to him. It was believed that Addison had a great deal to do with Budgell's writings, and it is even asserted that the epilogue to Ambrose Philips' 'Distressed Mother' was really written by Addison.

In 1714 Budgell published a translation of Theophrastus, duly praised by Addison in the 'Lover.' In 1711 the death of Budgell's father had put him in possession of an estate of £950 a year, encumbered with some debt. On the accession of George I., Addison became Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, and made Budgell his Under-Secretary. Budgell was also Chief Secretary to the Lords Justices, Deputy-Clerk of the Council, and a member of the Irish House of Commons. In 1717 Budgell became Accountant-General for Ireland, at a salary of £400 a year, an appointment which he held until December 11, 1718.

Some of his writings about this time seem to have angered Sunderland, Addison's patron, and others. Budgell travelled abroad for awhile, then entered into speculations which proved unfortunate; he also became involved in political and other troubles, which appear to have unhinged his mind, so much so that he ultimately committed suicide in a strange manner, by filling his pockets with stones, and jumping out of a boat in the Thames. He left a slip of paper in his desk with these lines:

> 'What Cato did, and Addison approved,
> Cannot be wrong.'

Budgell, having seriously compromised himself in the matter of a forged will, was attacked in the *Grub Street Journal*, and was gibbeted by Pope in the 'Dunciad' thus:

> 'Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on his quill,
> And write whate'er he pleased—except his will.'

The witty George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, satirized Budgell's supposed plagiarism from Addison:

> 'Poet Budgell came next, and, demanding the bays,
> Said those works must be good which had Addison's praise;
> But Apollo replied: Child Eustace, 'tis known
> Most authors will praise whatsoever's their own.'

JOHN BULTEEL.

THIS writer, according to the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' flourished *circa* 1683, and is described as a 'translator and miscellaneous writer, who continued writing after 1669; indeed, whose last publication bears the date of 1683.' He was probably the son of Jean Bultel, a French Protestant minister, living at the beginning of the seventeenth century at Dover. Mr. Worth, in his 'West-Country Garland,' says, 'The family of Bulteel is of French origin, and has long been settled in Devonshire.' Beyond this we have nothing tangible upon which to build a theory that he was even a resident in Devonshire. He wrote a number of poetical works, amongst which the following may be specially mentioned: 'London's Triumph; or, The Solemn and Magnificent Reception of that Honourable Gentleman, Robert Tichburn, Lord Mayor; after his Return from taking his Oath at Westminster, the Morrow after Simon and Jude Day, being October 29, 1656.' This pamphlet describes in glowing terms the reception of the Mayor by Lord Protector Cromwell, and the various pageants on that festal day, when 'all the nation seemed to be epitomized within the walls of her metropolis.' He wrote also 'Berinthea,' a romance accommodated to history; 'The Amorous Orontus; or, Love in Fashion,' a translation from Corneille's 'Amour à la Mode'; 'The Amorous Gallant'; 'Apophthegms of the Ancients,' and others.

TO CHLORIS.

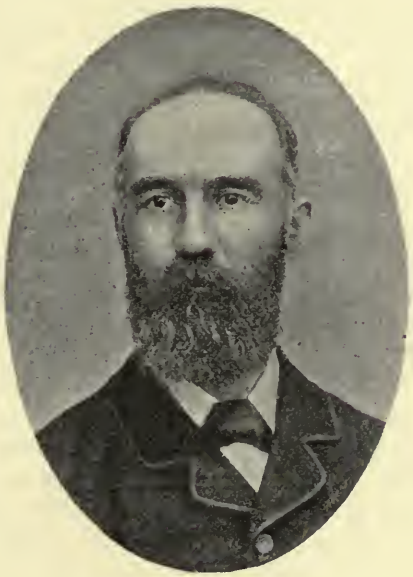
Chloris, 'twill be for either's rest
Truly to know each other's breast;
I'll make the obscurest part of mine
Transparent, as I would have thine:
    If you will deal but so with me,
    We soon shall part, or soon agree.

Know then though you were twice as fair,
If it could be, as now you are,
And though the graces of your mind
With a resembling lustre shined;
    Yet if you loved me not, you'd see,
    I'd value that as you do me.

Though I a thousand times had sworn
My passions should transcend your scorn,
And that your bright, triumphant eyes
Create a flame that never dies;
    Yet if to me you proved untrue,
    These oaths should prove as false to you.

If love I vowed to pay for hate,
'Twas, I confess, a mere deceit:
Or that my flame should deathless prove,
'Twas but to render so your love;
    I bragged as cowards use to do
    Of dangers they'll ne'er run into.

And now my tenets I have showed;
If you think them too great a load,
T' attempt your charge were but in vain,
The conquest not being worth the pain:
    With them I'll other nymphs subdue;
    'Tis too much to lose time and you.



ROBERT DICKSON BURNIE.

THE subject of this brief sketch was born at Dawlish, South Devon, in 1842, being the son of Mr. John Dickson Burnie, for many years a builder in that fashionable watering-place. The name is clearly Scotch, and is associated with Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire. After leaving school, Robert Burnie received an appointment under Mr. P. J. Margary, chief engineer of the South Devon and Cornwall Railways, in whose office he remained for seven years, and under whom he rapidly developed business qualifications which have since stood him in good stead. In 1864 he was appointed manager of the Bristol and South Wales Railway Waggon Company, Limited, and after being with them for about two years, resigned in order to accept the secretaryship of a new company having works at Cheltenham and Swansea. Finding the affairs of the company in a very critical condition, he set to work to reorganize the whole concern, and with great success. Eventually the works of the company were concentrated at Swansea, and in 1869 Mr. Burnie settled there, where he has resided ever since. In 1877 he was elected to the Town Council, in which capacity he has done good service to his adopted town.

Mr. Burnie has been chairman of the Finance Committee of both the Corporation and the Harbour Trust, and vice-chairman of several other committees. He was also chairman of the Bridge Tolls Abolition Committee, which, under his leadership, succeeded in freeing the bridges from irritating tolls on foot-passengers and vehicles. He is a vice-president of the Royal Institution, a president of the Swansea Hospital, and member of the South

Wales Institute of Engineers. He has always been most active in identifying himself with movements of a social and progressive character; thus, he supported a working men's library, gave addresses and lectures, and in other ways made himself eminently useful. He has an absorbing interest in books, and quotes Shakespeare, Byron, and Carlyle freely. His lectures on Byron and Burns at the Royal Institution of South Wales were very popular. Mr. Burnie has been Mayor of Swansea, and during his mayoralty initiated and laid the foundation-stone of the New Public Library, Science and Art Schools, and Fine Art Gallery, a pile of buildings equal to anything for a similar purpose in the Principality. At the General Election in 1892 the Town Division of Swansea still further showed its appreciation of his broad sympathies and public services by electing him to represent the division in Parliament as a successor to the late Mr. L. L. Dillwyn.

He has been very active in the interests of Freemasonry, and has held high positions in connection with the Order. He is also an enthusiastic Oddfellow, Forester, and Shepherd. His poetical drift was not likely to suffer by his coming to reside in the land of hills and vales—the country he refers to as 'gallant' and 'lovely Wales,' the whole surrounding of which is full of poesy and mystic lore, and it is probably to some extent due to this that, in the midst of his many and various avocations, he has found time to cultivate the Muses, the chief offspring of his pen being a work entitled 'Idle Hour Flights.' This was issued in 1876, but Mr. Burnie has written many short and spirited poems since then, and he is well entitled to be ranked amongst the minor poets of Devonshire, where we are now pleased to place him.

His poems, although lacking here and there logical sequence and literary method, evince undoubtedly a great poetical disposition and a philosophical drift. The thoughtful element predominates, and he seldom indulges in the lighter vein. The 'Address to my Book,' 'Street Arabs,' 'Fame,' 'Ambition,' contain many excellent thoughts, while a piece entitled 'The River's Origin' seems to have a hidden meaning, and may apply to his own rise in the world, *burnie* signifying stream or river.

We give one or two of his short pieces as illustrative of his style, and because they may interest our readers:

ROMANCES OF GOWER.

I. PENNARD CASTLE.

The shadow of the castle was falling on the cliff, and the shadow of the cliff upon the sea,
Whilst within, midst hope and fears, flowed a beauteous maiden's tears,
As she thought that with the dawn she would be free.
Hers were not tears of sorrow—joy gleamed upon the morrow,
Far away from haughty knight and haughtier sire;
For a little skiff did lay 'neath the shadow in the bay,
And in it was Llewellyn of the Lyre.

The shadow of the castle is lessening on the cliff, and the shadow of the cliff upon the sea.
Should Phœbus prove untrue, soon the skiff will be in view,
Then alas, for the lovers that would flee!

Haste thee, Gwynneth, to the shore! haste thee now, or nevermore
Shalt thou see the living form of thy desire;
For the arrows swift will pour, and Llewellyn's spirit soar
Towards the refrain and the echo of his lyre.

The shadow of the castle has ceased upon the cliff, and the shadow of the cliff upon the sea,
And now does Gwynneth weep, on the margin of the deep;
But her tears they are no longer those of glee.
'Neath the ripple of the wave, Gwynneth sought Llewellyn's grave,
Beyond reach of haughty knight and haughtier sire;
And oft now in hazy light comes a vision on the sight—
Of Gwynneth and Llewellyn of the Lyre.

II. THREE CLIFFS.

List to the mystical music of the ripple that beats on the shore;
Gaze on yon three happy maidens as they skip through the portals of Yore,
Hearts with steps vying in lightness, ringlets all flowing and fair,
Eyes as the sky in its brightness, free from the shadow of care.
'To the caves! to the caves!' they are singing;
'We shall bring you back sea-grass and shells;'
And the cliffs with the echo is ringing,
Is ringing—but ringing their knells.

We still hear the mystical music of the ripple that beats on the shore;
We think of the three fated maidens, remembering they came back no more,
Of the fond hearts that beckoned them onward, and waited for sea-grass and shells—
Hearts wrecked by the loss of their darlings, hearts wrenched by the requiem bells.
Well mayst thou, cruel ocean, be moaning,
And tears of remorse dashing o'er
Those cliffs now so grandly enthroning
The three little treasures of Yore.

RICHARD BURROW.

Mr. Richard Burrow was born at Truro, April 15, 1858, and received his earliest education from Mr. John Snell, and subsequently from Mr. Davis, of that city. In 1886 Mr. Burrow succeeded to the business of a boot manufacturer at Truro, and has been highly extolled for the excellence of his manufactures. The spirit of poesy does not always find congenial companionship in a mind exercised with the prosaic matters of business, and in the case of the subject of our sketch there seems to be a decided antagonism between them. He is an active member of the Truro Volunteer Fire Brigade, and also honorary secretary of the Truro Mercantile Association (the pioneer movement of the kind in Cornwall).

As a public speaker he is listened to with pleasure, and the interest displayed by him in the past in the various movements pertaining to the welfare of his native city promises well for the future. His poems, especially 'Wreckers and Rescuers,' are spirited, and show the contrast which is to be found between the customs of the present day and those which were in vogue some years ago. 'The Miner's Yarn,' 'Voices,' 'A Tale of the Sea,' and many others, might be cited as evidence of Mr. Burrow's poetical tastes, which we fain hope he will cultivate.

VOICES.

On Cornubia's heath-clothed hills,
When the sun is setting low,
Bathing woodland, field, and sea
In a glorious golden glow,
Nature, clad in Beauty's garb,
Fair and wonderful to see,
Speaks with no uncertain sound
Of its Maker's majesty.

When the day its course has run,
And the lengthening shadows lie
In the valley, while the bird
Nightly pours its melody;
When the sparkling star lamps hang,
Diamond-like, from heaven above,
Speak they not to those who hear
Of their Maker's pledge of love?

When the waving fields of grain
Bow beneath the whispering breeze,
When the ripening fruits of earth
Hide amidst the clustering leaves,
When the dews and rain descend
Heaven's pearl-drops to dispense,
Hear the voice to all the earth
Of the Maker's providence.

Wondrous earth and sea and sky,
Sprang from chaos; strange the birth,
Order, beauty, harmony,
Heaven's laws designed for earth.
Mighty Power spake—'twas done;
'Good!' declared Eternal Mind:
Flowers, trees, and rolling sun
Speak His power to mankind.

Yet how heavy are our ears
To these voices as they tell
Of His mind and power and might,
Wisdom vast, unsearchable!

Oh, how darkened are our eyes
To the beaming rays of light!
Heed we not the voice of Truth,
Care not for extended sight?

Why should human spirits dwell
In the caves of fear and doubt,
Cold and lifeless reasoning,
Keeping hope and light without?
Burst the barriers! Look around,
Hear the voice of Faith and Love;
Beauty, heaven, and peaceful hope,
Meet the vision. Look above!

Soaring thought in ages past
Left the sordid paths below,
Rose by Faith's inspiring power,
Caught the truths which angels know
Tuned the lyre at heaven's gate,
Brought the strains to earth again.
Earth yet vibrates with the sound;
Hear we now the sweet refrain.

Mighty voices of the past
Come from prophet, priest, and seer
From the holy martyr'd dead,
Ringing through the ages clear.
Work and wait,—let Duty's call
Evermore your watchword be;
He who knows the sparrow's fall
Cares most surely, man, for thee.

Though discordant tones surround,
Creeds and doctrines formed by men,
Truth perverted, error found,
Wrongs triumphant now and then,—
Though the times seem out of joint,
And the world looks all awry,
Truth shall conquer! Hear the voice—
'Right shall triumph by-and-by!'

WILLIAM BURT (1778—1826).

Mr. William Burt, solicitor, was born at Plymouth (at Frankfort Buildings) in 1778, and died there in 1826, aged forty-eight years and some days, and was buried in a vault in St. Andrew's Church. He married in 1800, and had an only son, who entered the Royal Navy. William Burt was educated at a grammar-school at Exeter, and was then articled to a banker and solicitor of Bridgwater, Somerset. Returning to Plymouth, he became a frequent lecturer at the Athenæum, in connection with the Plymouth Institution, and he commenced also to write for the public. He was the author of several prose works which we need not particularize, except one which deals with the trade and commerce of Plymouth, and is still regarded as a valuable text-book on the subject. This work was dedicated to the chairman of the Plymouth Chamber of Commerce, the Earl of Morley. Mr. Burt was the first secretary of the Plymouth Chamber.

For some years he acted as editor of the *Plymouth and Dock Telegraph;* for a short time he served in the army, but sold out, and joined the Greenway Volunteers at the period of the projected invasion of Napoleon. He was secretary of the Plymouth and Dartmoor Railway Company, and in this capacity he gained so intimate a knowledge of that romantic region that he was able to add much erudite information to Carrington's 'Dartmoor,' the preface and notes in the first edition having been mainly by him. These portions were unfortunately omitted in some of the later editions.

Mr. Burt was at one time possessed of considerable private means; but he was induced to speculate, and lost from £15,000 to £20,000, chiefly owing to the failure of a country bank. For a short time he practised his profession at Colyton, but spent the greater part of his life at Plymouth. He was an able advocate, and often appeared in the local courts. He is described as 'extremely generous, kind, and affectionate, and performed his duties to all persons, in all things, as a Christian and a gentleman.'

Amongst other poetical pieces, he was the author of 'Christianity, a Poem,' edited by his nephew, Major T. Seymour Burt, dedicated to the Duchess of Kent, and published in 1835. It is to Major Burt that we are indebted for the preservation and publication of the excellent poem from which the following extract is taken:

FROM 'CHRISTIANITY, A POEM.'

O 'Lord our Righteousness,' beyond all praise,
Wise and unsearchable in all Thy ways,
Whose word, and will, and mercy could transmute
To 'bread of life' each wrathful attribute,
When shall the tendrils of One Parent Vine
The world encircle, every land entwine?
Earth's folded kindreds, when, restored to health,
In faith confederate, form One Commonwealth?
Thy certain oath to no one race confined,
Truth, hope, salvation, proffers to mankind.
Shepherd of Souls, man's e'er-enduring friend,
Of love the Source, the Centre, and the End,

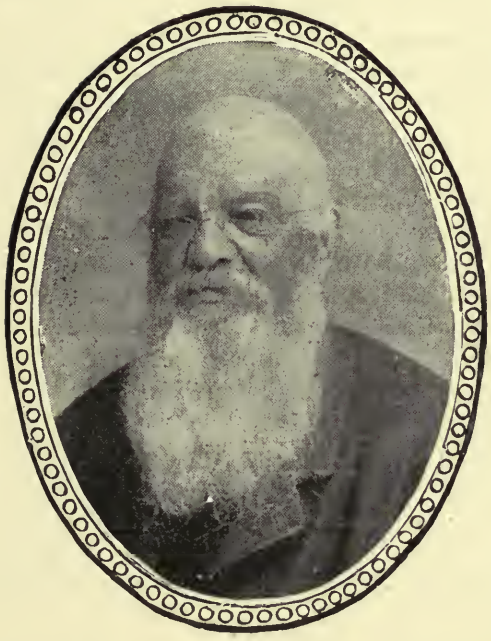
Sole Fount of knowledge, in all breasts engraft
Thy cleansing word,—oh, speed Thy 'polish'd shaft'!
Lead on to Bethlehem, each heart unbend
To Christian discipline, with grace befriend!
The tenor of Thy laws let reason scan,
Their self-apparent truths apply to man,
And when the unlicensed, weak, unstable soul
Rebellion adds to sin, oh, make her whole!

Entrench'd in prejudice, yet sophists say,
'Why haste the progress of Christ's wider sway?
Why from deceptive haze man's mind release?
Why ope to heathen realms the gates of peace?'
Oh, void of counsel, enemies to light,
Zealous for sin and death's e'erlasting night,
Who eyes have yet to see, and ears to hear,
Without seeing eye or audient ear,
Cease your unhallow'd course; no more retard,
With circumscribing arts, God's high regard!
'Go forth,' Messiah cries; 'My Gospel preach
To every soul in habitable reach.'
Raise every valley, cover every hill,
And earth's whole space with fruitful blossoms fill!
Oh that, as spreads the wide immeasured sea,
May Christ's pure waters universal be!
Oh may, the same as day's refulgent orb,
His mighty glories meaner lights absorb!

JOHN BURTON, D.D. (1696—1771).

The only claim that we can put forward for including this worthy in the present work is that he sometimes 'dabbled in verse,' and that one of the volumes of his collected works contains his 'Opuscula Miscellanea Metrico Prosaica.' He also wrote some occasional poems which were published anonymously.

He was born at Wembworthy, Devon, of which parish his father, Samuel Burton, was Rector, in 1696, and was educated partly at Okehampton and Tiverton, in the same county, and partly at Ely. In 1713 he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and took his degree of B.A., June 27, 1717; M.A., March 24, 1720-21; was elected probationary Fellow April 6 following, and admitted actual Fellow April 4, 1723. He was a ripe scholar, and throughout his life poured forth a vast number of tracts and sermons. His works were chiefly of a theological and classical character. He died February 11, 1771, and was buried at Eton.



EDWARD CAPERN (1819—1894).

DEVONSHIRE has produced more famous poets, but no sweeter singer, than the Bideford postman-poet. Edward Capern was born at Tiverton on January 21, 1819, where his father carried on business as a baker. When about two years old his family removed to Barnstaple, and his mother becoming bedridden, young Edward, then about eight years old, found employment at a local lace factory, toiling often, for a very small wage, twenty out of the twenty-four hours. This was before the passing of Lord Ashley's Act. Here he remained for some years, and the trying nature of the work and the long hours injured his sight to such an extent that it greatly affected his after-life. It would take more space than we can afford to give the details of the numerous callings at which he tried his hand. Suffice it to say that ultimately he found his way to Bideford. It was in the famine of the year 1847, when flour sold at the rate of three pounds for a shilling. Every man's life is a romance, but some are more romantic than others, and Edward Capern's belongs to the latter class, the particulars of which he has again and again been asked to give to the world, but at the age of seventy-one he had little ambition for such an undertaking. Of course all the reading public has heard of 'The Rural Postman' of Bideford, and how he warbled his songs by the wayside in his daily round from the old historic town to Buckland Brewer and back; of his spirit being roused to patriotic heat by the Crimean

War; of his writing his famous battle-song, 'The Lion Flag of England'; of that leading to the publication, with the kindly aid of his friend, the late Mr. W. F. Rock, of 'Poems,' in 1855, which proved a success in every way; of Lord Palmerston giving him £40 a year from the civil list, 'quite unsolicited,' according to what the Baroness Burdett-Coutts wrote the poet; also of his lordship sending for him to meet him by appointment at Cambridge House, and saying to him, 'Mr. Capern, your "Lion Flag" and your other patriotic poems gave me heart and hope in the day of England's greatest trials'; and of his afterwards increasing Mr. Capern's pension to £60 per year; of James Anthony Froude, the historian of the Tudors, writing in *Fraser's Magazine:* 'Capern is a real poet, a man whose writings will be like a gleam of summer sunshine in every household which they enter'; of a whole host of literati sending their congratulations to him, and of what must perhaps be considered his crowning triumph—Walter Savage Landor pronouncing him to be 'a noble poet,' and dedicating his 'Antony and Octavius' to him. His 'Poems' went through several editions, and was followed by 'Ballads,' 'The Devonshire Melodist,' 'Wayside Warbles,' and, lastly, 'Sungleams and Shadows,' all which have been most favourably received both by the press and the public. It remains for us now to say that in 1866 Mr. Capern left Bideford for Birmingham, where he remained until 1884, employing his time in writing for the magazines, and lecturing on his darling theme, Nature, when he returned to his native county full of honours and rich in friends, who presented him on his leaving with a purse containing a hundred sovereigns, and numerous other valuable presents.

The poet spent the closing years of his life in a delightful cottage at Braunton, not far from Barnstaple, and the last time we saw him was hale and hearty, indulging now and then in a warble with the same old merry ring in it of half a century ago, singing as he laboured in his garden, of which he was immensely fond:

> 'There's a little green mound at the end of it all,
> And rest for us under the daisies.'

But death came to him, and he has reached the 'end of it all,' and found rest 'under the daisies.'

Capern lost his wife in February, 1894, and felt her loss severely, she having been a real helpmeet to him. To her devotion and kindly nature Mr. Capern attributed most of his poetic inspirations. It was quite touching to note the tender solicitude and thorough sympathy which existed between these two old people. His 'blithe and bonnie Janie,' was a true poet's wife. The poet did not long survive her, for he died on June 4, 1894, at the ripe age of seventy-six. The West-Country papers teemed with panegyrics upon him, and related over again all the most interesting incidents in his career. He was buried in the charmingly situated churchyard of Heanton Puncherdon, near Braunton, and although his funeral was marked with the greatest simplicity, there was abundant evidence of the fact that he was universally beloved, and as universally lamented. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts asked to be allowed to defray the expenses of the poet's funeral. It will be

remembered that Capern, as a rural postman, dedicated his 'Ballads and Songs' to her ladyship.

Some of Mr. Capern's poems have been translated into several languages, and his songs set to music by many eminent composers. There is a musical ring about them which makes them especially adapted for vocal treatment, and they seldom fail to elicit prolonged applause when appropriately declaimed. He was an intimate friend of the celebrated American blacksmith Elihu Burritt, and with him took those walks, both in the West of England and in the Black Country, which formed the subjects of two of the most interesting volumes of home-travels ever written.

The following piece selected from Mr. Capern's last published volume is a worthy representative of the long array of poems and songs which have flowed like a rippling river from his facile pen:

MY LOVE-LAND.

Soft are the winds that kiss the South,
And bright her sun that shines on high;
A rich carnation is her mouth,
And blue as April bells her sky.
But softer are the perfumed gales,
That wanton waft across thy breast,
My homeland, with thy pleasant vales,
Sweet crown and beauty of the West.

'Tis there the wildling of the Spring
Is first to peep, and tell the time
For maids to saunter out and sing,
And lads to woo them in the prime.
And there September oft is seen
In June's bright raiment gaily drest,
With gardens, groves, and woods a-green.
For so enchanting is the West.

A land of honey, milk, and cream,
Whose showers are sweet as roses' tears;
Romantic as a poet's dream,
And fresh as the primeval years;
A region rich in fairy tales,
Where happy mortals go in quest
Of rarest joys: such are the vales
Of my dear love-land in the West.

I've seen our grand historic sights,
Proud Warwick's hold and Windsor's towers,
And scenes of old heroic fights,
And Avon's golden lily flowers,
And heard the charmer, Nilsson, sing—
A nightingale with throbbing breast;
But all such memories take wing
Before my home-land in the West.

My sire-land! birth-land! love-land! all
That makes a minstrel prize his home,
Nurse of my Muse, at Spring and Fall,
And keeper of my father's tomb:—
My soul is thine, and treason vile
It were to say that I am blest,
Save when I bask beneath thy smile,
My own dear darling of the West.

There maids blush not to show the red
Rich sign of health upon their cheek;
And men are never taught to dread
The honest truth that they should speak;
And hospitality invites,
Nor scorns to call the poor man guest,
And all enjoy their native rights,
As true-born children of the West.

And while I hold, where duties lead,
That every man should play the brave,
Although they make his heartstrings bleed,
And promise him a foreign grave—
Yet all-supreme are Nature's charms,
And I of beauty am possest;
So take me, Devon, in thy arms,
And fold me to thy loving breast.

RICHARD CAREW (1555—1620).

This gentleman, distinguished both as a poet and as an antiquary, was the son of Thomas Carew, of Antony House, Cornwall; his mother, a daughter of Sir Richard Edgcumbe. He was born at Antony House, July 17, 1555. When only eleven years old he became a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, Oxford. When a scholar of three years' standing, he was called upon, as he modestly says, 'upon a wrong conceived opinion touching my sufficiency,' to dispute '*extempore* (*impar congressus Achilli*) with the matchless Sir Philip Sidney, in presence of the Earls Leicester, Warwick, and divers other great personages.' What the issue of the contest was, Carew has omitted to state, but later historians have added that the dispute resulted in a drawn battle. Early in life he succeeded to the family estates, and in 1577 he married Juliana, the eldest daughter of John Arundel of Trerice, by his first wife, Catherine, daughter of John Coswarth, and through his marriage he inherited a part of the Coswarth property. He settled down as a country gentleman, and devoted his leisure to the study of foreign languages and the history of his native county. In 1581 he was appointed a justice of the peace, in 1586 he became High Sheriff for Cornwall, and in 1584 and 1597 he became member of Parliament for Saltash and Michell respectively. He was one of the Deputy-Lieutenants of Cornwall, and served under Sir Walter Ralegh in 1588 during the war with Spain. He was an active member of the Society of Antiquaries, and in or about the year 1589 set about compiling a historical survey of his native county. This history was a long time in hand, not being published until 1602, the subscription on the last leaf being 'Deo gloria, mihi gratia, 1602, April 23.' He meditated another edition, but did not carry it out; but the work was subsequently republished with a 'Life' in 1723, again in 1769, and another edition, with notes by Thomas Tonkin, was printed for Lord de Dunstanville in 1811. Carew's history of Cornwall still remains one of the most entertaining works in the English language. He was also the author of 'An Epistle concerning the Excellencies of the English Tongue,' which appeared in the second edition of Camden's 'Remains,' 1605, and was reprinted with the 1723 and 1769 editions of the 'Survey of Cornwall.' This little essay possesses the charm which is inherent in all Carew's writings, but it would have passed out of recollection by this time but for its mention in a comparison of English and foreign writers of Shakespeare's name. A manuscript volume of his poems was formerly in the possession of the Rev. John Prince, the commemorator of the 'Worthies of Devon.' Carew died on November 6, 1620, 'as he was at his private prayers in his study (his daily practice) at fower in the afternoon,' and was buried in Antony Church. Against its north wall stands a plain tablet of black marble, bearing a long inscription to his memory. In addition to the works already named, it may be noted that Carew translated the first five cantos of Tasso's 'Godfrey of Bvlloigne, or the recouerie of Hiervsalam,' a very rare volume which appeared in 1594. The accuracy of his translation has been much commended, and it contains several passages of much beauty. Several

other translations are credited to Carew, and an anonymous poem called 'A Herring's Tayle,' which was published in 1598.

The following extracts are from Carew's 'Survey of Cornwall':

THE PROSOPOPEIA TO THE BOOKE.

I crave not courteous ayd of friends,
To blaze my praise in verse,
Nor, prowd of vaunt, mine authors names
In catalogue rehearse:

I of no willing wrong complaine,
Which force or stealth hath wrought,
No fruit I promise from the tree
Which forth this bloom hath brought.

I curry not with smoothing termes,
Ne yet rude threats I blaste:

I seeke no patrone for my faults,
I pleade no needlesse haste.
But as a child of feeble force,
I keep my fathers home,

And, bashful at eche strangers sight,
Dare not abroad to rome.
Saue to his kinne of neerest bloud,
Or friends of dearest price,

Who, for his sake, not my desert,
With welcome me entice.

The following is curious, as containing a description of his family and connections:—

Carew of ancient *Carru* was,
And *Carru* is a plowe,
Romanes the trade, Frenchmen the word,
I doe the name auowe.
The elder stock, and me a braunch,
At *Phœbus* gouerning,
From sire to sonne, doe waxe and wane,
By thrift and languishing.
The sire, not valuing at due price
His wealth, it throwes away:
The sonne, by seruice or by match,
Repaireth this decay.
The smelling sence we sundry want,
But want it without lack:
For 'tis no sense, to wish a weale,
That brings a greater wrack.
Through natures marke, we owne our babes,
By tip of th' upper lip;
Black-bearded all the race, saue mine,
Wrong dide by mothership.
The Barons wife, Arch-deacons heire,
Vnto her yonger sonne
Gaue Antony, which downe to me,
By 4 descents hath runne.
All which, and all their wiues, exprest
A Turtles single loue,

And neuer did th' aduentrous change,
Of double wedding proue.
We are the fift: to swarue herefrom
I will not though I could,
As for my wife, God may dispose,
Shee shall not, though she would.
Our family transplants it selfe,
To grow in other shires,
And Countrey rather makes than takes,
As best behoofe appeares.
Children thrice three God hath vs lent,
Two sonnes, and then a mayd,
By order born, of which, one third
We in the graue haue layd.
Our eldest daughter widow fell,
Before our yongest borne:
So doe hard haps vnlooked come,
So are our hopes forlorne.
Mine trebled haue in either sexe,
Those which my parents got,
And yet but halfed them, which God
My graundsire did allot:
Whose grace in Court, rarely obtayned,
To th' yongst of those eighteene,
Three kings of England Godfathers,
For Godmother, our Queene.

THOMAS CAREW (1598?—1639?).

THIS poet was a younger son of Sir Matthew Carew (of Antony, Cornwall), by Alice, daughter of Sir John Rivers, Knight, was born about 1598, and seems early to have fallen into dissipated habits. He entered at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, but left the University without taking a degree. As early as 1613 his father, who was in straitened circumstances at the time, writing to Sir Dudley Carleton, complains that one of his sons was 'roving after hounds and hawks, and the other [Thomas] studying in the Middle Temple, but doing little in law.' Carleton hereupon took the youth into his service as secretary, and Carew appears to have remained with him during his embassy at Venice and Turin, and to have returned with him to England about 1615. When Carleton became Ambassador to the States in the following spring, Carew again accompanied him; but some time in the summer he suddenly threw up his employment (in irritation at some affront he had received at the hands of his patron), and returned to England. Sir Matthew made more than one effort to get his son another post, but in vain, and at the end of October describes him as 'wandering idly about without employment,' Lord Arundel and others having declined to take him into their service in consequence of his misconduct, which had been aggravated by 'aspersions' spoken and written against Sir Dudley and Lady Carleton. In 1619 Carew went with his friend Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the French Court. He afterwards obtained some post about the Court, for at the creation of Henry, Prince of Wales, in November, he is mentioned as attending on Lord Beauchamp as his squire. Very little more is known of his life after this. He became server-in-ordinary to Charles I., and gentleman of his privy chamber, and was, it is said, high in favour with that King, who bestowed upon him the royal domain of Sunninghill (part of the forest of Windsor), and had a high opinion of his wit and abilities. Carew was associated more or less closely with almost all the eminent literary men of his time, and was especially intimate with Davenant and Sir John Suckling. In the collection of Suckling's poems there are more than one among the poems and letters addressed to Carew by no means creditable to either. Carew's longest performance was 'Cœlum Britannicum' (though Mr. Bolton Corney doubted whether he were really the author), a masque performed at Whitehall on February 18, 1633-34; his other poems are chiefly songs and 'society verses,' composed, it is said, with great difficulty, but melodious and highly polished, though characterized by the usual conceits and affectation of his time. Four editions of Carew appeared between 1640 and 1671, a fifth in 1772, and four have been printed during the present century, by far the most complete and elaborate being that of Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, published in quarto in 1870. There is an uncertainty about the time of Carew's death. It looks as if his life had been shortened by his irregular habits. When he was stricken down by mortal sickness, he sent for Hales of Eton to administer to him the consolations of religion. Hales seems to have thought very meanly of him, and made no secret of his low opinion. Carew has left some wretched attempts

at versifying a few of the Psalms; these Mr. Hazlitt has printed. They have not a single merit. Carew probably died in 1639, but no entry of his burial has been found. The illness that led him to a maudlin kind of repentance seems to have come upon him when he was in the country. If he recovered enough from it to return to London, he probably died at his house in King Street, St. James's. Vide the 'Dictionary of National Biography.'

SONG: A PRAYER TO THE WIND.

Goe, thou gentle whispering wind,
Beare this sigh; and if thou find
Where my cruell faire doth rest,
Cast it in her snow-white brest,
So, enflamed by my desire,
It may set her heart on fire.
Those sweet kisses thou wilt gaine,
Shall reward thee for thy paine:
Boldly light upon her lip,
There suck odours, and thence skip
To her bosome; lastly fall
Downe, and wander over all:
Range about those ivorie hills,
From whose euery part distills
Amber deaw; there spices grow,
There pure streames of nectar flow;
There perfume thyselfe, and bring
All those sweets upon thy wing:
As thou return'st, change by thy power
Every weed into a flower;
Turne each thistle to a vine,
Make the bramble eglantine:
For so rich a bootie made
Doe but this, and I am payd.
Thou canst with thy powerfull blast
Heat apace, and coole as fast;
Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
And againe destroy the same.
Then for pittie either stir
Up the fire of love in her,
That alike both flames may shine,
Or else quite extinguish mine.

LIPS AND EYES.

In Celia's face a question did arise,
Which were more beautifull, her Lips or Eyes?
We (said the Eyes) send forth those poynted darts
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts.
From us (reply'd the Lips) proceed those blisses
Which lovers reape by kind words and sweet kisses.
Then wept the Eyes, and from their springs did poure
Of liquid orientall pearles a shower;
Whereat the Lips, mov'd with delight and pleasure,
Through a sweete smile unlockt their pearlie treasure,
And bad Love judge, whether did adde more grace,
Weeping or smiling Pearles to Celia's face.

JOHN CARPENTER (CIRCA 1600).

THIS divine was born in Cornwall, it is believed at Launceston, and was entered at Exeter College about 1570. He became Rector of Northleigh, near Honiton, in Devonshire.

Here he continued to reside until his death in March, 1620-21, and was buried in the chancel of his church.

His works were chiefly theological; but, inasmuch as some of his pieces had titles of a semi-poetical character, we venture to include this brief notice of him in this work.

NATHANIEL CARPENTER (1588—1635).

A son of John Carpenter, born at Northlew, near Hatherleigh, and educated in the county, ultimately becoming a very eminent divine, and elevated to a deanery, is described by the authors of 'Magna Britannia' (1716) as a noted poet. Prince likewise gives him credit for poetry among his varied accomplishments, though I do not find any poetic performance among the list of his published works, which were not only very numerous, but varied. He was said to combine 'the logician, philosopher, mathematician, poet, geographer, and divine, as his works testify.' Fuller gives a curious anecdote of one of his works, 'On Optics.' ''Tis said that, to his great grief, he found the written preface thereof underlaying Christmas pies in his printer's house (pearls are no pearls when cocks and cockscombs find them), and could never after from his scattered notes recover the true original.' Another of his publications was 'Geography Delineated,' in two books, containing the spherical and topical parts thereof, in which, asserting that mountainous people are for the most part more stout, warlike, and generous than those of plain countries, he demonstrates his hypothesis in particular from the county of Devon, in which he was born, and confirms it by many examples in the natives thereof, who have been famous as well for arts as arms. Some of his works went through many editions. He died in Ireland. His funeral sermon was preached by Ussher, afterwards Bishop of Kildare.—J. R. C.*

The Rev. J. Ingle Dredge, in his 'Sheaves of Devon Bibliography,' says: 'He was born, according to Anthony Wood, at Northleigh, near Colyton, of which parish his father, John Carpenter, was Rector, February 7, 1588-89; but Tristram Risdon, a Devon contemporary, stated that he was born in the parish of Uplime, upon the borders of Dorsetshire ('Survey,' p. 25). The probable explanation is that, while Northleigh was the family home, his mother's old home might be at Uplime, to which place she had gone for her confinement. He matriculated at Oxford from St. Edmund's Hall, June 7, 1605, being entered as of Devon, cler. fil., aged sixteen. He was elected a Fellow of Exeter College, June 30, 1607, on James I.'s letter of recommendation. A document in the State Paper Office throws light on this recommendation: " 1606, Nov. 15.—Oxford certificate, by Hen. Airay, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, Edm. Lillie and John Aglionby, principal of St. Edmund's Hall, in favour of Nath. Carpenter, scholar in St. Edmund's Hall, and son of John Carpenter,

* See 'Magna Britannia,' p. 509; Wood's 'Athenæ Oxonienses;' Prince, p. 173.

minister" (vol. xxxviii., No. 84). In 1610 he was admitted B.A., July 5; M.A., April 28, 1613; and B.D., May 11, 1620. Through the influence of Archbishop Ussher, he was induced to go to Ireland in 1626, and was at once made one of the Archbishop's chaplains and Schoolmaster of the King's Wards in Dublin, *i.e.*, minors whose parents were Roman Catholics. His death at Dublin is thought to be *circa* 1635.'

EDMUND CARRINGTON.

We identify this writer as Edmund Frederick John Carrington (son of Codrington Edmund Carrington, of Colombo, East Indies), who is described in Foster's 'Alumni Oxonienses' as 'of St. Lawrence, Isle of Thanet, Gent.' He matriculated from Queen's College, aged seventeen; took his B.A., 1823; M.A., 1827; was Barrister-at-Law of the Middle Temple, 1829, and of Lincoln's Inn the same year. His claim to be included in our West-Country poets arises from the fact that he was for many years located at Paignton, Devon; and there he wrote various works of prose and poetry. They are for the most part rhapsodical and eccentric efforts, and are certainly heavy reading. In 'The New Torquay Guide' he seems to have emulated Anstey's 'New Bath Guide,' for it is a running commentary upon the various residents and visitors to the far-famed watering-place, and the comments are at times bordering on the talk of scandalmongers. The full title of this work is, 'The New Torquay Guide; or, The Queen of the Bay; being a Correspondence during the Season, between Mr. Harry Rover, a Visitor, and Miss Amy Darling.' Fourth edition, enlarged, printed at Torquay, 1864.* Another work was 'The Victoriad; or, The New World: an Epic Poem illustrative of Progress and the Victorian Era,' London, 1862; and a third, 'The Millennium; or, The New Golden Age: a Lay of Eden restored, by a Pilgrim from the Holy Land,' 1867. We find from the title-page of one of his books that he was the author of 'The God of Gold of Aristophanes'; 'School for Statesmen'; 'Confessions of an Old Bachelor'; 'Fairy Future'; 'The Beauty of Buttermere'; 'Death of Guy Fawkes: a Satire,' etc. He died at Paignton about twenty years ago, aged seventy. Mr. Edmund Eveleigh Carrington now resides at Torquay. Mr. Carrington was the writer of numerous songs, some of which have been set to music. One of these songs, 'The French Mother: a Song of the War,' the music composed by Felix Sommer, has a good deal of spirit; another, 'My broken Lute, good-bye,' was set to music by his son, Edmund Eveleigh Carrington. The following extract, entitled 'The River Bank,' is from 'The New Torquay Guide,' one of the few lyrics in the whole book, which is made up chiefly of small-talk and local chat. We also append the song mentioned above.

* This work was originally issued in 1843, and by 'Democritus Tertius.'

THE RIVER BANK.

A MOONLIGHT GLIMPSE.

Vaguely the River wandered 'neath the boughs
Where dreamed the alders o'er the pallid tide;
A trembling light the glancing moonbeam throws
Upon the waters, furtive past that glide:
Whispers through hush of night the wandering air, [sighed,
Blent with the ripple's murmur chill it
Stirring the nodding sedges by the side
Of the dank margin, pranked with wild flowers fair: [dove,
Those waters sad, gleamed gray as plume of
Or cheek's wan hues of unrequited love;
The melancholy mirror of the River,
Silently gleaming in that sallow light,
Glassed the pale sprays that trembling o'er it quiver
(As hearts Care's torrent sweeps 'mid Fate's stern night), [recked
And on I wandered, wrapt in thought nor
That from my side thy step had erring strayed. [checked
Dreaming thee nigh, I spoke; but sudden
My step, as no loved voice its answer made;
Distract, I called thy well-loved name aloud,
When, now I saw the swelling waters pour
Where thy pale figure gleamed as in a shroud:
Fierce now, the flood rolled 'twixt us with a roar—
'Alas!' I cried, 'engulphs her the fell stream,'
And roused me, wild with woe—'twas all a dream!

THE FRENCH MOTHER.

A SONG OF THE WAR.

I.

'Wake, sword, for France! Death stares in sight;
Flash in his brow thy patriot light:
Flash thy stern joy! Oh, sweet to die
The patriot's death! 'Tis victory.'
Thus cried a youth, his mother's pride:
She girds his sabre by his side;
She breathes no sigh, she sheds no tear,
'Tis stern devotion everywhere.
'Wake, sword, for France!'

II.

'Away!' she said, with flashing eye;
'I gave thee life: I bid thee—die.
List to thy country's call, above
The music of a mother's love!
Thy heart speaks in each look, each word—
And *now* speaks proudest in thy sword.
A thousand mothers' voices start
In *mine*—fond echoed in thy heart.'
'Wake, sword, for France!'

III.

'Thy bride, my son, to thee is dear;
Leave her—without a sigh, a tear!
Snatch Death exulting to thine arms—
Ay! dearer than her bridal charms;
Wake for thy Country's tears, the sigh;
Thy proudest throb—for her to die!
I loved thee ne'er so well before,
As now to Death I give thee o'er.'
'Wake, sword, for France!'

IV.

'What traitor was it whispered "Peace"?
False, lulled thee in a dream's disease?
Oh! scorn like *him* to crouch—to fly;
I read thy daring in thine eye:
It answers *mine*. . . . Farewell! no more.
Hark! drowns my voice the cannon's roar.
Sword! tell the foe thy iron story;
Flash in Death's face thy scorn—thy glory!
'Wake, sword, for France!'

N. T. CARRINGTON (1777—1830).

'My father and mother were natives of Plymouth, and to that town I owe my birth, which took place in 1777. Soon after I was born, my parents removed to Plymouth Dock [now Devonport]. In addition to being employed in the dockyard, my father was in business as a grocer, and at one period of his life he was possessed of considerable property. When I had attained my fifteenth year, my father proposed to apprentice me to Mr. Foot, then First Assistant in the Dockyard. A handsome sum of money was to have been paid down as the price of my admission as Mr. Foot's apprentice. Such things were allowed then; I believe that they now manage differently. In consequence, however, of some difference, I was finally bound apprentice to Mr. Thomas Fox, a measurer. I was totally unfit, however for the profession. Mild and meek by nature, fond of literary pursuits, and inordinately attached to reading, it is strange that a mechanical profession should have been chosen for me. It was principally, however, my own fault. My father was attached to the dockyard, and wished to see me in it; and as the popular prejudice in those days among the boys of the town was in favour of the yard, I was carried away by the prevailing mania, and was accordingly bound apprentice. This, however, had scarcely been done when I repented, and too late found that I had embraced a calling foreign to my inclinations. Dissatisfaction followed, and the noise and bustle of a dockyard were but ill suited to a mind predisposed to reflection and the quietest and most gentle pursuits.' Such is an extract from a short autobiography of Carrington, the Dartmoor poet, as found, with other MSS., after his death, by his son, who, in 1834, published the 'Collected Poems of the Late N. T. Carrington,' in two volumes, with a brief biographical preface. Finding his situation in the dockyard distasteful, and his earnest and continual entreaties that his parents would remove him to more congenial occupation being futile, he left the yard—ran away, in fact—and, in a moment of desperation, entered himself on board a man-of-war. In this manner he was present at the victory off Cape St. Vincent. Some juvenile verses, which he indited in honour of the event, introduced him to the Captain, who, immediately on the return of the ship to England, restored him to his parents. After this naval frolic, he was allowed to adopt a profession better suited to his character and attainments; although, if we are to judge by his poetical complaints, it was not much more in accordance with the bent of his inclinations. He would have greatly preferred rambling under hedgerows, or along the seashore, to teaching little boys. However, having once taken up the cross of a schoolmaster, the remainder of his life was faithfully devoted to his duties; and poetry became only the plaything of his holidays, or the recreation of an evening, after the heat and burden of the day.

Residing at Plymouth, he dedicated his Muse for awhile entirely to the beauties of his native county. He then removed to Maidstone, where, in 1805, he married. For about five years he pursued his calling as a public teacher in that town, and then returned to

Plymouth Dock, where, in 1809, he established an academy. Here he continued up to within a few months of his death, in 1830, in the midst of heavy and unceasing toil in his scholastic labours, occupying such time as he could, before or after his daily tasks, in literary compositions. In 1820 he published his 'Banks of Tamar' which was received with considerable favour, in fact elicited high encomiums both in the London and provincial journals. In or about the year 1824, the Royal Society of Literature offered a premium for the best poem on 'Dartmoor.' Carrington, knowing the district so well, was determined to become a competitor, but he missed his opportunity, failed to send in his poem in time, and the prize was awarded to Mrs. Hemans. The poem, however, came under the notice of Mr. W. Burt, secretary of the Plymouth Chamber of Commerce, who advised its publication, and contributed some valuable historical and descriptive notes. It was published in 1826, a second edition following within a few months. His Majesty George IV. ordered his opinion of the poem to be transmitted to the author in the shape of fifty guineas. After the publication of 'Dartmoor,' Carrington continued, as before, to compose occasional pieces for magazines and annuals. These were printed in a separate volume, in 1830, under the title of 'My Native Village,' the name of the leading poem in the book. In 1827 signs of pulmonary consumption made their appearance; he continued, however, to discharge his duties until the end of March, 1830. He then gave up his school and removed with his family to Bath, where he died on September 2, 1830, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three, leaving a widow and six children. A few words respecting Mr. Carrington's personal character and his writings must suffice.

In manner he was reserved and grave, but mild affability, and an earnest desire to please all who crossed his path, constantly proved that it was the semblance only of sternness which sat upon his intelligent features. He was, in spirit and in practice, an humble and an earnest Christian. His local attachment, as manifested in his poems, was extremely strong. In everything relating to his native county, and particularly to the district round Plymouth and Devonport, he took a warm and constant interest. To praise Devonshire and its scenery was the sure road to his heart. His habits were simple and retiring; his love of Nature was intense; his impressions of all he saw were vivid and lasting. The character of by far the greater portion of his descriptive poetry is as purely descriptive as it is perhaps possible for such poetry to be. His episodes are, nevertheless, strikingly beautiful, and, together with his isolated poems on moral life, sufficiently prove that he possessed in a high degree the power of painting effective pictures of human thought and action as well as natural scenes. There was a tinge of melancholy thrown over his writings, due to the untoward circumstances amid which they were written. It may be added that Mr. Carrington had projected another descriptive poem, to be entitled 'Devon,' and also a volume in twelve short books, to be entitled 'The Months,' in which he intended to describe in blank verse the appearances of external Nature throughout the year. These works were, however, prevented by his untimely death.

DARTMOOR.

Dartmoor! thou wert to me, in childhood's hour,
A wild and wondrous region. Day by day
Arose upon my youthful eye thy belt
Of hills mysterious, shadowy, clasping all
The green and cheerful landscape sweetly spread
Around my home; and with a stern delight
I gazed upon thee. How often on the speech
Of the half-savage peasant have I hung,
To hear of rock-crowned heights on which the cloud
For ever rests; and wilds stupendous swept
By mightiest storms; of glen, and gorge, and cliff,
Terrific, beetling o'er the stone-strewed vale;
And giant masses, by the midnight flash
Struck from the mountain's hissing brow, and hurled
Into the foaming torrent; and of forms
That rose amid the desert, rudely shaped
By Superstition's hands when time was young;
And of the dead, the warrior dead, who sleep
Beneath the hollowed cairn! My native fields,
Though peerless, ceased to please. The flowery vale,
The breezy hill, the river and the wood,
Island, reef, headland, and the circling sea,
Associated by the sportful hand
Of Nature, in a thousand views diverse,
Or grand, or lovely,—to my roving eye
Displayed in vain their infinite of charms:
I thought on thy wild world,—to me a world,—
Mysterious Dartmoor, dimly seen, and prized
For being distant and untrod; and still,
Where'er I wander'd,—still my wayward eye
Rested on thee!
In sunlight and in shade,
Repose and storm, wide waste! I since have trod
Thy hill and dale magnificent. Again
I seek thy solitudes profound, in this
Thy hour of deep tranquillity, when rests
The sunbeam on thee, and thy desert seems
To sleep in the unwonted brightness, calm,
But stern; for though the spirit of the Spring
Breathes on thee, to the charmer's whisper kind
Thou listenest not, nor ever puttest on
A robe of beauty, as the fields that bud
And blossom near thee. Yet I love to tread
Thy central wastes when not a sound intrudes
Upon the ear, but rush of wing or leap
Of the hoarse waterfall. And oh, 'tis sweet
To list the music of thy torrent-streams;
For thou too hast thy minstrelsies for him
Who from their liberal mountain-urn delights
To trace thy waters, as from source to sea
They rush tumultuous. Yet for other fields
Thy bounty flows eternal. From thy sides
Devonia's rivers flow; a thousand brooks
Roll o'er thy rugged slopes;—'tis but to cheer
Yon Austral meads unrivalled, fair as aught
That bards have sung, or Fancy has conceived
'Mid all her rich imaginings: whilst thou,
The source of half their beauty, wearest still
Through centuries, upon thy blasted brow,
The curse of barrenness.

WOMAN.

That man is stern of heart and purpose, born
For deserts, and by Nature aptly form'd
For deeds unnatural, whom not the tones
Of woman's voice e'er charm'd; and who can
Upon the roses of her cheeks, and turn [look
With brute indifference away; or meet
The lightning of her eye-glance, and retire
Unscath'd by its keen fires!
Avoid his path
As thou wouldst shun a serpent's. He that feels
No love for woman has no pulse for thee,
For friendship, or affection! He is foe
To all the finer feelings of the soul,
And to sweet Nature's holiest, tenderest ties
A heartless renegade.

SAMUEL CARTER.

This gentleman was a barrister-at-law and of the Inner Temple. He was born at a farm in Lamerton, near Tavistock, called Ducks, the name still appearing in Ducks' Pool Lane, where it is situated. He was a self-taught man, and of no small ability, as his books will testify. He was the author of at least two poetical works, viz., 'Midnight Effusions; containing Arthur Mervyn, a Tale of the Peasantry; with London; The Groans of the Britons; The Shipwreck, and other Poems,' published 1848; also 'The Avenger, a Metrical Tale,' written during the summer of 1844-45, and also published in 1848. The latter book was printed at Tavistock. He also wrote 'Lines suggested by a Spectator's Description of the Great Storm at Bude, in September, 1843.'

Mr. Carter contested Tavistock for Parliament in 1847, and again in 1852; the late Henry Vincent, the celebrated Chartist leader, was another competitor. Carter gained the highest number of votes, but, being disqualified, he was succeeded by Mr. Phillimore. We believe he is still alive, but he must be a very old man, and his name has recently been appearing in the West-Country papers in connection with the Recordership of Bristol. Mr. Carter was, at the time of his candidature for Tavistock, a man of very advanced political views, and these views he introduced into his poetical works. He seems to have taken as his models Young's 'Night Thoughts' and Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' although there is here and there an indication of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott.

FROM 'THE AVENGER.'

Within a little grassy dale,
Surrounded by a hanging wood
(And looking down the quiet vale),
A shepherd's humble cottage stood:
From scenes of busy life retired,
It seemed for contemplation made,
Such as a Petrarch had desired,
When longing for a peaceful shade:
Or Rousseau, flying from the world,
Would choose to hide his weary head,
When cold society had hurled
The shrinking sage to wilds instead.
A limpid, clear, and lovely brook
Flowed swiftly thro' this quiet nook;
And when the sun was hot and high,
And not a breath was in the vale,
Its murmured freshness rushing by
Supplied the place of fanning gale.
How sweet to rest upon its side,
And hear the rippling waters play,
Beneath the leafy branches wide
Dreaming the pleasant hours away!

SONG.

When day's golden light from the heavens is fading,
And the throstle is piping her lay in the vale,
When softness and beauty the landscape pervading,
And music is heard in the whispering gale:
Oh! meet me by the hawthorn tree,
And I will breathe my vows to thee!

When brightly the star of the evening is shining,
And the glow-worm's pale lustre the harvest moon greets,
Come, wander with me, where the woodbine, entwining
Around the old oak, is exhaling its sweets:
I tarry by the hawthorn-tree
To breathe my vows of love to thee.

JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT.

We have here to deal with an octogenarian writer, who for more than seventy years has been writing verses and contributing to the literature of Devon and Cornwall. And yet Mr. Cartwright is not of a West-Country family, although his lifelong associations have been in connection with that locality. He has had rather a remarkable career, but our limited space will not permit of our entering into details. He was born in London on November 3, 1808. In 1830 his father was appointed minister of Mount Zion Chapel, Devonport. He was also intended for the ministry, but the lively associations of Devonport tended to alter his mode of life and way of thinking, and he took to literature instead of preaching, writing short poems which appeared in the *Devonport Telegraph*. This change was a great shock to his father, a rigid Calvinist, who turned his home into a sort of monastery. So greatly were the backslidings of the son condemned by the father and the deacons of the chapel, that Joseph Cartwright was by them expelled from church-membership. He then took to lecturing at the Mechanics' Institute, and formed lasting friendships with several men of note at Devonport and Plymouth. But not finding his literary occupations sufficiently remunerative, he sought other means of livelihood. In 1837 he became acquainted with a printer who had started in business in Devonport, and he suggested the publication of a serial to be called the *Devonport Reflector*. The project was carried out, and proved a success. To this periodical Cartwright contributed sketches of public speakers and eccentrics. The engravers of the Three Towns after a time declined to work for the paper; accordingly, Cartwright procured the necessary tools and materials, and set to work cutting the engravings himself. Shortly after he fell out with the printer and withdrew from the concern, and the *Reflector* ceased to reflect local eccentricities.* For a time he appears to have given himself up to frivolity, and became quite a noted character in the Three Towns, but ultimately became more serious and sober-minded. In 1840 he suddenly left his home at Devonport, much to the grief of his father, and walked to Exeter, where he obtained temporary employment and made some desirable acquaintanceships. He was offered the editorship of Besley's *Exeter Gazette*, but declined it, as he was anxious to reach Crayford, where his future wife lived. While at Exeter, he contributed verses to the *Western Times*. We next find him as a designer for textile fabrics; but the fashion changing, he went on to London, and made his living by his brush. He had also considerable skill in music, which he occasionally taught.

He had left Devonport in 1840, with the determination not to revisit it until he could do so as an independent man. In 1869 his desire was realized, and he revisited his old haunts, discovered the printer of the *Reflector*, then living at Saltash, and projected a monthly periodical, called the *Saltash Journal*, the first number of which appeared in 1870. He stayed at Saltash for some time, where he produced some of his longest poems,

* This periodical was a weekly magazine, and was published by C. Wood, Devonport. It only ran for about twelve months, (1839-40).

which were published in the *Devonport Independent* and other papers. He also contributed to the *Western Daily Mercury*, the *North Devon Journal*, *Paper and Print*, etc.

He is spending his declining years at Peckham, but still writes and contributes to West-Country papers. Mr. Cartwright has also written the life of his father, who died in 1861.

TO THE LYN.

Flashing and winding, leaping into shade,
In winter shouting, in the summer gay,
Where the green domes of ivy never fade,
With jocund chorus merrily making way,
Born of the weeping leaves and dripping spray,
A brook, or river, as the clouds may be,
Living upon its song, the Lyn flows free,

It speaks, it sings, it laughs, like some waked soul
Warmed with the glory of the full-spread morn ;
Or like the lark above the dew-cloud's roll,
Filling with song the rubied space of dawn ;
Yet not so loud as Neptune's royal horn,
With force subdued from out the bridge it flies,
Eager once more to paint the peeping skies.

The peeping skies, so bright among the trees
That part to show an azured field of light,
Topping the rounded lacework of the leaves
So clear behind the heron's heavy flight,
So warm before the creeping shades of night,
But not too full of gold to be imbedded,
And with the purple mountain ridges wedded.

So goes this singer of the summer days,
Careless of loving eyes or measured rhyme,
Delighting where the patch of sunlight plays,
And sporting where the merry pebbles chime ;
Or in the shadow of the solemn lime,
Completing, for the gem-winged river-lover,
And for the harmless water-rat, a cover.

The bough buds leaves ; the water falls intent
With one loved theme, a canticle for Him,
All through the night, and to the morning bent,
The motion is for His perpetual hymn ;
For that the light-reflecting bubbles swim—
Man only hesitates and stays his song,
As with his parodies he flits along.

No changeful circumstance of calm or storm,
No speculative doctrine chokes this voice ;
No mist of doctrine can reverse the form,
The grand impellent, bidding to rejoice ;
Among life's mockeries it takes no choice ;
Content with its own destiny, it passes on,
To lose itself where shouts the greater song.

Why, river, simple river, dost thou flow
In true obedience to the Maker's will ?
And I so little that obedience know,
Bewildered with the whims that this world fill ;
The rocks, the trees with their spread roots, the mill,
Stay not thy mission course, while I—dull stream—
Among the trees and mills remain to dream.

Yes ! weeds with sprawling roots, and grinding wheels,
Stand by life's streams and break them into pools,
And fill them with dead leaves while round them steals
The clogging water-weed, thick growth of schools,
That hide the light with their sectarian rules
O wider light ! keep near us on our way
To reach the sea of everlasting day.

Bright as thy course, so bright is thy example
For loving work of living near to God—
Not sentiment, but action in ensample

For souls to imitate. From cloud to clod,
All with the river show no 'Ichabod.'
There is no snake of evil crawling here,
Nor the foul light of town-smoked atmosphere.

There are grand streams with more familiar names,
Like beauty blooming in a flattering throng,
Always asserting their enchanting claims,
Claims that to loveliness and power belong;
But here the wooing voice of thy sweet song
Makes thee the grander stream, so do we find
Often in smaller pictures greater mind.

From ever train'd and to the training true,
Unchanged in purpose, onward, onward passing,
Fading to glow again with colours new,
The damp rocks and their weed-wove fringes glassing,
And the great clouds upon their blue planes massing,
Teaching of Him who trained thee, that we may
Adore the hand that guides thee on thy way.

Who clothes the sparrow, fills thy flowing urn,
Who gave thee song, hath given us ears to hear,
Though we too, yielding to Art's mockeries, turn
So readily the fascinated ear
For flush varieties that are not here.
O sweeter song! nor reed, nor pipe, nor string,
Can to our hearts such God-struck vibrates bring.

REV. WILLIAM CARWITHEN (1752—1824).

The Rev. William Carwithen was the son of John Carwithen, Rector of Manaton, Devon. He was educated at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, and matriculated May 14, 1776, aged twenty-four; he took his degree of B.A., 1784, and died Rector of Manaton, October 31, 1824. He was the author of a little work entitled 'The Seasons of Life: a Poem,' in four parts; Exeter, 1785. The following is a brief extract:

FROM 'THE SEASONS OF LIFE.'

When Phœbus, lucid patron of the day,
Hath wheel'd his car around the annual way,
If no disease the growing frame assails,
Health kindly blooms, increasing strength prevails,
Tight strung each nerve, the sinews firmer grown,
The limbs are strengthen'd—see, he stands alone.
Timid and cautious first to move he tries;
Oft on the floor he looks with wistful eyes,
Dreading the slip; at last he dares presume,
With wary steps, to cross the lengthen'd room.
But oft presumption this new art betrays,
And on the earth th' young adventurer lays
Grov'ling in dust, till sad disaster's sound
Requests some hand to raise him from the ground,
Now quick uprais'd, not heeding future ill,
He playful runs and idly sports at will.

DR. ROBERT CARY (1615—1688).

Robert Cary, Doctor of Divinity, who was the second son of Sir George Cary, of Cockington Court, Torquay, has a place amongst the literary worthies of Devon. Having passed through the usual University courses and travelled abroad for a period, he became Rector of Portlemouth, near Kingsbridge, about 1644; and after experiencing some of the changes of opinion not uncommon in those unsettled days—having at one time inclined to the Presbyterian views, and been appointed a moderator—he returned to the Church, and was preferred to the archdeaconry of Exeter, of which he was subsequently deprived, and then retired to his rectory at Portlemouth, where he spent the remainder of his days in the study of the Muses. Wood, who includes him in the 'Athenæ Oxonienses,' tells us 'he was accounted very learned in curious and critical learning. Nor was he meanly skilled in poetry, as well Latin as English, though he printed nothing but only some hymns of the Church. These, translated into Latin verse, were published by him in his lifetime.' His principal work, 'Palæologia Chronica,' is analyzed and described in the *Philosophical Transactions*, where it is termed 'an elaborate piece.'*—J. R. C.

ABRAHAM CHEARE (died 1668).

Abraham Cheare was born at Plymouth, of humble but believing parents, and was brought up by them to the 'poor, yet honest trade of a Fuller.' In the year 1648 he was baptized and admitted a member of the Nonconformist Church at Plymouth, and was soon afterwards invited to become its pastor, a position which he accepted in the following year. This church seems at the time to have been in a flourishing condition, as the invitation to Cheare is said to have been signed by 150 members.

Plymouth at this period was, as regards its size, a very insignificant town. It appears, however, that some value must have been attached to the possession of it, as a very protracted struggle took place in the attempt which the Royalist party made to subdue it in 1643. At the outset of the Civil War the town of Plymouth espoused the cause of the Parliament; and it is remarkable that it was the only town in the West that did not fall into the hands of the Royalists. Cheare served in the trainband of the town during this memorable siege. Two years after he had undertaken the oversight of the church, a piece of land in the Pig Market (now Bedford Street) was purchased by his people, and a house appropriated to Divine worship. For some years things appear to have gone on in peace and security, the magistrates offering no opposition to the new church. In 1656,

* No. cxxxii., p. 808.

Cheare, with other of his brethren, published an address to the churches, entitled 'Sighs for Sion, or Faith and Love,' etc. This was addressed 'To the several congregations respectively, to which we stand especially related, viz.: Plymouth, Abingdon, Totness, Bovhey Tracy, and Dartmouth." This pamphlet, consisting of 22 pages quarto, is said to have been written chiefly by Cheare. Some original letters of Cheare's, of which the MS. is still extant, throw considerable light upon the difficulties he and his church had to contend with at the time. In 1658 Cheare was one of those who attended the meeting of the Baptist Western Association, which in that year was held at Dorchester.

In 1660 Charles II. came to the throne, and the old opposition against Dissenters was revived, those of Plymouth and its neighbourhood not escaping the general persecution. In the following year Cheare was committed to Exeter gaol on the charge of encouraging religious assemblies, but was liberated at the end of three months. In 1662 (the year of the ejection of 2,000 nonconforming ministers from their livings), on St. Bartholomew's Day, Cheare was again sent to Exeter gaol, this time the charge laid against him being—'That he held unlawful assemblies, and refused to conform to the law of the Established Church.' Many an affecting farewell discourse was preached on August 17, 1662, by faithful ministers of the Gospel, who would be before the following Lord's Day 'silenced' or 'ejected.' From his prison, Cheare wrote a pastoral letter to his people and many private letters to members of his congregation and friends. Some idea may be formed of the treatment Cheare experienced whilst in prison from the following allusions in one of his letters. 'I must confess,' he says, 'this prison hath produced a fresh trial of spirit to me of late, beyond that hitherto I have ordinarily observed and experienced it, to see the abounding increasing filthiness of this prophane family, the governors and governed in it, being set upon the impudence of abomination, not only slighting and hating reproof, but daring us and heaven with their oaths, curses, singing, roaring, raging, etc., insomuch as were not the goodness of God and of His cause, a relieving support, the place would become a prison indeed.' Cheare wrote many poetical pieces whilst in prison. By incidental allusions in his writings, some idea may be formed as to the companions of Cheare in his imprisonment in Exeter gaol. One of these he speaks of as 'that faithful servant of Christ, *John Edwards, junior*, who died in the prison at *Exon*, the 27th year of his age.' Cheare preserved the memory of his friend in some affecting lines. Another of his fellow-prisoners was a Captain Sampson Lark. Many other of his pieces date from the same period of his incarceration at Exeter.

After Cheare had been cruelly and mercilessly treated in Exeter prison for a period of three years (1662-65), he obtained, through the efforts made by his sister, liberty to visit his native place, and accordingly came to Plymouth. But as soon as his persecutors, ever on the alert, found that he was again at liberty, they arrested him and got him confined in the Guildhall in that town for a month. Whilst in that place he wrote the following lines, which are thus headed:

VERSES

AFFIXED TO THE WALL OF THE PRISON AT THE GUILDHALL PLIMOUTH ; WHERE A. C. WAS DETAINED A MONTH, AND THENCE SENT TO THE ISLAND, THE 27TH SEPTEMBER, 1665.

'Nigh four years since, sent out from hence,
To Exon gaol was I,
But special grace, in three months' space,
Wrought out my liberty.
Till Bartholomew in sixty-two,
That freedom did remain ;
Then without bail to Exon gaol,
I hurried was again.

Where having layn, as doe the slain,
'Mong dead men wholly free ;
Full three years' space, my native place,
By leave I came to see.

And thought not then, I here again,
A month's restraint should find,
Since, to my den, cast out from men,
I'm during life design'd.

But since my lines the Lord assigns
In such a lot to be,
I kiss the rod, confess my God
Deals faithfully with me.
My charged crime, in His due time,
He fully will decide ;
And until then, forgiving men,
In peace with him I bide.'

In this same year Cheare's enemies obtained an order for his perpetual banishment to the Island of St. Nicholas (now Drake's Island), which had been converted into a State prison in 1643. To this place he was conveyed from the Plymouth Guildhall on September 27, 1665. A few days after his banishment, Cheare was seized with a violent sickness, which lasted for about three-quarters of a year. He partially recovered, and wrote a grateful acknowledgment 'On the beginning of his recovering from a great sickness, on the *Island of Plymouth.*' Amongst Cheare's writings is a piece to the memory 'of that servant of Christ, Edward Cock of Plymouth, who rested from his labours the 23rd of the fifth month, 1666.' He suffered and died on that 'Rock' in the Plymouth Sound, which has become another Patmos. Nothing more can be gathered concerning him than that he was, like Antipas, one of Christ's 'faithful witnesses.' In 1667, the hearts of Cheare and his fellow-sufferers were not a little cheered by a practical demonstration of sympathy for them in their distress, a 'small' present of provisions being conveyed to them by their friends. On the receipt of it Cheare wrote a grateful letter to the donors, which manifests his appreciation of the smallest kindness shown to himself and his fellow-prisoners. This latter is dated 22nd of ninth month (November), 1667. Early in January (eleventh month) of that same year he was again laid aside by a severe illness, and died in his place of banishment on the 5th of first month (March), 1668. The above is abridged from an account of Abraham Cheare to be found in a little work by Mr. H. M. Nicholson, of Plymouth, entitled 'Authentic Records relating to the Christian Church now meeting in George Street and Mutley Chapels, Plymouth, 1640 to 1870.'

GEORGE BORLASE CHILDS, F.R.C.S.

Dr. Childs, who was a native of Liskeard, born in 1816, was the author of several dramas, some of which have been acted in London. He wrote numerous ballads, which have been set to music, and was also the author of many medical and scientific works.

C. CHORLEY.

Charles Chorley was not a native of Cornwall, but was born at Taunton. He, however, was sub-editor and reporter of the *Royal Cornwall Gazette* for thirty years; secretary to the Truro Public Rooms Company; editor of the Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, 1863-74, and sub-manager of Truro Savings Bank. He died at Truro, June 22, 1874, aged sixty-four. He was the author of the following, amongst other works:

'Jephthah; or, The Vow:' a tragedy by [George] Buchanan. Translated from the Latin by C. C[horley]. Truro, 1854.

'The Baptist; or, Calumny:' a tragedy by [George] Buchanan. Translated from the Latin by C. C[horley]. Truro, 1864.

Translations from the German, Italian, Spanish, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Truro, 1866.

Translations, by C. C.; Truro, 1866.

Verse, by C. C.; Truro, 1867.

Verse, by C. C.; Truro, 1867 (another).

'Horatian Metres, attempted in English,' by C. C. Truro, 1867.

The Episode of Hector and Andromache (Iliad, Book VI., 369-502), attempted in English hexameters, by C. C. Truro, 1867.

From the Italian of Tasso's Sonnets, by C. C. Truro, 1867, etc.

[See 'Bib. Cornu.']

WHAT CONSTITUTES A MINE?

What constitutes a mine?
Not agent's home, nor ornate counting-house,
Where bold adventurers dine;
Not shops where carpenter his art may use,
And smith his brawny arm;
Not stable nor material-house or mill,
Nor shed to shield from storm.
Nor floods, nor powder-house, nor useful rill;
No—ore, deep-treasured ore,
Of power the adventurous foreigner to lure
O'er many a hill and moor,
Sustained by hope rich profits to ensure;
Ore—copper, tin, or lead. [beam;
With well-sunk shaft, and ladder, lift, and
And above all, is need
Of engine moved by wonder-working steam.

These constitute a mine ;
And parish officers in vain debate,
And lawyers cute combine,
Aught among these by sessions law to rate,
Counselled by statesmen sage, [great,
When England's maiden-queen, in prudence
Made low for pauper age,
Mines she exempted from the parish rate.
Such was her parish law,
And nought were fairer for Cornubia's weal.
Shall farmers then o'erawe ?
Or lawyers threaten us that laws repeal ?
Since mines so rarely pay
Those sweet rewards we labour to ensure,
'Tis folly to give way
And pay unmurmuring to the parish poor.

The above 'parody of a paraphrase,' by Mr. Chorley, refers to the disputes and lawsuits as to the rateability of mines which at one time used to recur at each county sessions, and in respect to which it was long held—though, as it has since appeared in error—that mines were not rateable. It was at length decided that the surface works of mines were rateable ; but mines of tin, lead, and copper are now rated under a recent Act of Parliament.

REV. S. W. CHRISTOPHERS.

ALTHOUGH not an extensive verse-writer himself, the Rev. S. Woolcock Christophers had much to do with poets and poetry. He was a Wesleyan minister, and was born at Falmouth in 1810. He wrote a work entitled 'Hymn Writers and their Hymns' (1866), which contains some interesting anecdotes relative to Charles Wesley's visit to Cornwall and the Methodists in the county. Another of his works was 'The Poets of Methodism' (1875), and yet another, 'The New Methodist Hymn-book and its Writers' (1877). His contributions to magazine literature have been very extensive.

LADY CHUDLEIGH (1656—1710).

LADY MARY CHUDLEIGH was born in the year 1656, and was the daughter of Richard Lee, Esq., of Winslade, in the county of Devon. She had an education in which literature seemed but little regarded, being taught no other language than her native tongue ; but her love of books, incessant industry in the reading of them, and her great capacity to improve by them, enabled her to make a very considerable figure in literature.

She was married to Sir George Chudleigh, of Place, and of Ashton, near Chudleigh, who was created a baronet in 1622. One daughter, who died in the bloom of life, was much lamented by her mother, who poured out her griefs on the occasion in a poem entitled a 'Dialogue between Lucinda and Marissa.' There were also several other children. Lady Chudleigh was a writer of poetry and dramas in much repute, and which are said to have been greatly admired. But though she was enamoured of the charms of poetry, yet she dedicated some part of her time to the severer study of philosophy, as

appears from her excellent essays, which disclose an uncommon degree of piety, and knowledge, and a noble contempt of those vanities which the unthinking part of her sex so much regard and so eagerly pursue.

A collected volume of her poetry appears to have gone through several editions. It was first published by herself, dedicated to the Queen, in 17c3, entitled 'Poems on Several Occasions, together with the Song of the Three Children,' paraphrased, and it was republished, after her death, in 1722. The introductory criticism of the work in the later edition says: 'In all her poetry and prose, to say nothing of the elegance of her pen, she discovers an uncommon degree of taste and knowledge.' Another volume, 'Poems and Songs,' was published in 1709. One of them is 'An Address to the Learned and Ingenious Dr. Musgrave, of Exeter.'

She wrote several other things, including two tragedies, two operas, a masque, some of Lucian's Dialogues translated into verse, 'Satirical Reflections on Saqualio,' in imitation of one of Lucian's Dialogues. She died at Ashton, in Devonshire, December 15, 1710, in the fifty-fifth year of her age, and lies buried there without either monument or inscription. (Cibber's 'Lives of the Poets,' vol. iii.)

TO THE LADIES.

Wife and servant are the same,
But only differ in the name:
For when that fatal knot is ty'd,
Which nothing, nothing can divide,
When she the word *obey* has said,
And man by law supreme has made,
Then all that's kind is laid aside,
And nothing left but state and pride;
Fierce as an Eastern prince he grows,
And all his innate rigour shows:
Then but to look, to laugh, or speak,
Will the nuptial contract break.

Like mutes, she signs alone must make,
And never any freedom take:
But still be govern'd by a nod,
And fear her husband as her God;
Him still must serve, him still obey,
And nothing act, and nothing say,
But her haughty lord thinks fit,
Who with the power, has all the wit.
Then shun, oh! shun that wretched state,
And all the fawning flatterers hate;
Value yourselves, and men despise,
You must be proud, if you'll be wise.

SONG.

I.

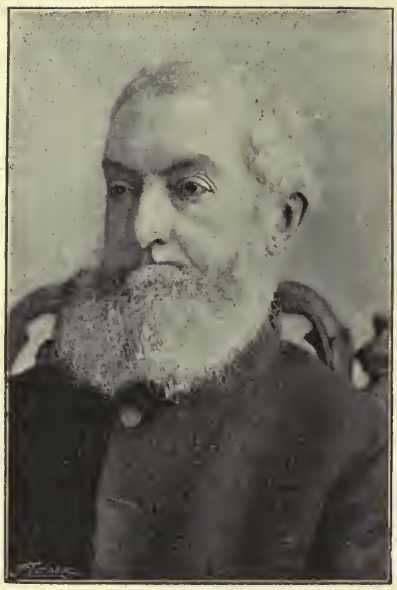
Why, *Damon*, why, why, why so pressing?
The heart you beg's not worth possessing:
Each look, each word, each smile's affected,
And inward charms are quite neglected.
Then scorn her, scorn her, foolish swain,
And sigh no more, no more in vain.

II.

Beauty's worthless, fading, flying,
Who would for trifles think of dying?
Who for a face, a shape, would languish,
And tell the brooks, and groves his anguish,
Till she, till she thinks fit to prize him,
And all, and all beside despise him?

III.

Fix, fix your thoughts on what's inviting,
On what will never bear the slighting,
Wit and virtue claim your duty,
They're much more worth than gold and beauty,
To them, to them, your heart resign,
And you'll no more, no more repine.



REV. S. CHILDS CLARKE.

Samuel Childs Clarke, son of Major-General James Clarke, R.M.L.I., was born in the Royal Marine Barracks, Stonehouse, Devon, on January 16, 1821. He was educated at the Devonport Proprietary School (under Rev. H. A. Greaves, Rev. J. Fernie and Rev. Dr. Tancock), where he gained two medals for essays on architecture and naval architecture, and the silver 'F' as, *élève émérite* in French. He graduated at Oxford B.A. in 1844, and M.A. in 1846. He was ordained on the curacy of Thorverton, Devon, under the vicar, Rev. Dr. Coleridge, Prebendary of Exeter; as Deacon in 1844, and as Priest in 1845, by letters dimissory from the Bishop of Exeter, both ordinations in Ely Cathedral, by Bishops Turton and Allen. In 1846-47 he was Curate of Dawlish, under Rev. E. Fursdon. In 1848 he was elected by the ratepayers to the Vicarage of St. Thomas, Launceston, and in the following year, by the Town Council, to the Head Mastership of the Grammar School in that town. By consent of the Charity Commissioners, he surrendered a portion of his income, arising from the small endowment of the school, to build a new and capacious school-room, with class-room and offices attached, at a cost of £800. He also raised funds to restore St. Thomas Church, the restoration costing over £1,000. A very handsome gift of ornamental tiles was given him for this purpose, by Mr. Minton Taylor, in return for several hymns written at Mr. T.'s request for the 'Parish Hymnal.' In conjunction with Rev. H. T. May, vicar of the adjoining parish, Mr. Clarke built a

large Mission Chapel School for an outlying hamlet of St. Thomas, at Tregadillet, which was opened by the Archbishop of Canterbury (then Bishop of Truro).

He was, while at Launceston, the originator of the Working Man's Club; in acknowledgment of which he received a purse of sovereigns and a framed address; he also commenced a Penny Bank. He was the first in the district to restore the Church's ancient usage of the Weekly Offertory. In 1871 he was elected on the Launceston School Board; and in 1874, being re-elected, he was chosen vice-chairman. On resigning the two offices he held at Launceston he received from the parishioners, and parents of the boys, a silver tea service and a purse of sovereigns. In 1875 he was presented by the Dean and Chapter of Exeter to the Vicarage of Thorverton; returning thus, as Vicar, to his first curacy, after an interval of thirty years. He is a Surrogate for the diocese, and Hon. Secretary of the Exeter Diocesan Board of Education. Since he became Vicar of Thorverton, he has raised funds to build a Schoolmaster's House, at a cost of £350; and has rebuilt the Vestry-room at the Church, dedicating it to the memory of his predecessor, Archdeacon Freeman. The church bells have been rehung, and two new ones added at a cost of £200. The school has been enlarged, and a new class-room is being built, to cost £194.

In 1848 was published his 'Thoughts in Verse, from a Village Churchman's Note-Book,' illustrated with numerous vignettes, by Messrs. Parker of Oxford.

In 1868 appeared in the *Musical Times*, No. 320, 'The Harvest-tide Thanksgiving,' set to music by Sir Joseph Barnby. This has been printed in several collections of hymns, viz.: 'The Hymnary'; 'The Song of Praise' (edited by Lady Victoria Evans-Freke), which contains six hymns written by Mr. Clarke; 'The S.P.C.K. Supplement;' 'The Wesleyan Sunday School Hymn Book,' and in 'Original Tunes to Popular Hymns,' by Sir Joseph Barnby.

Since his appointment to the Vicarage of Thorverton, Mr. Clarke has published, with Mr. Arthur Brown (a well-known Church composer), as musical editor, a series of 'Services of Song,' for Church seasons (Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row), intended for use in Church, under the Shortened Services Act, or for Mission Rooms, entitled 'Advent-tide,' 'Christmas-tide,' 'Passion-tide,' 'Easter-tide,' 'Ascension-tide'; 'also 'Harvest-tide,' for Harvest Thanksgivings; 'Spring and Summer-tide,' for Flower Services. This Service has been twice rendered in Exeter in the Public Room, with band and chorus; and 'The Harvest-fields of Time,' a Missionary Service (adopted by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel). These have been sanctioned for use in the Church by the present Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of London, and the late Bishop of Salisbury, and approved by the Bishop of Marlborough. They were the subject of special mention by Earl Nelson, at the Church Congress held at Reading, in 1883 (Official Report, p. 452); and again by him in *Church Bells*. The words of the Litanies, Carols, Choruses, and Hymns were written for these services by Mr. Clarke. He has also published a 'Children's Service,' with nineteen original hymns, several of which have appeared in Mrs. Carey Brock's Children's Hymnal, and other collections. Messrs. Curwen, of

Warwick Lane, have published a 'Children's Festival Service,' which contains thirteen hymns for the chief Church festivals, written, with one exception, by him. Special hymns for various occasions have been printed by him, viz.: Hymn for Thanksgiving after the Egyptian Campaign, sanctioned by the Bishop for use in the Exeter Diocese, and commended by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge; Hymn for the Harvest Festival and Dedication of a New Organ, presented by the Queen to West Newton Church, Sandringham, written by request of Rev. Canon F. A. J. Hervey, Domestic Chaplain of the Prince of Wales and Rector of Sandringham; also, at the request of the same, a Hymn for Re-opening of this Church, after restoration, by the Prince of Wales; and Hymn for the Queen's Jubilee. Mr. Clarke, by command of Her Majesty, through her private secretary, received her thanks for this hymn, a Jubilee Ode, and Congregational Anthem, introducing verses for the people, and concluding with several other verses set to the tune of 'God save the Queen'—the music of these was composed and arranged by Mr. Arthur H. Brown.

Several hymns, songs, and a chorus were written by Mr. Clarke, by request of the committee of the Jubilee of the Rechabites, held in Exeter and Plymouth in 1885, which were sung in the Royal Public Rooms, in the Cathedral, and subsequently at the Guildhall, at their concluding meetings at Plymouth. A hymn for the Armada Celebration, sung in St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, in 1888. A hymn for 'Old Boys' Sunday,' written at the request of the Head Master of West Buckland County School, and sung for several years at the Training College Chapel, Exeter, at the gatherings of former students.

In 1889 Mr. Clarke was requested by the committee of the 'London Gregorian Choral Association' to write a long hymn for their festival, to an ancient melody. This was sung by the clergy and numerous choirs and accompanied by a band of music, in St. Paul's Cathedral, on June 6 in that year. It was afterwards spoken of by the *Church Times* as 'singularly successful,' and the writer received the 'hearty thanks' of the committee. It consisted of nineteen verses. A second request was made by the committee for a hymn for a similar festival, which was held in 1890, on June 12. It was said by the above-named paper to have 'given the keynote to the whole service' in St. Paul's on that occasion. This year (1895) is the seventh year in succession in which a hymn has been contributed to this Choir Festival by Mr. Childs Clarke. By request of the editor of the 'Home Hymn Book,' Mr. Clarke wrote a hymn for 'Travellers and Absent Ones,' which, with three other of his hymns, is included in that Hymnal.

Sir Joseph Barnby has recently composed a special tune to a hymn of his, for 'Unveiling a Church Window.' Sir John Stainer has also written one for an offertory hymn.

A set of Final Hymns for Sunday Evenings and for Dedication Festivals may be included in the list, besides contributions of numerous Carols for the Christmas, Easter, and Ascension seasons, for Harvest and for the New Year, which have been published from time to time in *The Gospeller*, *The Penny Post*, *Church Bells*, *The Church Monthly*, *Newbery House Magazine*,' etc., set to music by Arthur H. Brown.

Mr. Clarke has written several odes on 'Spring-time,' 'The Beautiful,' 'The Queen's Jubilee,' and on 'The Consecration of Truro Cathedral,' for the last of which he received

the thanks of the Bishop. He has contributed several songs to Pitman's 'Part-Singer,' and hymns to various Hymnaries. He has written two songs for 'Church Defence,' adopted by the Church Defence Institution, and the words of other songs, sacred and secular. From time to time he has written several acrostics 'In Memoriam,' on the names of distinguished persons deceased, among which were 'Albert the Good'; 'The Princess Alice'; 'Prince Leopold' (receiving for this the thanks of the Prince and Princess of Wales); 'Arthur, Duke of Wellington'; 'Napoleon Eugène Louis,' the Prince Imperial, (the Empress Eugénie forwarded her acknowledgments through her private secretary); 'Frederick William,' Emperor of Germany; 'Gordon,' in Latin and English (the General's brother sent his thanks for this); 'Earl Iddesleigh'; 'Earl Devon'; 'James Abraham Garfield,' President of the United States (cordially acknowledged by the American Ambassador, Mr. J. Russell Lowell); 'Charles Dickens'; 'George Martin,' D.D., Canon of Truro, etc.

Last year (1894), one of Mr. Clarke's festival hymns was sung at seven different choir festivals, and his organ dedication hymn was sung twice (morning and evening) at the opening of the organ in Peterborough Cathedral.

On the occasion of the visit of the Prime Minister of England (Marquis of Salisbury) to Exeter on January 19, 1892, a 'Song of Welcome,' adapted to a spirited melody in *I Puritani*, was written by him, adopted by the Reception Committee, and sung with band accompaniment in the audience of 10,000 people. It was heartily joined in by those present, and repeated on the next evening. The writer received an autograph letter of thanks from Lord Salisbury.

One of the most recent of his writings is a Cantata, in English hexameter verse, entitled 'Harry Glenalmond,' interspersed with eight pieces of music for Temperance gatherings. It has received the approval of the Bishop of Exeter, the Archdeacons of Totnes and Exeter, Canon Trefusis, and a well-known poet, Rev. Richard Wilton, author of 'Church Bells and Wood-notes,' 'Benedicite, and other Poems,' etc.

The following eminent musicians have composed tunes for Mr. Clarke's hymns: Rev. Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, late Professor of Music at Oxford; Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus.Doc.; Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.Doc., who also wrote music for a 'Breaking-up Song,' and two 'Choral Graces,' written by Mr. Clarke; Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, Dr. Gauntlett, Sir Joseph Barnby, Mr. A. H. Brown, Mr. E. H. Thorne, Mr. J. Baptiste Calkin, and Mr. Walter Macfarren, Rev. A. Hamilton Gell, Mus. Bac., Dr. Martin, Mr. Berthold Tours, Mr. D. J. Wood, organist of Exeter Cathedral, and Mr. Walter Spinney.

In conjunction with Canon F. A. J. Hervey, Mr. Clarke has published a musical setting of the Marriage Service, for which he has written four hymns; Canon Hervey composing the music, and the chants for the Psalms and Responses, published by Messrs. Skeffington. 'Memorial Tributes inscribed to Members of the Royal Family' was published by the same firm in 1894. and the writer has received cordial acknowledgments from the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Empress Frederick of Germany, the Duchess of York, the Princess Christian, and the Duchess of Teck.

Rev. Dr. Julian has an article on the subject of this sketch in his 'Dictionary of Hymnology,' and has forwarded a collection of Mr. Clarke's writings to the library of the Church House in Westminster.

ODE ON SPRING-TIDE.

'Rise up, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.'—*Song of Solomon* ii. 11, 12.

Yes, rise and come—mark how yon orb of day
From gloom of night is stealing hours away;
And how at eve, as if reluctantly,
Now slowly sinks beyond the western sea!
Come, leave awhile the haunts of carking care,
To quaff with calm delight the genial air:
To scent, 'mid murmurs of the balmy breeze,
Fair Nature's incense wafted from the trees.
Come, quit the busy mart, the dusky street,
Life's dull routine—to climb with nimble feet
Some lofty hilltop, or some woodland glade,
Whence to the 'raptured gaze is seen displayed
The rural landscape with fresh beauty rife,
Its lanes and hedgerows bursting into life.
The woods, awhile so leafless, now so bright
In vernal garb, or where in virgin white,
Clad in their countless blooms the trees appear,
Betok'ning fruit to crown the waning year;
See where, rejoicing in new life, the lambs
Frisk in a gleesome mood around their dams,
*Or where the colts career with frequent bound,
Circling the verdant meadows round and round.
The finny tribe, 'instinct with life,'† are seen
Sporting amid the streams in silver sheen.
Deftly the feathered songsters twine each nest
For tender broods a refuge and a rest;
Flitting from spray to spray the woods among,
‡From morn 'till eve pour forth their ceaseless song.
The cuckoo's well-known notes are heard once more,
Nor tire the ear though warbled o'er and o'er.
The gentle lark uprising, soars on high,
Trilling from tiny throat sweet minstrelsy;
Their roundelays the tuneful thrushes sing
The livelong day, to hail the approaching spring.
§'The beauteous season,' in its fairest dress,
Appears again in new-born loveliness.
On earth, in air, and o'er the sunlit sea,
On mountain-top, or verdure-covered lea,
In woodland copse, with foliage crowned anew,
Where flow'rets spring in tints of endless hue,
On breezy down, or slope of sunny hill,
By stately-flowing stream, or silver rill,
In deep secluded dell, or widening plain
Decked daintily in greenest garb again;
Above, below, around, afar, or near—
No longer trace is found of winter drear.
All, all to eye and ear, with least alloy,
Bespeak fresh life, and whisper hope and joy:
While through her wide domain, in sweet accord,
||Lo! Nature thus proclaims her risen LORD.

* 'Ludit et in pratis luxuriatque pecus.'—*Ovid*, '*Fasti*.'

† 'Instinct with life.'—*Faber*.

‡ 'Et tepidium volucres concentibus aëra mulcent.'—*Ovid*, '*Fasti*.'

§ The French call Spring 'La belle saison.'

|| 'And what is Spring after Winter but nature speaking of the Resurrection of her Lord? It is the season when day is lengthening and mastering the night; light is overcoming darkness, and life springing out of apparent death, as in the returning presence of HIM, who is very Life and very Light, and maketh all things new.'—ISAAC WILLIAMS, 'The Resurrection.'

ROBERT CLOBERY, M.D.

THIS gentleman, the only son of Robert Glynn, assumed his mother's name of Clobery. He was born at Kelland, near Bodmin, in 1719, and died at Cambridge in 1800. He was the author of a poetical essay, entitled 'The Day of Judgment,' first published in 1757. It was the Seatonian Prize Poem, and has been frequently reprinted. Dr. Clobery was the author of many fugitive pieces, which were collected and published in a volume, edited by R. A. Davenport, in 1822.

JONAS COAKER.

JONAS COAKER, the Dartmoor poet, was born at Hartland, Post Bridge, on February 23, 1801. His family came from Holne. Jonas began life as a servant-boy to Parson Rendle, of Widecombe, and remained in his service until he was fifteen, when he went to reside with a farmer named Man, who lived at Blacklade, in the same parish. Here he lived for about ten years, and then returned to Post Bridge, picking up a living as a labourer. His favourite occupation was building newtake walls, and he reckoned he had a talent for this, in addition to the faculty he possessed of verse-making. Later on, he became landlord of the New House, or Warren House Inn—a dreary spot, though much livelier then than now, as Vitifer and other mines were then in full swing. Jonas used to get rough customers at times, for on one occasion a crowd of miners helped

themselves to his liquor, and the landlord had to take to the moor to 'hidey-peep,' as the old man termed it, until matters cooled down a little. The old man had many stories to tell of moorland experiences and dangers. He was a man of fine physique, and in his youth was a long-distance runner; he was proud of an exploit of his at the age of thirty, when he ran from Post Bridge to Exeter, a distance of twenty miles in a little over four hours. No mean feat when the hilly character of the country is taken into consideration.

In October, 1888, a friend called to see him, and found him almost blind, but with intellect still active. He, however, complained of his failing memory, accounting for it by saying that as he had always possessed a genius for poetry, he supposed he had overwhelmed his brain with over-much studying. Latterly Jonas was the rate-collector for the parish of Lydford, and when he became too infirm for this he resided at Ring Hill, where kind and considerate attention soothed the few remaining years of the Dartmoor poet. He died February 12, 1890, and his remains were carried, in the olden style, to Widecombe and buried on the Sunday following.

Coaker's verses, which have been printed in fragments, disclose a poetic spirit, and had he possessed the advantages of education, they would, doubtless, have attracted some attention. Describing himself, in his poem on Dartmoor, he says:

'I drew my breath first on this moor;
There my forefathers dwelled;
Its hills and dales I've traversed o'er,
Its desert parts beheld.'

He proceeds then to describe its hoary hills, round which so many storms have raged in vain—'its soft rivers,' and 'its granite piles.' Something, too, of its climate he tells us—

'It's oft enveloped in a fog
Because it's up so high.'

Another verse displays the amount of historical knowledge which has penetrated to this far-away 'poet's-corner,' and describes a feature of the moor, which, though we may criticise the use of the word 'ornament,' as applied to it, has lately had its interest enhanced by becoming the abode, for a space, of a very celebrated and truly great man.

'Another ornament we find
Stands on the dreary moor,
Which was first built and designed
For prisoners of war.

'But now it's turned to other use,
And convicts are put there,
Whose labours make the land produce
Much better than before.

'Hundreds of convicts now are placed
To cultivate the land,
Which ever was a desert waste,
Untouched by human hand.'

Dr. Johnson was pleased to define a tax-collector as 'a wretch hired to collect a hateful impost.' Had he known our genial poet, he had thought better of his class, and would,

perhaps, like many another, have gladly joined company with him and his red bag, as they pursued their rounds together. The great Doctor might have heard, in the quaint language of Devon, many a strange tale of moor and fen, and might, possibly, have modified many of his opinions of things in general.

In a modest apology prefixed to a poetical 'Sketch of the several Denominations in the Christian World; with a short account of Atheism, Deism, Judaism, and Mahometanism,' (Tavistock, 1871), Jonas Coaker informs us that 'he is of a penetrating and inquiring mind,' and that he has read 'the most intelligent books and histories,' so that his conversation must naturally prove not only entertaining, but instructive. In the summer of 1873, Jonas Coaker had much stirring of spirit anent the Dartmoor manœuvres. Happily the rain which damped valour did not wash away genius, for our poet gave a description of the manœuvres that offers a lively contrast to the more hackneyed and technical efforts of mere newspaper correspondents. In the place of paltry accounts of what was done and monotonous comments on the weather, he has given a fuller and more original description of the bedizenments of England's defenders than the reader will find elsewhere. The poem is too long for publication here. [We are indebted to Mr. Robert Burnard for the portrait which accompanies this notice, and also for some of the biographical details.]

WILLIAM COCK.

Mr. William Cock, of Tuckingmill, who is now draughtsman with Messrs. Holman Brothers, iron founders, Camborne, began life as a miner, but his ability was soon discovered and recognised by his present employers. When quite a youth, more than ten years ago, he was awarded the county prize at a drawing examination in machine construction. A year's residence in America broadened the knowledge of machine drawing which he gained while working as a pattern-maker and draughtsman at the Camborne foundry.

Mr. Cock is not yet thirty years of age, so may yet live to do his best work. His pencil portraits indicate that, had he left mechanics to devote his talent to more artistic work, he would have achieved no inconsiderable success.

In, perhaps, singular combination with the qualities which constitute an excellent draughtsman, Mr. Cock possesses a passion for poetry and oratory, although his somewhat erratic temperament and fluctuating physical health have only induced spasmodic development in these directions. Those who heard his fiery and eloquent sermons expected him to enter the ministry and probably outshine his brother, who is now a popular and advanced preacher with the Free Methodists at Middlesborough. And the specimen of his verse which is quoted here indicates a poetic nature from which good fruit ought to proceed. His 'Love's Lament' has been awarded warm praise from many quarters. If his talent lay only in one direction, he might have concentrated his ambition upon

attaining one goal; but his versatility, while enabling him to do many things well, has hitherto not been conducive to a remarkable achievement, either as author or artist. He is a man whose composite characteristics make any forecast of future development in the highest degree conjectural. Those who know him best see in him the elements of genius; time will prove whether his mature works will be worthy of the promise of his youth.

LOVE'S LAMENT.

When you hushed the dove's loud cooing with a kiss,
And confessed it bred a feeling bord'ring bliss;
How the love-lit moments sped,
How the years long since have fled,
Since you hushed the dove's loud cooing with a kiss.

All the birds sang songs of madness, gladness then,
And the wild flowers' flaming lit the sacred glen;
Yet the gods in silence look'd
On a pair whom fate had book'd,
Not for long to see the wild flowers gild the glen.

I could die upon the sighing winds to-night,
Mock the phantoms that would fain a mortal fright;
Hear a sainted maiden call
To a dark enthralléd soul,
Lonely sighing in the shivering winds of night.

All the flowers have ceased their flaming in the glen,
Not a petal blooms so sweetly now as then;
And the birds have flown on wing,
Or to other lovers sing,
And a hollow echo fills the haunted glen.

I would yield the mocking years that since have fled,
Give a decade for a moment of the dead;
Only give me back a bower,
And a rare celestial flower;
Yes! would fling the world away as with the dead.

All the stars have since seemed shrouded in the sky.
All the glories of the night in fragments lie;
And the larger loving light,
That imparadised the night,
Beams no longer in the cold and cheerless sky.

I shall see thee when the shadows pass away,
When my soul shall leave this now imperious clay;
On that shore unswept by storm,
I shall clasp again thy form,
When I rise from out this dark mysterious clay.

I will set my sails to reach the silent sea,
Where the ever-burning stars shall circle me;
Till I hear thy voice afar,
Echoing o'er the mystic bar,
Gently calling, sweetly calling, unto me.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

For the world in general, the name of Coleridge is so indissolubly connected with the Lake country and the Lake poets, that the fact of his being by birth a Devonshire man is, says the *Globe*, almost forgotten. Yet he was, in truth, a Devonian of Devonians, a

member of that family of which many a name stands upon the roll of Devonshire worthies. His birthplace, Ottery St. Mary, is the home of the Coleridges in life; their last resting-place, as the monuments standing in the old churchyard testify, within sight of which stands the house recently built for himself by the late Lord Coleridge. The poet was born in the old King's School, of which his father was headmaster, as well as Vicar of the parish, on October 21, 1772. The Rev. John Coleridge, the father of the poet, is celebrated among Devonshire parsons for having frequently while preaching exclaimed, 'These, my brethren, are the words of the Holy Spirit,' proceeding to quote from the Hebrew original, much, doubtless, to the edification of his hearers. The King's School was pulled down about ten years ago, and a garden now adorns the site of the spot where our greatest Devonshire poet was born.

Samuel was the tenth child of a large family, and singularly precocious and imaginative. 'I never thought as a child,' he says, 'never had the language of a child.' He read the 'Arabian Nights' before his fifth birthday, and preferred day-dreams to active games. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he was admitted in 1781. Here he became the friend of Charles Lamb. Coleridge became a good scholar, and before his fifteenth year had translated the eight hymns of Synesius from the Greek into English Anacreontics. It is told of him that one day in the street his hands came into contact with a gentleman's clothes. On being challenged as a pickpocket, Coleridge explained that he was Leander swimming the Hellespont. His accuser was not only pacified, but paid his subscription

to a library; whither he afterwards 'skulked out' at all risks, and read right through the catalogue. Coleridge, on leaving school, had a turn at medicine; from medicine he diverged into metaphysics, and eventually found himself writing poetry, in which he had already dabbled, by falling in love with Mary Evans, a schoolfellow's sister, and by reading the sonnets of Bowles. He left Christ's Hospital on September 7, 1790, and was appointed to an exhibition of £40 a year in 1791. He was entered as a sizar at Jesus College, Cambridge, on February 5, 1791, and came into residence in the following October, when he became a pensioner, and matriculated March 26, 1792. He became a foundation scholar in 1793, won the Browne medal for a Greek ode (on the slave trade) in 1792, but failed in 1793. Coleridge soon after left Cambridge, and went to London, having become involved in financial difficulties. Here he sold a poem for a guinea to Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, in which paper he published a series of 'Sonnets on Eminent Characters.' He then enlisted in the 15th Dragoons, and was sent to be drilled with his regiment at Reading, where he was entered as a recruit on December 4, 1793, under the name Silas Tomkyn Comberback, suggested by, or suggesting, the obvious pun. Coleridge was, however, a totally incapable horseman, and although he was treated well by his officers, and became friendly with his comrades, events led to his discharge early in 1794, his brothers buying him out. Coleridge returned to Cambridge, where he was admonished by the Master in presence of the Fellows. In July of the same year he made a trip to Wales, which resulted in 'A Pedestrian Tour in North Wales' (1795). He then went to Bristol, and there met Southey and Robert Lovell. Coleridge became engaged to Sara Fricker, sister of Lovell's wife, another sister being engaged to Southey. Whilst here the three friends produced jointly a tragedy, the 'Fall of Robespierre,' which was published as Coleridge's in 1794. Coleridge left Cambridge at the end of 1794, visiting London, where he met Lamb. He formed an acquaintance with Joseph Cottle, a young bookseller, who advanced him money, and offered him thirty guineas for a volume of poems, at the same time offering Southey fifty guineas for his 'Joan of Arc.' Both offers were gladly accepted. Coleridge next took to lecturing, his subjects being chiefly on politics and religion. Some further encouragement from Cottle induced him to settle down, and he was married to Sara Fricker in Bristol in 1795. He took a small cottage at Clevedon, at a yearly rental of £5. The cottage still exists. At the end of 1795, Coleridge returned to Bristol, where his first volume of poems, including three sonnets to Lamb, was published by Cottle in April, 1796. He now thought of journalism. In January, 1796, he started on a tour in the North, described with great humour in the 'Biographia Literaria.' He afterwards started the *Watchman*, which ran to ten numbers and was then dropped, as it did not pay expenses. At Birmingham, Coleridge had made the acquaintance of Charles Lloyd, son of a banker in the town, who was so fascinated by the charm of Coleridge's society and his conversational powers that he abandoned his business, and came to Bristol to reside with Coleridge. Several children were born to Coleridge: Hartley, his eldest son, in 1796; Berkeley, 1798; Derwent, 1800; and Sara, 1802. In 1796 Coleridge settled at Nether Stowey, near Bridgewater, where he secured a friend in the person of Thomas

Poole, a tanner, who raised a subscription for Coleridge to purchase an annuity, and became one of his best friends. In 1797 a second edition of the poems appeared. The poet next produced 'Osorio,' afterwards called 'Remorse.' Next followed the 'Lyrical Ballads' in 1798, in which Coleridge's principal contribution was the 'Ancient Mariner.' An interesting notice of this work appeared in the 'Naval Chronicle' for the year 1799, from which it appears that the book was published anonymously. The 'Lyrical Ballads' are described as possessing a very uncommon and singular degree of merit. 'We trust,' says the reviewer, 'the author will ere long gratify the public with his name, since he promises to rank amongst the first of our poets; not only for the various harmony of rhythm, but also for the bold efforts of a mind that has dared to think for itself, yet portrays with diffidence its own original impressions in quaint but simple language.' That this estimate of his powers was a true one has been abundantly proved by the poet's subsequent career, and the prophetical remarks of the reviewer have been more than realized.

To follow the poet through all the incidents of his chequered career, to refer to a tithe of his works, would trench too much upon the space we are able to give to one writer, however famous. We shall therefore refrain, and refer our readers for fuller particulars to the admirable 'Life of Coleridge' by H. D. Traill, in 'English Men of Letters' Series (1884), to the able work of the late James Dykes Campbell, entitled 'Samuel Taylor Coleridge: a Narrative of the Events of his Life,' 2 vols. (Macmillan, 1894); and to the most recent and authoritative 'Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge,' edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, 2 vols. (Heinemann, 1895).

He visited Malta in 1804, where for about a year he held an official appointment under the Governor; and in 1810 he went to London, and soon after entered the house of his friend Gilman, at Highgate, where he spent the remainder of his life. He died at Highgate, July 25, 1834, and was buried in the old churchyard there. For many years his life was saddened by ill-health and pecuniary difficulties. He suffered much, too, from the habit of taking opium, which grew up from an innocent beginning, and became unconquerable. 'His writings are pervaded by a spirit not of this world, and for every earnest student they are rich in treasures of truth, wisdom, and faith. Not a few have found in them the special help, guidance, and defence which the critical doubts and discussions of the age make so needful. Churchman and Conservative, he was yet a bold speculator on the highest themes, and a genuine liberal in sentiment towards the good and great of all parties. Pure love of truth, rare simplicity of nature, warm affections, love of social intercourse, and an extraordinary power of eloquent talking without premeditation, were some of his most striking characteristics' ('Dictionary of General Biography,' by W. L. R. Cates, 1885).

It is interesting to note in conclusion that in the summer of 1893 a stone was affixed to Coleridge's cottage at Nether Stowey, recording the fact that it was the poet's home from 1797 to 1800. Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, grandson of the poet, took part in the proceedings, and read a paper reviewing the poet's connection with the cottage, in which, he said, most of the poems by which Coleridge would be longest remembered were

written. The following lines were written by Mr. E. H. Coleridge as an 'Inscription for Coleridge's Cottage at Stowey,' where, it must be remembered, not only Coleridge, but Southey and Wordsworth also, often met:

'Traveller, beneath this roof in bygone days
Dwelt Coleridge. Here he sang his witching lays
Of that strange mariner, and what befell
In mystic hour the Lady Christabel.
And here one day, when summer breezes blew,
Came Lamb, the frolic and the wise, who drew
Fresh mirth from secret springs of inward glee:
Here Wordsworth came, and wild-eyed Dorothy.
Now all is silent; but the taper's light,
Which from those windows shone so late at night,
Hath streamed afar.* To these great souls was given
A double portion of the Light from Heaven!'

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A-walking the devil is gone,
To visit his little snug farm of the earth,
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he swished his long tail
As a gentleman swishes his cane.

And how then was the devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday best:
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dung-heap beside his stable;
And the devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and *his* brother, Abel.

A 'pothecary on a white horse
Rode by on his vocation;
And the devil thought of his old friend
Death in the Revelation.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

He went into a rich bookseller's shop;
Quoth he: 'We are both of one college,
For I myself sat like a cormorant once
Fast by the tree of knowledge.'

Down the river there plied, with wind and tide,
A pig with vast celerity;
And the devil looked wise as he saw how the while
It cut its own throat. 'There!' quoth he, with a smile,
'Goes England's commercial prosperity.'

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
A solitary cell;
And the devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in hell.

General ———'s burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to hell his way he did take;
For the devil thought by a slight mistake
It was general conflagration.

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* 'I am not fit for public life; yet the light shall stream to a far distance from the taper in my cottage window' (S. T. C. to Thelwell, December, 1796).

FANCY IN NUBIBUS; OR, THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily-persuaded eyes [mould
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the
Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold [go
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller,
From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!
Or listening to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

MARY M. COLLING.

MARY MARIA COLLING was the daughter of Edmund Colling, a husbandman of Tavistock, and was born August 20, 1805. Her early education was at a dame's school, but at the age of ten she was entered at the Free School to learn needlework. About this time she attracted the notice of some ladies who taught her to read. She developed an extraordinary memory, and also became a marvellous speller. When only thirteen years old she taught her father to read, 'as it grieved her,' she said, 'that his Bible could not speak to him.' Leaving school, she learnt weaving, but in 1819 she entered the family of Mrs. General Hughes, of Tavistock, and eventually became housekeeper. She spent little of her wages upon herself, but remitted the greater part to her parents. Her master, about

this time, gave her a strip of garden ground, and she showed such a liking for her occupation that before long the whole garden was left to her care. It was at this time she commenced writing poetical fables, chiefly on the subject of flowers, and in after-years, on being questioned as to what led her to write in this style, she replied she used to fancy the flowers talked to her, and thoughts came into her head in a moment, and then she turned them into verses and fables. These fables were not written out at the time, but retained in her memory.

About the year 1830, Mrs. Bray made the acquaintance of Mary Colling, and after taking down in writing two of her fables, sent them to Robert Southey, who in return sent Mary a copy of his own poem 'Madoc.' Someone having lent her an old book containing extracts from the poets, she was asked which she liked the best, when she replied that there were some extracts from a person whose name was Shakespeare, and she thought she liked them the best. Not long after this, Messrs. Longman presented her with a copy of Shakespeare's plays.

Mrs. Bray addressed several long letters to Robert Southey, with specimens of Mary's poems, and with his approbation collected and prepared for the press her poetical works, prefacing them with copies of the letters which had been sent to the Poet Laureate, which contained the particulars of the local poet's career. This volume, which contained an excellent likeness of the poetess from a drawing by William Patten, junior, was published by Messrs. Longman in 1831, and was dedicated with some charming verses to the Marchioness of Tavistock. Nearly three hundred copies were subscribed for. The volume contains eighty pieces of poetry, some of them possessing considerable merit, most of them above the average of the effusions of so-called amateur poets. Mary Colling died August 6, 1853.*

The following extract from a letter by the late Vicar of Tavistock (Rev. D. P. Alford) is interesting as supplementing the information given above:

'I find from the register of deaths, in which she is described as a "domestic servant," that she died August 6, 1853, of dropsy, being forty-eight years old. Our church register of burials says she was buried August 11, 1853, being forty-nine years old. She must have been buried in the church portion of the old cemetery in the Dolvin Road, as that was the only burial-ground then in ordinary use. Her mother, Ann Colling, died in August, 1852, aged seventy-eight, and her father, Edmund Colling, "farm labourer," died in January, 1855, aged eighty-five. An uncle, Henry Colling, was a farm labourer at Crowndale, and is remembered as a shrewd old man, as well as a faithful servant. There is an impression also that her parents were above the average cottager in intelligence. I gather from surviving connections and others, that M. M. Colling was in service with a Colonel Hughes till his death; that then she lived with her parents in Ford Street, and with a cousin in Dolvin Road; that during this time her mind failed, and she was sent by friends to Bude for a change, but got no good from it; so that ultimately she had to

* The above is abridged from a MS. article by Mr. G. C. Boase, editor of the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis.'

be sent to the asylum. Before that she was harmless, only very restless, and used to swear very much—a sad picture of one naturally so gentle. After a little while in the asylum, she came home quite well in mind, though feeble in body; and so she lived, with her mental powers quite restored, with a married sister, Mrs. Nicholls, in Bannawell Street, till her death in 1853. All that remember M. M. Colling speak of her refinement of manner and appearance, and say that the portrait in Mrs. Bray's book is very true to life. Others tell me it was a general impression that Mr. and Mrs. Bray corrected and gave a finishing polish to M. M. Colling's published verses. Certainly they do seem very smooth and correct for a person of Mary's very slight education. But I have seen many of her poems left in MS., and now in the possession of Miss Leamon of this town, which have just the same character of correctness and smoothness of language and rhythm, with scarcely anything worth altering, only a word or two not used in quite its right meaning. Mary's poems would, in fact, be more interesting, because they would seem more original, if they were not quite so smooth and correct. They have much of the careful propriety, and something of the artificiality, of the poetical language of the last century. Though Wordsworth had waged war against all this in theory, and Coleridge and other great poets in practice, it prevailed with people of the old school far into the present century. I fancy the Brays must have held to these old poetical traditions, and Mary, who looked upon the Brays as literary oracles, naturally followed their traditions both in theory and in practice. Her language is not that of her own home, but of her friendly patrons.'

There is an article about her in the *Quarterly Review*, March, 1832, probably written by Southey.

THE SNOWDROP AND THE IVY.

Fast fell the rain, the winds did roar;
Her wintry robe Creation wore,
When, fearless, from a frost-bound bed,
A snowdrop raised its little head.

An ivy, through the winter green,
Its unprotected state had seen;
And, by mistaken prudence moved,
The fearless flow'ret thus reproved:

''Tis great presumption this, I vow,
In such a tender flower as thou,
That thus thou seem'st to dare the blast,
When lofty elms e'en are laid waste.

'Take my advice, lie by awhile
Till Sol resumes his vernal smile;
Then beauty will bedeck the vales,
And whirlwinds sink to gentle gales.

'Let not the storms display their power
On such a weak, unsheltered flower.'
So prudence may presumption chide,
But thus the fearless flower replied:

'I know not what my fate may be.
You shall not raise distrust in me;
Learn, this suggestion makes me bold:
"The hand which form'd can well uphold."

'Why I am here—I give the reason—
I come at my appointed season;
And though I am but weak and small,
I'll never shrink from Nature's call.'

FRANCIS COLLINS.

Francis Collins was a solicitor of Plymouth, and was the father of the well-known novelist and poet, Mortimer Collins, a notice of whom follows. His only publication appears to have been 'Spiritual Poems,' issued in 1826. He died at Plymouth in 1839.

ODE TO PEACE, FROM 'SPIRITUAL POEMS.'

O! thou whose pow'r and influence will
The troubled mind with comfort fill,
  The only solid peace ;
Let me thy comforts now receive,
To calm my heart, my soul relieve,
  O let thy pow'r increase.

Peace in the world, how vain to seek !
All things this truth will e'er bespeak,
  It is not found below ;
Of solid peace how small the share
On earth ! 'tis nought but toil and care
  We can by nature know.

Relief from toil is found in thee,
Relief from conflict, this, I see,
  Is part of thy reward;
Sweet is the sound of peace to those
Who daily meet an host of foes,
  Their pathway to retard.

Fain would I beg a rich supply
Of peace eternal from on high,
  'Twill cheer me as I go ;
And when I ev'ry moment meet
With trouble, O for the retreat
  From fears that vex me so!

I'eace, O the sound! I long to dwell
On this sweet word, its beauties tell
  To all my friends around ;
But O, to feel its fruits within,
Its precious balm to heal from sin,
  This far exceeds the sound.

Void of my Jesus, ne'er shall I
Find peace, how vain to try!
  In Him alone I see
True peace of heart: let this impress
My spirit now--O give me rest,
  From care O set me free.

Thou art my peace, and thou alone—
Without thee solid peace there's none ;
  Thou only canst supply
Rich streams of this to guide my feet,
Until the chosen throng I greet
  In mansions of the sky.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

This popular novelist and charming verse-writer was a native of Plymouth, where he was born on June 29, 1827, his father, Francis Collins, being a solicitor in that town. Mortimer, an only child, was educated at private schools, and while still a school-boy contributed to papers and periodicals. His chief ambition was to become a journalist, but, in deference to his mother's wishes, he accepted a position as tutor. He married (about 1849) Susannah, daughter of John Hubbard, and widow of the Rev. J. H. Crump, by whom

he had one daughter, married in 1871 to Mr. Keningale Cook. Soon after his marriage Collins went to Guernsey, where he was appointed mathematical master of Queen Elizabeth's College. In 1855 he published a volume of poems, entitled 'Idylls and Rhymes.' In 1856 he left Guernsey and devoted himself entirely to literary work, which he had never really abandoned. He became a well-known writer in the press, edited several provincial papers, including the *Plymouth Mail*, and wrote many political squibs. In 1862 he took a cottage at Knowl Hill, Berkshire, where he continued to reside for the rest of his life. His wife died in 1867, and in the following year he married Frances Cotton, in whom he found a most congenial companion, who aided him in his literary labours, and for whom he had a most ardent devotion. One of his volumes of poems, 'The Inn of Strange Meetings, and other Poems' (1871), was dedicated 'To My Wife' in a charming acrostic, and the editor of Collins' collected poems (F. Percy Cotton), published in 1886, appends

this poem to the volume, prefacing it with the following appropriate remarks: 'It is generally considered that a poet does his best work while he is young, but I think anyone acquainted with Mortimer Collins' works, must acknowledge that he improved with age. The greater part of the pieces in this volume were written after he was forty. He died when he had just completed his forty-ninth year, and, judging from his later work, he was but just reaching his full mental power. Those who know the lady to whom this volume is dedicated (the F. C. to whom several of the poems are addressed), will understand why Mortimer Collins' poetical faculties developed during the last decade of his life.'

TO MY WIFE.

Fair, my own darling, are the flowers of spring. . . .
Rathe primrose, violet, and eglantine,
Anemone and golden celandine:
Not less delicious all the birds that sing
Carols of joy upon the amorous wing,
Earine, in these sweet hours of thine.
Spring's youngest sister art thou, lady mine,
Child who hast love for every living thing
Of earth and air. A moment now I linger—
Linger, and think of thee, and give thee this
Love-gift of rhymes made when my spirit was free.
If thou wilt touch it with a white forefinger—
Nay, if the volume thou wilt deign to kiss—
Surely my song shall live, Earine.

In 1860 he published his second volume of poems, entitled 'Summer Songs,' which was dedicated to the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe. This book was well received by the critics, some of whom had been rather severe with his previous volume, although admitting that his poems possessed grace, fancy, and melody. In replying to one of these critics in the preface to 'Summer Songs,' Collins says:

'There is much truth in this critique. If my present volume should come under the notice of its writer, he will see that I have not been able to follow his advice and "do myself better justice." And why? Because poetry requires complete devotion to itself. Poetry holds the poet with the grasp of a great passion. Poetry, the supreme art of man, the thing which makes him likest God, may well induce him to throw aside all the common joys and cares and loves and friendships of his race, and consecrate himself wholly to his work. There have been "mighty poets in their misery dead"; but what is the most biting misery to the immortal fame?

'I have no right to imagine that I could, by any amount of devotion to the work, do better than I have done. Perhaps the fond fancy dwells with me sometimes, but I shall not confess it. Enough for me, seeing that I have to live by scribbling endless squib and leader with this gray goose-quill which I grasp, that even *Globes* and *Athenæums* admit some fancy, melody, power of versifying, to characterize these rhymes which I write. Yet, after all, would that I had been born a poet!'

Collins was a man of splendid physique, being over six feet high, and handsome withal. He was a great athlete, a first-rate pedestrian, a lover of dogs, and a keen observer of Nature, besides which he was a good chess-player and a clever mathematician. He had a deep reverence for White of Selborne, and followed that great master very closely in his intense love for Nature, and particularly for birds, as is abundantly evidenced in his letters and fugitive papers. In politics he was a strong Tory, and loved old books, old fashions, and old principles. He defied social conventionalities in dress and manners, so that he became known as the 'King of the Bohemians.' He was a great lover of classical literature, and a special admirer of Aristophanes, whose wit and politics were alike congenial to him. One of his works, published in 1872, was entitled 'The British Birds, from the Ghost of Aristophanes.' In addition to his various poetical works, he wrote many novels, some of which have been exceedingly popular. These were: 'Sweet Anne Page' (1868); 'The Ivory Gate' (1869); 'The Vivian Romance' (1870); 'The Marquis

and Merchant' (1871); 'Two Plunges for a Pearl' (1872); 'Princess Clarice' (1872); 'Squire Sylvester's Whim' (1873); 'Miranda: a Midsummer Madness' (1873); 'Mr. Carington' (1873); 'Transmigration' (1874); 'Frances' (1874); 'Sweet and Twenty' (1875); 'Blacksmith and Scholar,' with 'From Midnight to Midnight' (1875); 'Fight with Fortune' (1876); 'The Village Comedy' (1876); 'You Play me False' (posthumous, 1878). In some of his later works, his wife, who died in 1886, assisted him. Collins himself died of heart disease in July, 1876. Besides the above works may be mentioned the following, published since his death: 'Pen Sketches by a Vanished Hand,' from his papers, edited by Tom Taylor in 1879; 'Attic Salt,' a selection of epigrammatic sayings from his works, by F. Kerslake, in 1880; and 'Thoughts in my Garden,' by Edmund Yates, chiefly from a series of Adversaria, contributed to the *St. James's Chronicle* in 1885. He was, besides, an extensive contributor to periodical literature.

A LEAFLET.

O wonderful wild world of ours!
O Spring's soft breath!
O coming kisses, coming flowers—
And coming death!

The flower's a fruit, the kiss a boy,
The maid a wife—
And sorrow is the root of joy,
And death is life.

MY THRUSH.

All through the sultry hours of June,
From morning blithe to golden noon,
And till the star of evening climbs
The gray-blue east, a world too soon,
There sings a thrush amid the limes.

God's poet, hid in foliage green,
Sings endless songs, himself unseen;
Right seldom come his silent times.
Linger, ye summer hours serene!
Sing on, dear thrush, amid the limes!

May I not dream God sends thee there,
Thou mellow angel of the air,
Even to rebuke my earthlier rhymes
With music's soul, all praise and prayer?
Is that thy lesson in the limes?

Closer to God art thou than I:
His minstrel thou, whose brown wings fly
Through silent æther's sunnier climes.
Ah, never may thy music die!
Sing on, dear thrush, amid the limes!

MAIDEN LADIES.

If youth has beauty, beauty also age
Possesses, when we calmly turn the page:
A lady lovable, who love has missed,
Is like a rosebud by hot noon unkissed—
Cool shadows all her purity prolong,
And her faint fragance lasts till evensong.

J. COLMER.

We believe that this writer was a native of Plymouth, but can obtain no biographical particulars. He, at any rate, published several little poems at Plymouth, from one of which, 'The Progress of Truth, and other Poems' (1818), our extract is taken. His other works were 'Sacred Dramas,' 'Isaac and Rebecca,' and 'Summer Odes.'

FROM THE 'PROGRESS OF TRUTH.'

O Britain, land of matchless charities,
To soothe, to heal, reform, and guide the mind,
Through the sad passage of this vale of tears;
'Tis thine the glorious task, in one to blend
Earth's moral duties with the joys of heaven!
Thy seats of learning, many and adorn'd
With erudition deep for ages past,
In genial streams have fertiliz'd the mind!
Of names, for ever dear, while virtue lives,
Who can recount the number or the worth?
O Tillotson, the chief, thy manly sense
Daunted the sophist, and the truth upheld;
And mighty Barrow, in himself an host,
Shook like the lion from his dewy mane
Each insect foe that buzz'd his lies around.
The glory of his age, next, Burnet comes,
With Burkitt, Sherlocke, and innumerous more,
'Mongst whom, in lofty rank, good Porteus stands,
Whose name shall never die, whose Death* shall live,
A blest memento to the end of time.
O happy land, protected from on high,
If thou thy happiness but knew and felt!

LUKE COMBES.

The old ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle, and the traditions which cling around them, have given an inspiration to many poets and story-writers; and not the least worthy is a poem entitled 'Berry Pomeroy,' by Luke M. Combes, printed by E. Cockrem, at Torquay, in 1872. The dedication, dated Paignton, January 24, 1872, was 'to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Jamaica,' but a slip inserted announces the lamented death of that ecclesiastic (Bishop Spencer) whilst the work was in the press. It was issued in April, 1872.

We presume the author of this poem was Luke McMahon Combes, son of Thomas Combes, of Cotham, near Bristol, who matriculated at Oxford (Non-Coll.) January 16, 1875. If so, he must have been very young when he wrote this poem.

OPENING LINES FROM 'BERRY POMEROY.'

CANTO I.

Oh, noble walls! oh, ruins old and gray!
Deserted, desolate, thy towers o'erthrown,
A noble theme art thou for minstrel's lay;
With chequer'd lichens wantonly o'ergrown,
With ivy wreathing garlands of her own

* His poem on Death.

About thy walls in strange fantastic form,
And o'er thy keep, its great luxuriance known
For owl and bat safe refuge from the storm,
More clust'ring branches to the turrets swarm.

Reader! hast ever wandered down that glen
When from the trees were bursting buds of Spring?
If thou hast not, go view the Castle then,
When wild birds will your advent sweetly sing,
And through the woods the echoes faintly ring.
In Summer, too, go view the splendid scene;
But go when moonbeams o'er the turrets fling
Their lights and shadows, soft'ning as they gleam,
Bathing each wood and glen in silvery sheen.

Warm Autumn would thy journey well repay,
For what can with its golden foliage vie?
Then—ere the sinking sun's last slanting ray
Sheds its light on the withered leaves that fly
Down from the trees when stirred by breezes high—
Gaze on the ruin. Last, when Winter's cold
Has seized the ground, and deep the snow-flakes lie;
When buttress dark is wrapped in snowy fold,
Then admiration—if thou canst—withhold.

Mine is the task to fill those courtyards drear
With stalwart men-at-arms and knights in steel—
Warriors of ancient days who knew not fear.
Back to the time my flights of fancy reel,
When Syria felt the Lion-heart's proud heel,
And men were wont to roam in foreign lands;
When Rome her dread tribunals held, and zeal
Was well rewarded by her austere bands,
Who suffered naught to interrupt their plans.

I.

What means that hurried martial sound,
Like warriors on fierce battle-ground,
Echoing through Pomeroy's lofty halls,
Shaking the very Castle walls?
The brave Sir Ralph, the Castle's chief,
And Richard Cœur-de-Lion's fief,
Marshals his vassals to combine
With the King's, from Palestine
To drive the Saracen, whose arm
Had given to Christians great alarm.
With him Sir Guy de Champernowne,
A warrior chief of great renown,
Walter de Totneis, De la Pole,
These were the names that swelled his roll;
All their retainers joined the band,
Under the Pomeroy's sole command.
Their orders were to Dartmouth Castle,
There will the King receive each vassal;
For in that part the galleys laid,
Ready to join the third Crusade.

II.

The Lady Marion leaves her bow'r,
And wends her to the donjon tow'r,
Then bids a menial quick repair,
'Summon the Lady Margaret here,
To see her uncle's train depart.'
Methinks it is with aching heart,
For young La Pole, of Compton Tow'r,
Is captive in her beauty's pow'r;
And now Tor Abbey's holy monk
Upon his bended knees has sunk,
Invoking blessings and success
In fight where Pomeroy's arm shall press.
Portcullis raised, forth from the keep
The gallant train in splendour sweep;
With pennons waving, trumpet's blast,
The Castle's lord leaves it the last.
The steel-clad knights, the streamers gay,
The poet's song, the minstrel's lay,
The rich-cap'risoned steeds of war,
The favours gay, the knightly star,
With floating plumes and mantles green,
Made up, I wis, a martial scene.

EDWARD LEIGH COPE.

This gentleman was the second son of Richard Cope of Launceston, Cornwall. He matriculated from Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1830, being then twenty-five years of age. His father, the Rev. Dr. Richard Cope, was for many years minister of Castle Street Congregational Chapel, Launceston, and it is claimed for him that he established the first Sunday-school in the county of Cornwall.

Mr. E. L. Cope was the author of a volume of poems entitled 'The Fleur de Lis, comprising Lydford Legend, Sunny Isle, Launceston Castle, etc.,' published in 1836, he being then about thirty. The circulation of this little volume was evidently limited, and it is now very scarce, there not being a copy in the British Museum. Mr. Alfred F. Robbins has, however, presented one to the museum of Launceston, his native town, from which we quote the following:

DUNHEVED CASTLE.

Thou mighty pile of ages! whence art thou?
No poet has enthroned thee in his verse;
Tradition hath forgot to mark thee down
On her mysterious page, and Silence keeps,
Within her undiscovered fastnesses,
Thy sign concealed, as if in fear
Thy history would, like thy name, be 'Terrible.'

What daring hands upreared thee from the dust,
And made thy wall contain the strength of rock?
How many suns upon thy sturdy brow
Have shed their new-born beams, which thou at morn
Ere others wake hast felt and made thee smile
With light and beauty, spite of that dark frown
Which mere necessity compels thee wear,
Since thou from out the common mass below,
Which now lies subject at thy base, arose
High towering and majestic in thy strength?

How many moons have sent their silvery gleams,
Like lovely spirits clad in robes of white,
Into thy lone retirement, as to hold
Sweet converse with thee in forsaken age,
And cheer thy time-worn, melancholy looks,
Since thou first recognised the laws of time,
Emerging into light as fresh and fair
As country damsel rising with the dawn?

Thou answerest not! but, oh, how eloquent
E'en in thy sullen muteness! How intense
Th' uncertain thoughts thy silence here inspires!
Couldst thou but find a tongue, what deeds of woe,
What schemes of love, what feats of chivalry,
What plans of conquest, and what festive songs,
And shouts of conquerors and deep-heaved groans
Of warriors fall'n in valorous emprize,
Would form the subject of thy chequered song!

But no! 'twere better far that such a wish
Were unrecorded, better still ungranted;
For such a tale of horror might be told,
As would perchance create a mental night,
Or raise such frightful visions to the eye
To haunt the soul with shades of ancient woe
As might induce immedicable gloom.
It is the gnaw of such unsettled thoughts
That frets the tender heart, and opens wide
A crowd of channels, whence too easily
Escapes the life-blood from the pallid cheek.

Then be as thou hast ever been—remain
That unknown, sullen, silent, wondrous thing,
Which stands while generations pass away.
And if thou hast a conscious being, make
A covenant with the lightning and the blast,

And thunderbolts of heaven, lest they should league
With all-destructive time, and in a trice
Complete thy overthrow where ages failed!
For though thou dost survive those sons of clay
Whose very labours made thee what thou art,
They shall arise into eternity
When thou art sinking in the world's wide tomb;
Thy resurrection-day will never come,
Thou ruin of a thousand wintry storms!

REV. JOHN GAY COPLESTON.

This gentleman was the author (according to Davidson's 'Bibliotheca Devoniensis') of two or three small poetical works, printed for private circulation. (1) 'The Decayed but Reviving Churchyard Yew, Offwell, Devon, 1832'; (2) 'Lynmouth; or, Sketchings and Musings in North Devon,' by a Sojourner, 1835.

He was for more than forty years Rector of Offwell, Honiton, and resigned in favour of his son, in 1881. His brother, from 1828 to 1849, was Bishop of Llandaff.

Mr. Copleston is an excellent scholar, and has been a most useful public man; but his poetical efforts have been chiefly limited to the outpourings of his early years.

JOHN COREY.

This actor and dramatist flourished early in the eighteenth century; but the date of his birth is not known. He was descended from an ancient family who resided near Holsworthy, on the borders of Cornwall; but he himself was born at Barnstaple. 'He was intended,' says Mr. Chanter, 'for the law; but preferring the oratory of the stage to that of the bar, he did not long continue there, but turned actor and dramatic writer, which he followed for twenty years, to the time of his death.'

In 1701 he produced, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 'A Cure for Jealousy,' a poor comedy, which met with no success. It was followed, at the same house, October 2, 1704, by 'Metamorphosis; or, The Old Lover Outwitted,' a farce, said by the author to be taken from Molière, but in fact extracted from 'Albumazur,' by Tomkis. 'The Generous Enemies,' by another John Corey, licensed August 30, 1671, has been erroneously ascribed to him. He made his first appearance as an actor in 1702, and for twenty-nine years he continued to play at Drury Lane, the Haymarket, and other London theatres; but he never appears to have taken any characters of first importance. He is described as 'short in stature, and his voice was poor; but he was otherwise a fair actor.' The date of his death is unknown.

REV. GEORGE JAMES CORNISH, M.A. (1794—1849).

THIS gentleman was born at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, on June 7, 1794, and died in London, September 10, 1849. He was for some time Vicar of Kenwyn, Cornwall; was a Prebendary of Exeter, and chaplain to the Lord Bishop. He published several volumes of sermons and religious works, and in 1850 there was issued a 'Selection from the Sermons and Poetical Remains,' by Netherton, Truro; some of the poetry had been previously published in 'Church Poetry' and 'Days and Seasons.' His 'Lines to the Redbreast' were set to music by T. J. Jones. Another volume, 'Come to the Woods, and other Poems,' was published in 1869, but was chiefly a reprint of the earlier work.

THE VALE OF OTTER.

O Sal'ston Knoll! I love you well,
And all your beechen skreen,
And yon east hill's continuous swell,
And Otter's brook between:
Your breeze, your waters, and your shade,
Such as it is, my being made.

I love you well, sweet vale! for here
My stream of life arose—
That stream that through the eternal year
Shall flow as now it flows;
And howsoe'er it flows, from you
Borrows a still unchanging hue.

'Tis true, I know not what shall be,
When, all its wanderings ceased,
It joins at length its parent sea;
But this I know at least—
He who a proper being gave,
That proper being still will save.

And therefore if some thoughts of blame
And sorrow round thee cling,
Yet still, sweet vale! I love thy name;
Thou art a sacred thing;
Alike for evil or for good,
I cannot quit thee if I would.

Then honour to St. Mary's tower,
The college and the school!
And honour to the Pixie's bower,
And to the maiden pool!
May they to boys hereafter be
The teachers they have been to me.

Still may these haunts, these groves, this sky,
Kind ministrations yield,
The 'common things' that round them lie
Their better nature build,
And teach them gently to improve
All harsher feelings into love.

THOMAS CORNISH (1830—1890).

MR. THOMAS CORNISH was the son of Henry Cornish, solicitor, of Tavistock, where he was born July 28, 1830. He was educated at the Tavistock Grammar School, and afterwards at the Grammar School, Tiverton. He became a solicitor in 1851, and was appointed Town Clerk at Marazion in 1860; Under-Sheriff of Cornwall in 1864 and 1878: Town Clerk of Penzance in 1878. He was also president of the Penzance Antiquarian and Natural History Society. He died August 12, 1890, at Penzance.

Mr. Cornish was an able lawyer, and remarkable for his powers of advocacy and cross-examination. He was a man of whom everybody spoke well, and his generosity was proverbial. He has been known to send whole families abroad at his own expense, to give them a fresh start in life. He was secretary to the Miners' Relief Fund, and did good service in many other directions.

He was the author of the following charming song:

SING, BIRDIE, SING!

Sing, birdie, sing! your playmate's abed,
Sing as you ever have sung;
Little list you he is lying there dead,
The string of his life unstrung.

Never again will he welcome your trill
As you wake with the rising sun;
Sing as you may, he for ever is still,
The days of his life are done.

Waits for him only the cold, dark place,
For him waits the massive stone.
How will you fill up his vacant space—
You, in the world alone?

Sing, birdie, sing! sing loud and true,
There are others as good as he;
One cloud must not darken the sun for you—
Yours is life; his the grave must be.

There are yet those will love you for his lost sake,
And you, when your race is run,
Mayhap with him will your own place take
In the land of the endless sun.

JOSEPH COTTLE (1770—1853).

Cottle, a native of Gloucester, author and bookseller, is well known as a liberal patron of Coleridge and Southey. Writing in his 'Biographia Literaria,' Coleridge alludes to Cottle as 'a friend from whom I never received any advice that was not wise, or a remonstrance that was not gentle and affectionate.' We cannot here give a detailed biography of Cottle; in fact, it would be out of place so to do, as his appearance in the present volume is merely incidental, he having published, in 1823, a volume entitled 'Dartmoor, and other Poems,' from which the following is an extract:

TO DEVON.

Devon! whose beauties prove, from flattery free,
The happy theme where wranglers all agree;
When troubles press, or health, that blessing, fails,
What joy to range thy renovating vales!—
'England's Montpelier,' o'er thy downs to stray,
Thy logans, camps, and cromlechs huge survey;
Thy rivers to their mountain source explore,
Or roam refreshed beside thy craggy shore;
To track thy brooks, that to the passer-by
Babble their airs of liquid melody,
Winding through glens where seldom suns have shone,
Like life, through all obstructions, gliding on.

Thy distant offspring, with th' enthusiast's zest,
Extol thee still in charms perennial drest;
Trace and retrace each haunt of childhood sweet,
And, 'Oh, my country!' in their dreams repeat.
And if at length, when years are on their wane,
Surmounting bars and bursting every chain,
To their 'dear Devon!' they return once more,
With pleasure to renew the days of yore;
(Now mellowed down by time to calm delight,
Like eve's broad orb, retiring from the sight;)
To mount thy wood-crowned hills, and there to stand,
Creation blooming round! A *Tempe* land!
Shrubs, rocks, and flowers, voluptuous in attire,
Whatever eye can charm or heart desire,
And in the distance, through some opening seen,
Old Ocean, in his vast expanse of green.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, better known to literature as 'Q,' comes from a Cornish family, several members of which have been prominent in matters relating to that county. His grandfather was Jonathan Couch, of Polperro, the well-known ichthyologist. He also

wrote the 'History of Polperro.' Mr. Couch's father (Thomas Quiller Couch), of Bodmin, was a writer on antiquarian matters. See 'Dictionary of National Biography,' where may also be found a notice of his uncle, Richard Quiller Couch, of Penzance. 'Q' was born at Bodmin, November 21, 1863, and was educated at Newton Abbot College, then at Clifton College, and finally at Trinity College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1886. He afterwards became lecturer in classics at Trinity, and so remained until he left Oxford to try his fortune in the literary world of London.

One of his earliest literary efforts was 'Athens,' a poem published in the *Cliftonian*, 1881. It won the first prize at Clifton College, of which the author was an alumnus, and was reprinted at Bodmin for private circulation. The following are his chief works, arranged in the order of their publication: 'Dead Man's Rock' (1887); 'Astonishing History of Troy Town' (1888); 'The Splendid Spur' (1889); 'Noughts and Crosses' (1891); 'The Blue Pavilions' (1891); 'I saw Three Ships' (1892); 'The Delectable Duchy' (1893); 'Green Bays,' poems (1893); and 'The Golden Pomp': an Elizabethan anthology (1895). He also contributed a 'critical and biographical introduction' to 'Verses by the Way,' by J. D. Hosken, another Cornish poet.

He has been on the staff of the *Speaker* since its commencement in January, 1890, and still writes its weekly 'Literary Causerie.' An illustrated article by 'Q' appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for July, 1894, entitled 'Humours of the Duchy,' and he has contributed numerous articles and sketches to contemporary periodicals.

He left London in 1892, and settled at Fowey (Troy Town), a place that he has known since his boyhood. Here, with an occasional short run to London, he spends most of his time, and here he weaves his romantic stories of Cornwall—its scenery and its people, its drolls and its legends.

His poems have not been numerous—in fact, he does not set up to be a poet in any sense of the term; but the following from 'Green Bays' will show that he is worthy to be included in our galaxy of West-Country Poets.

UPON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Now winds of Winter glue
Their tears upon the thorn,
And Earth has voices few,
And these forlorn.

And 'tis our solemn night
When maidens sand the porch,
And play at 'Jack's alight'
With burning torch.

Or cards, or kiss i' the ring,
While ashen faggots blaze,
And late wassailers sing
In miry ways.

Then, dear my wife, be blithe
To bid the New Year hail,
And welcome—plough, drill, scythe,
And jolly flail.

For though the snows he'll shake
Of Winter from his head,
To settle, flake by flake,
On ours instead,

Yet we be wreathèd green
Beyond his blight or chill,
Who kissed at seventeen,
And worship still.

We know not what he'll bring ;
But this we know to-night—
He doth prepare the Spring
For our delight :

With birds he'll comfort us,
With blossoms, balms, and bees,
With brooks and odorous
Wild breath o' the breeze.

Come then, O festal prime !
With sweets thy bosom fill,
And dance it, dripping thyme,
On Lantick hill.

West wind, awake and comb
Our garden blade from blade !
We, in our little home,
Sit unafraid.

MISS M. A. COURTNEY.

Miss Margaret Ann Courtney is the eldest daughter of the late J. S. Courtney, author of the 'Guide to Penzance,' etc. She was born at Penzance, April 16, 1834, where she still resides. Her brothers, the Right Hon. Leonard Courtney, M.P., and Mr. W. P. Courtney, joint editor with Mr. G. C. Boase of the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis,' are well known. Her second brother, John Mortimer Courtney, has for many years held the post of Deputy-Finance Minister of the Dominion of Canada. Miss Courtney has compiled a 'Glossary of Words in Use in West Cornwall,' which was published in 1880 by the English Dialect Society, in conjunction with the late Mr. T. Q. Couch's work of 'Words in Use in East Cornwall.' Another work by Miss Courtney was 'Cornish Feasts and Folk-lore,' printed and published by T. Beare and Sons, Penzance, in 1890. This volume contains a number of old Cornish ballads, by various writers. In 'Poems of Cornwall' (1892) is a ballad by Miss Courtney, entitled 'The White Ladie' and 'Three Days,' a poem. The sonnets which follow are, we believe, here published for the first time. These and other similar productions establish her claim to be included in our gallery of West-Country Poets.

A PICTURE.

A coming tide, a stretch of gray, wet sand,
A sunset sky, with gold and crimson bright,
Across the sea a rippling path of light.
Weed-covered stones, hollows where clear pools stand,
A crazy boat left lying on the strand.
Low rounded hills that to the sea slope down,
A straggling, whitewashed, little fishing town,
Thin mists of evening creeping o'er the land.
A ridge of wind-blown trees against the sky,
Two women home returning wearily
From mussel-picking ; wet with sea and spray,
Bare-legged, with creel on back plodding their way.
Men gazing seaward, leaning on a wall,
Sweet summer twilight brooding over all.

RETROSPECT.

What have I done with all my fifty years,
With the one talent God hath given to me ?
Used it, or buried it where none could see ?
Have I worked out my task with sighs and tears,
And done my best in spite of doubts and fears ?
Or have I lived a life of slothful ease,
Thought not of others, only self to please,
And worshipped at the temple Mammon rears ?
If none I've helped, succoured no fatherless,
No widow comforted in her distress,
No poor have fed, grieved not with him who grieves,
Rescued no traveller fallen among thieves,
But turned away, 'twere better far for me
When I was born that I had ceased to be.

HANNAH COWLEY (1743—1809).

HANNAH COWLEY, dramatist and poet, was a native of Tiverton in Devonshire. Her father, Philip Parkhouse, was a bookseller in that town, and her paternal grandmother was a cousin of the poet Gay. At the age of twenty-five she married Mr. Cowley, and had been married some years before the idea of writing entered her mind. When witnessing a performance, she said to her husband, in disparagement of the play, 'Why, I could write as well.' He laughed incredulously; and she, as a proof of her abilities, wrote the first act of 'The Runaway.' The entire play was finished in a fortnight, sent to Garrick, and produced at Drury Lane, February 15, 1776, being most successful. She followed with many others of varying merit and success. Editions of her plays were published in 1776 and also in 1813, and most of her plays were published separately. Some of them still remain in the list of acting plays, and others might be revived with advantage. Her plots are, as a rule, her own, though she is not above using the work of others, and is careful when so doing to minimize her indebtedness. Some of her characters are freshly conceived, though their motives to action are not seldom inadequate. Her poems are 'The Maid of Arragon' (1780); 'The Siege of Acre' (1799); 'The Scottish Village' (1787); 'Edwina' (1794). Under the signature of 'Anna Matilda,' she carried on a poetical correspondence with Robert Merry in the *World*. Gifford, in the 'Baviad and Mæviad,' makes mirth of these performances, and it must be admitted that they were of an order to merit Gifford's censures. Mrs. Cowley died March 11, 1809, at Tiverton, leaving a son and daughter. Her husband died in 1797.

WILLIAM ARCHIBALD CRAMP.

THIS gentleman was a brilliant verse-writer, and was a frequent contributor to the poet's corner of the 'Torquay Directory,' under the name of Tom Carlton. He contributed a fine poem on Dante to the first volume of the *Cornhill Magazine*, when it was edited by Thackeray. It is unsigned, but we can vouch for its authenticity. Our informant (Mr. J. T. White, author of the 'History of Torquay') says he read the poem in manuscript before it was sent to London, and he afterwards read Mr. Thackeray's letter of acknowledgment, enclosing a cheque for a handsome amount. It was on Mr. Thackeray's suggestion that Mr. Cramp's name was struck out of the proof, because he was desirous of retaining that gentleman's service on the magazine, and did not wish rival publishers to know him.

Mr. Cramp was the author of a volume of sonnets, published by Wakeham, Torquay. As Mr. Cramp was a gentleman of independent means, he was enabled to devote himself to literary pursuits. At his death he left a large mass of manuscripts.

DANTE.

I wait in patience, and in trembling hope,
The last sands in my glass; a few brief grains
Divide me from the angel in yon cope,
Whose studded azure never sheltered pains
Keener than mine! But from my mount of years
I look on my past life as one whose chains
Have fall'n, saint-touched; and through the mist of tears
Sweet glimmerings of the empyrean come
Athwart the troubled vale of doubts and fears;
And as a child, who, wandered from his home,
Sees, suddenly, with speechless joy, his cot.
Thus seems the hour, when I no more shall roam,
But, in a blessed and abiding lot,
Merge my long exile. Florence, when these eyes,
So long athirst, shall gaze upon the spot,
This atom-earth, in space, with ken more wise
Than erring nature would permit to clay,
Methinks that sorrow, for thy destinies,
Will yet pursue me to the realms of day;
For wert not thou the life-hope of my breast? [way
Although my grief-schooled spirit gave not
To its deep yearning, so, at thy behest,
To tread thy streets once more: I could not bend [Unrest,
Truth to the shameless compromise!
Want, banishment, were better than to lend
Myself to falsehood! More thou needest me
Than I thee. So, I know, unto the end,
How hard 'tis to climb others' stairs; to see
Anarchy's gory reign; to beg my bread
In alien courts, midst lewd society;
At times without a shelter for the head
A price set on! Centuries follow this,
When thou shalt think upon thy Dante dead,
And his poor tomb; which ever the abyss
Of waves shall moan to. Yes, my Florence, then,
When bright Italia, 'neath the brutal kiss
Of the barbarian ravishers, shall plain,
In useless struggles, growing faint to death,
How shalt thou wish thy Dante back again!
But even then, an echo of my breath
Through the long years, with trumpet inspiration,
Shall lead thy best to victory—or death!
And, if no more they may be called a nation,
Shall teach them how to fall with Samson-wrath;
Yea! fall in triumph midst the desolation
Of throne, and rostrum, altar, and of hearth!
Nor, where the blessed corn-crop fail, to leave
To poisonous weeds the heirship of the earth. [grieve
Oh! well these tried and aged eyes may
To read, in spirit, this foreacted doom
Which others neither *can* see nor believe!
But laugh upon the threshold of the tomb;
As sports the summer-fly, whilst spiders weave
Their fateful nets! Well, let the earth resume
This failing garment of my flesh; I feel
My present life has not been without bloom
Or fruits: due time their flavour will reveal!
And if the statesman's sole reward hath been
Long years of wandering, seeking to conceal
A forfeit life; if spoken words like wind
Have passed away, my fame seared in its green:
I leave, at least, *one* testament behind,
Of which my Florence shall not say, I ween
(However callous, and unjustly blind,)
It dies, along with the old Ghibelline!
No; with Italia's land my book shall live,
Her thoughts and very language be of mine!
Yes, what my *city* was too false to give,
A *world* will yet award me! So I end:
My strength hath been in patience, whose close sieve,

Well used, the Garner's labour will befriend.
Florence, my mighty wrongs I can forgive!
Honour me in my ashes; this thou *must*.
Now, sainted name, in whose pure memories live
The all that shall make glorious my dust,
My sole thoughts turn with speechless love to thee!
Thou wert my Alpha and Omega, First
And Last! Let me return to liberty;
I found it but in Paradise—with thee!

WILLIAM CREES.

William Crees was born at Exminster, near Exeter, on June 17, 1854, his father being a tradesman of the village. Being the eldest in the family, the services of the boy were called into requisition at the age of ten (he had previously received his education at the village school). From his earliest years he scribbled verses, and gained for himself the sobriquet of 'Village Poet.' At the age of sixteen he left home, and sought employment in Exeter. There, without any previous knowledge of the trade, he procured a situation as trimmer in a large coach-building establishment, where he remained until incapacitated from work by a fever. He next went to Cardiff, and got a situation as clerk in the goods office of the Rhymney Railway Company. An unfortunate disagreement with the manager caused him to resign this appointment, but he succeeded in obtaining another situated at Cardiff, in connection with the London and North-Western Railway. This post he held for about a year, and during this time his pen was most prolific. Home calls, however, grew loud, and William Crees was fortunate in obtaining a situation on the railway at Exeter; and in spite of the arduous duties imposed on him, he was able to write his longest poem, 'Recollections of Exwick.' For a short time he took to scholastic work, but found it uncongenial to his tastes, and so relinquished it. He then turned his hand to painting, papering, and other matters of house-work; but tiring of this, he turned again to coach-building, remaining in this line until the firm was broken up. Making many unsuccessful applications for situations, he thought he would try some business on his own account, so he started at South Wonford, Heavitree, in the boot and shoe line—his father's business. After about five years' steady work, he was offered and accepted the position of local agent to the Prudential Assurance Company, and eventually became assistant-superintendent. He now represents that company at Exeter, but still resides at Heavitree, where in his leisure moments he amuses himself by writing snatches of song, many of which find their way to the public through the medium of the local newspapers —'grateful to a bountiful God for His mercies, and happy in the humble sphere in which he moves.'

We give a short extract from Mr. Crees' effusions, of which he has four volumes in manuscript:

TO A CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Beautiful Chrysanthemum !
Coming when the days are sober,
When the skies are dull and sober ;
Shining as a precious gem,
Beauteous as a diadem,
Day-star of October !

Coming in the autumn time,
When the Summer flowers are dying,
When her last few flowers are dying,
And her joyous song and chime
End their music so sublime,
And she's lifeless lying !

When the sere and yellow leaf
From its native spray is falling,
Strews the mourning earth in falling,
Sad additions to her grief ;
Then thou com'st to give relief,
Nature's bloom recalling.

And thou com'st amid the woe,
Like a smile in time of sorrow,
Smile of love in deepest sorrow ;
Or bright Hope when eyes o'erflow,
And our hearts are sad and low,
Pointing brighter morrow.

Or amid the leaves that lie
On the graves of the departed,
Our belovèd ones departed ;
Withered now, but by-and-bye
Blooming in the realms on high,
Glad and joyous-hearted.

Blooming in a land of bliss,
O'er the wreck of time and sorrow,
Ne'er to know another sorrow ;
And their lovely form in this
Minds me of the coming bliss,
Makes me wish the morrow !

Beautiful Chrysanthemum !
Standing like an angel near me,
Blooming 'midst the dark and dreary,
Lifting on thy leafy stem
Hope's bright star, to gladden them
Who are weak and weary.

ANNE BATTEN CRISTALL.

This lady was the writer of 'Poetical Sketches,' published in 1795 ; she was the daughter of Joshua Cristall, figure and landscape painter of Camborne. We append a few of her verses :

BY THE DART.

Where Dart romantic winds its mazy course,
And mossy rocks adhere to woody hills,
From whence each creeping rill its store distils,
And wandering waters join with rapid force ;
There Nature's hand has wildly strown her flowers,
And varying prospects strike the roving eyes ;
Rough-hanging woods o'er cultur'd hills arise ;
Thick ivy spreads around huge antique towers ;
And fruitful groves
Scatter their blossoms fast as falling showers,
Perfuming every stream which o'er the landscape pours.
Along the grassy banks how sweet to stray,
When the mild eve smiles in the glowing west,
And lengthened shades proclaim departing day.
And fainting sunbeams in the waters play,
When every bird seeks its accustomed rest !

How grand to see the burning orb descend,
And the grave sky wrapped in its nightly robes,
Whether resplendent with the starry globes,
Or silvered by the mildly-solemn moon ;
When nightingales their lovely song resume,
And folly's sons their babbling noise suspend !

Or when the darkening clouds fly o'er the sea,
And early morning beams a cheerful ray,
Waking melodious songsters from each tree,
How sweet beneath each dewy hill,
Amid the pleasing shades, to stray,
Where nectar'd flowers their sweets distil,
Whose watery pearls reflect the day !

To scent the jonquil's rich perfume,
To pluck the hawthorn's tender briers,
As wild beneath each flowery hedge
Fair strawberries with violets bloom,
And every joy of Spring conspires !

Nature's wild songsters from each bush and tree
Invite the early walk, and breathe delight :
What bosom heaves not with warm sympathy
When the gay lark salutes the new-born light ?
Hark ! where the shrill-toned thrush,
Sweet whistling, carols the wild harmony !
The linnet warbles, and from yonder bush
The robin pours soft streams of melody !

WILLIAM CROSSING.

Mr. William Crossing comes of an ancient family, members of which were mayors and bailiffs of Exeter during several reigns (from 1594 downward), according to Izacke, Westcote and Risdon. He was born at Plymouth, November 14, 1847. From his

earliest youth he has always been fond of Dartmoor, his early associations centring around the neighbourhood of Sheepstor, Walkhampton, Meavy, and Yannadon. He inherited a taste for antiquities from his mother, who was very fond of investigating those in the neighbourhood, and of gleaning from the peasantry bits of legendary lore. Some friends of hers resided at that time at Place Barton, close to Buckland Abbey—a place of great interest. Later on, Mr. Crossing became acquainted with Tavistock, Coryton, Lydford, Okehampton, and with the northern borders of the Moor, as well as with South Brent, on its southern verge. Cann Woods and Bickleigh, the banks of the Tavy about Maristow, Lopwell and Tamerton, were all favourite resorts of our young author. After leaving school at Plymouth, William Crossing went to the Independent College at Taunton, and then returned to finish his education at the Mannamead School, then kept by the Rev. Peter Holmes, D.D.

Mr. Crossing's earliest literary efforts were in the direction of fiction—'thrilling romances,' composed for the delectation of his school-fellows. His first essay in poetry was at the age of fourteen, when a poem written by him appeared in the pages of *Young England*, December, 1861. In 1863 he went for a short coasting voyage to Wales, and gained a liking for the sea; and in 1864 he joined a vessel bound for Canada, having a narrow escape of being crushed by an iceberg during the night. On returning from this voyage, he took to business pursuits in Plymouth, and then recommenced his Dartmoor explorations, which he has systematically continued down to the present time. In 1868 he wrote several pieces for amateur theatricals; he also contributed topical verses for a member of the stock company (Mr. Charles Seymour), then engaged at the Plymouth Theatre Royal. Mr. Crossing was always quick at 'throwing off' doggerel, and has frequently improvised a rhyming account of the day's doings, for the amusement of any company in which he happened to be, when seated round the peat-piled hearth on the Moor.

In 1872 he married and settled down at Brent, taking to Dartmoor explorations with more ardour than ever. In the previous year he had commenced to make notes of rambles, without, however, any systematic arrangement; but after his marriage he seems to have become more methodical, and to have determined to write a book descriptive of the moorland district. At that time he knew nothing of the literature of the Moor, and had never seen Mr. Rowe's 'Perambulation.' From that time to the present he has continued his explorations, aiming at one day producing a work which shall be an exhaustive one; but he confesses that the more he has learnt of Dartmoor, the less inclination has he to carry out his early project, unless it can be in a thorough manner. Although Mr. Crossing has written and published several books about Dartmoor, and many articles and scattered papers, he is still accumulating notes for his greater and more formidable task, which we trust he may be soon able to accomplish. In 1878, while staying at Hexworthy, on Dartmoor, he taught himself phonetic shorthand, receiving great assistance from his wife, who acted as reader; this he has found of great service, by enabling him more easily to make notes of his daily explorations. One of his chief delights is in

reading Macpherson's Ossian, and in bringing, in imagination, the heroes of the poems to Dartmoor, there to enact their deeds of prowess amid the familiar scenes. He is also a great admirer of Longfellow. Mr. Crossing is a great lover of books, and despite the troubles and difficulties of life (of which he has had a full share), he says that in the company of his books he never feels dull—they are his constant companions. He has made a study of Welsh and Gaelic, and has a good knowledge of Wales, more especially of the Snowdon district.

Although Mr. Crossing is very fond of animals, especially dogs, he has no great liking for field sports, his principal recreation, apart from his moorland rambles, being trout-fishing. But his chief delight is in an extended ramble, and a chat with the Moor-men, amongst whom he is a great favourite. Mr. Crossing's wanderings have been mostly on foot; sometimes starting soon after daybreak, and not returning till after midnight. Sometimes his rambles have extended to two or three days. He has never set out, *à la tourist*, to 'do' Dartmoor, or gone about 'learning' it in any set fashion; but by constant association his knowledge of the district has gradually grown, until in the course of years he has crossed and recrossed it in every direction. He is now considered one of the best authorities on Dartmoor and its antiquities, having made it, and them, his especial study. Mr. Crossing was one of the earliest members of the Dartmoor Preservation Association, joining it immediately on its formation; he also joined the Devonshire Association in 1881.

Mr. Crossing's chief literary works are as follows:

'Leaves from Sherwood, etc.;' being original poems; published at Plymouth, 1868.

'The Ancient Crosses of Dartmoor; with a Description of their Surroundings;' Exeter, 1887. (This is an expansion of a series of articles which originally appeared in the *Western Antiquary*.)

'Amid Devonia's Alps; or, Wanderings, and Adventures on Dartmoor;' Plymouth, 1888.

'Crockern Tor and the Ancient Stannary Parliament;' *Western Antiquary*, 1889-90.

'Tales of the Dartmoor Pixies;' London, 1890.

'The Old Stone Crosses of the Dartmoor Borders;' Exeter, 1892.

'The Chronicles of Crazy Well;' Plymouth, 1893.

'The Ocean Trail;' Plymouth, 1894.

'Widey Court;' Plymouth, 1895.

And among his poems may be mentioned, 'The Moorman's Story,' 'The Legend of Binjie Gear,' 'Trawler, P.H. 304,' and 'Little Flo.'

And sundry topographical and descriptive articles.

VIA CRUCIS VIA VERA.

The dark'ning shadows filled the vale,
The way seemed long and drear,
Rough was the track and hard to trace,
And none to guide was near;

And soon my falt'ring steps were stayed,
Two paths before me lay,
Oh for a friendly hand to aid
And show to me the way!

When lo, a rudely fashioned stone
From out the gloom appeared,
A moss-grown cross, in days long flown
By pious hands upreared.
It showed a straight and narrow path—
No more my steps would stray—
And doubts had ceased to trouble now
That I had found the way.

'Twas thus when in the wilderness
I tried to pierce the gloom,
And find a path to that bright land
That lies beyond the tomb,
The Promise of the Book shone forth,
And by its clearing ray
Revealed the Cross of Calvary,
And then I knew the Way.

MRS. CUMING.

Mrs. Cuming, formerly of Prospect Place, Totnes, was the wife of Mr. Samuel Cuming, borough surveyor and architect of that town. She died a year or two since at the neighbouring town of Dartmouth. Her only poetical work, 'The Forest of Arden, and other Poems,' was published in 1872, and contains some very pretty little pieces.

SONG.

Say! what is left for woman
When human loves decay?—
The light of all that's left of life
From her has passed away.

When youth and beauty she possessed,
Both gifts of fleeting stay,
She *could* not think that time *could* bring
To her a happier day.

For dancing down the stream of life
All joyous as she may,
She *would* not think that time *could* steal
Those precious gifts away.

If love no more within her heart
Can find a place to stay,
It is that from its native place
With hope it went its way.

Then bravely meet the varied ill
We cannot mend or stay;
If love departs, there's honour still
To hold on by the way.

And *this* is left for woman
When human loves decay—
The light of all that's left of life
From her has passed away.

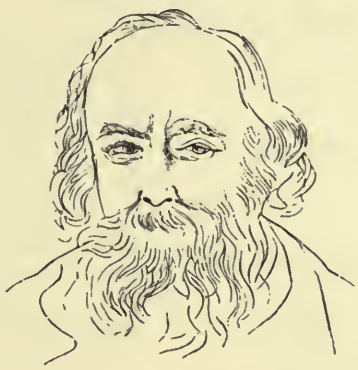
FRANK CURZON.

Mr. Frank Curzon, artist, poet, and orator, was born in the city of Exeter in the year 1819, where his father was a bookseller. He was educated at Exeter, at private academies, and was originally intended for an artist; and though he did not formally adopt this profession, he has, in the best sense of the phrase, been a successful artist throughout his career.

He was one of the founders of the Exeter Literary Society, established in 1841 ; this institution has become one of the most important literary centres in the West of England. He thus describes the early days of this society : 'In 1841 I and twenty-seven others started the Exeter Literary Society. I borrowed a room for a year, rent-free, went and swept the room out for them every week ; lent them my library, which was not a mean one, as my father was at one time a most successful bookseller ; and we spent every half-penny in books. In 1891 I paid them a visit, and they now number 900 members.'

In 1846 he published a volume of poems, 'Lays and Legends of the West.' This work reached a second edition, and was well received by the leading papers. In 1848-49 he was editor of the *Drawing-room Magazine*, in 1850 he published a monthly periodical called the *Christian*, and in 1853 he was editor of the *Warrington Guardian*.

At this time, as, indeed, for some years previously, Mr. Curzon had conjoined with his study of literature that of art, and had painted a number of portraits. He has many interesting reminiscences of his artist days in London. Mr. Curzon had long been



actively engaged in his leisure in promoting the foundation of educational institutes in London and elsewhere, and became the honorary secretary of several of these associations. In 1853 he was appointed secretary of the Warrington Mechanics' Institute ; he then removed to Huddersfield, in the same capacity, and went to Leeds, where he still resides, in 1871. Since that time he has been the 'head centre' or organizing secretary of the Yorkshire Union of Institutes, and most remarkable success has attended his efforts. The union now includes nearly 300 separate institutes, with an aggregate of 62,000 members. He also superintends the Yorkshire Village Library, which is doing immense good in the rural districts of that great county.

Mr. Curzon has been a popular lecturer for more than half a century, and in that character has probably visited every mechanics' institute and literary institution in the kingdom. He gave his first lecture in the year 1840. All his lectures are illustrated by sketches on the blackboard, made in the presence of the audience ; and one of the lectures, 'Our Faces, and how we have come by them,' has been elivered upwards of

five hundred times. Mr. Curzon lectures without notes, and is able thus to adapt his address to the character of his audience or the interests of the locality; whilst his training as an artist has enabled him to make his blackboard illustrations rapid and graphic. In this way he has been the means of imparting a love of Art to the masses of the people, and it is pleasant to know that very many have been induced to decorate their homes with works of art suggested by his lectures.

Mr. Curzon's poem 'Annie Linden' was reprinted in 1888, at the request of Lord Lytton, who had admired it very greatly. It is a Devonshire narrative. Many of his ballads have been set to music.

DEAR OLD DEVON.

Oh, the roses! oh, the roses of our dear old land!
How they redden in the sunshine, how they sparkle in the dew!
How they climb the cottage window for the maiden's lilied hand!
How they blush upon her bosom, and her dainty cheek shine through!

The violets of our valleys, how modestly they flash!
They have stolen our sister's eyes away and linger in their place;
While the pixies hang their gossamers upon the eyelid's lash,
And the moss of many summers frames in the flower-like face.

Oh, the apples of our Eden that Eve's daughters offer up!
How they round the swelling figure, how they give the lips their zest!
Can we wonder that the wild-bird loves the nectar of the cup,
Or the sons of Adam hunger for the apples of the West,

And the tempting cream that mantles on the rounded cheek and brow,
Whilst the lips like bitten cherries let the seed-pearls shimmer through?

If I never knew your charms before, I think I know them now,
And I'll carry them upon my heart in memory of you.

Oh! I love our dear old Devon
For the heroes we have bred;
Our blood is better given
For the bright blood they have shed.

Oh! I love our dear old Devon
For the poets we have reared;
Like the lark they've lived near heaven,
And her melody have shared.

Oh! I love our dear old Devon
For the painters we possess,
Who with loving hands have striven
With the land's bright loveliness.

Oh! I love our dear old Devon
For each senator and sage;
For the charters they have given,
For the Bible's open page.

Oh! I love our dear old Devon
For the grand hearts we recall;
For the good men God has given,
Oh! I love it best of all.

WILLIAM KELYNACK DALE.

William Kelynack Dale is a native of Newlyn, where he was born September 3, 1833. His father was Benjamin Dale. He received his education at Penzance Academy, and from private tuition. He contributed largely to newspaper and magazine literature in his early life, and in 1856 published a volume of verse, entitled 'Wild Flowers and Fruits,' which went through two editions, the second (published 1862) being entitled 'Poems: the Legend of the Golden Ring, etc.' Several of his poems appeared in the *Christian Miscellany*, 1853. Being busily engaged in commercial pursuits, he has of late years found little time to devote to the Muses.

Mr. Dale became a member of the Helston Town Council in 1876, was elected Mayor in 1883, and Alderman in 1892. He is Justice of the Peace for the borough.

RABBI, BONUM EST.

'Master! it is good to be
On the holy mount with Thee;
Here, O Master! grant that we
Build Thee tabernacles three;
One for Elias let there be,
For Moses one, and one for Thee.'

Thus exclaimed the chosen Three—
Spake the sons of Zebedee:
Ever leader of the van,
Spake the fiery fisherman:
'Here, O Master! grant that we
Evermore abide with Thee.'

But they knew not what they said—
Hark! it thunders overhead;
Lo! the voice of Him who spoke
Shakes the mountain, rends the rock,
While the saints in clouds of light
Vanish from their dazzled sight.

Had they with a seer's ken
Swept the wondrous future then,
At their feet what scenes had lain!
Steeps of glory—deeps of pain;
But their heavy eyes of clay
Flashed not with prophetic ray.

Saw they not their Lord and Head
Like a lamb to slaughter led;
Saw Him not in triumph risen
From the grave's demolished prison;
Nor the cloven flame-tongues fall
On the Spirit's Festival!

Saw not fabled Mars and Pan
Bow before the Son of man;
Saw not mystic fane and grove
Perish with Olympian Jove;
And the Athenian god unknown
Stagger from his falling throne.

Saw they not the rack, the wheel,
Scourging thong and stabbing steel;
Heard not the mad multitude
Fiercely clamouring for their blood,
And the thronged arena ring
At the lion's deadly spring!

Saw not Peter's death abhorred;
Saw not hell-doomed Herod's sword
Dripping with the blood of James;
Saw they not the caldron's flames;
Nor the island's visioned caves
Washed with wild Ægean waves.

As of old Thy chosen Three,
So, O Master! now are we;
On the mount like them we pray,
But we know not what we say;
For through blood, and flame, and strife,
Lies the path that leads to Life.

HAWKINS A. DALTON, R.N.

WHETHER Mr. Dalton was a native of Devonport or not we are unable to say. But one thing is certain, viz., that he had a book of poems printed at Devonport in or about the year 1830, it being entitled 'Human Life, the Broken Heart, and other Poems.' It was dedicated to his brother, Henry Augustus Dalton, Esq., and we have a copy before us with the inscription: 'With the Author's compliments, February 24, 1830—H.M.S. *Ganges*.'

We should scarcely have noticed this little book, or made any extract therefrom, had not the author in his preface penned some words with which we entirely agree. He says: 'Poets and poems are too numerous, and too well known, to need but little comment. Thousands of the former are daily crowded on the road to Parnassus; yet how few of them indeed ever attain its summit! And too many are often obliged to retreat into the precincts of "hallowed Grub Street." However arduous the journey may seem, and defying the obstacles that present themselves, I have entered the list with the motive to be but a humble candidate before the Muses' shrine for the lyre of the Bard. If I fail, I may console myself with the idea that an attempt was made, but was unsuccessful.'

STANZAS.

H.M.S. ORESTES.

She comes in her glory, she comes in her pride,
The gem of the ocean, the queen of the tide.
Her banners are floating, triumphant and brave;
She sweeps o'er the foam of the dark azure wave;
She bounds like a war-steed, proud prancing in might,
Whose soul burns with ardour elate for the fight.

Like eaglet whose pinions are spread to the skies,
In majesty soaring, as upward he flies,
Like swift arrow cleaving the caverns of air,
And, blood-thirsting, seeks out the enemy's lair;
So merry she bounds o'er the foam-crested sea,
And spurns the white billows that dash on her lee.

Though silent she stalks, yet a voice she can wake,
Compelling the hearts of the haughty to quake.
Within her are engines that roar o'er the main,
Britannia, her sov'reign, their rights to maintain;
On her decks crowd the gallant, the noble, and bold,
Whose deeds shall to ages in hist'ry be told.

When the lion of battle be rous'd from his den,
Whose breath is destruction to myriads of men,
When war-cries reverb'rate from shore unto shore,
And fields of the ocean are purple with gore,
Unrivall'd she'll ride o'er the foam-crested sea,
And spurn the white billows that dash on her lee.

ALEXANDER DANIEL.

Mr. J. S. Courtney, in his 'Guide to Penzance and Neighbourhood' (1845), has, in an appendix, a number of letters written during the first seven years of the Restoration of King Charles II. He says: 'These letters were written by Alexander Daniel, of Laregan, Esquire, the only son of Richard Daniel, of Truro, by his first wife, Jaquelina Van Megen. Richard Daniel was born in 1561, and his father was probably the William Daniel who was returned as M.P. for Truro in 43 Elizabeth. He left Cornwall when he was about fifteen, resided many years in the Low Countries, and was sometime Deputy-Governor of Middleburgh, the capital of Walcheren. He returned to Truro in 1614, after making a considerable fortune as a merchant; twice represented his native town in Parliament, viz., in 1623, and again in 1627; and died there February 11, 1630. Alexander was born at Middleburgh, December 12, 1599; came to reside at Laregan, where he built a house, in 1639; and died April 12, 1668. He was buried in Madron churchyard, and on his tomb is this inscription:

'"Belgia me birth, Britain me breeding gave,
Cornwall a wife, ten children and a grave."

His wife was Grace Bluett, of Little Colan, and his ten children consisted of eight sons and two daughters.'

Other particulars of the Daniels are given, and there is a transcript of the various letters mentioned above, and at the end is the following interesting note:

'There still exist in manuscript 375 pieces of his poetry, entitled "Daniel's Meditations," and filling 180 double-column folio pages. His principal subject is Man's Redemption, or, in the author's own words:

'"In these weak contemplations is contain'd
What God of Christ for mankind has ordain'd."'

The following lines are a specimen of his poetical talents; they are prefixed to his poems, and entitled

AN INVOCATION.

If it may pleasing be in poesie
To laud the Lord, then leave I humbly crave
To cast my mite into God's treasurie—
It is ev'n all the abilitie I have;
'Tis all I have, and yet it is not mine,
It is the Lord's in what it is divine.

Give unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's due,
It is ye tribute of a loyal heart;
O grant, good God, some profit may ensue
Hence to Thy church, then I have done my part;
If hence to Thine some good may yet redound,
Lord, let it not be buried in ye ground.

God no respecter of men's persons is, [rich;
Ye poor may praise His name as well as
Grant, gracious Giver of all good, that this
(If nothing else) at least incite may such
To whom Thou greatest gifts hast given, that they
More perfectly Thy praises may display.

Enkindle, Lord, my cold and slow desire,
And not mine only, but revive in all
Th' almost extinguish'd spark of holy fyre!
Let one cole from Thine heavenly altar fall!
That it the affections of Thy folk inflame,
To sing sweet anthems to Thy glorious Name.

Lord, let not ye last age be wholly lost
  And drown'd in senseless, dull securitie!
Save yet a remnant, Lord, although ye most
  Are led away with foul impuritie!
Lest e'en Thy chosen should of ill partake,
Shorten Thy coming, Lord, for Zion's sake!

Good meditations from God's Spirit flow,
  Each pious thought proceedeth from ye Lord;
How are our hearts become so harden'd now
  They are no more affected with God's word?
Seeing that as our bodies perish here,
Our souls' Redemption daily draweth near.

If at Christ's coming in ye flesh began
  His kingdom upon earth, what shall we say?
Since 'tis 'bove sixteen hundred years agone,
  Far off sure cannot be ye Judgment Day!
  Wee may not think ye Lord will long delay
His coming now! then, be it all our care
Ourselves against His coming to prepare.

H. J. DANIEL.

Probably few, if any, of the minor Western poets have exceeded Mr. Daniel in the number and variety of their literary productions. His poems, for the most part published in local periodicals, may be counted by thousands, while several published works bear testimony to his industry and skill as a versifier.

Henry John Daniel was the son of Samuel Daniel, and was born at Lostwithiel, in

Cornwall, February 14, 1818. He died at Salford in October, 1889. As a school-boy he was very refractory, absenting himself from his duties very frequently. On the other hand, he was ever ready to lead a party of his schoolfellows in a raid on an orchard or fruit-garden, or in mimic warfare with the boys of another school. His first schoolmaster (Mr. Drew) gave him up as hopeless, and he was then sent to another school, at Saltash, from which he was expelled as hopelessly disobedient and illiterate.

For a short time he studied for a doctor at Chard, but did not take kindly to the profession, and on the death of his father, who was a wholesale grocer at Lostwithiel, Henry, then about sixteen years of age, found himself amply provided for, his portion being sufficient to maintain him in fairly comfortable circumstances for the rest of his life. But like another poet, Burns, his organization and temperament, together with his convivial disposition, and the fact that his company was much sought after, led him into habits of intemperance and thriftlessness, from which he never wholly freed himself. For a time the loss of his father had an effect upon him, and for a period of several months he kept within his house and grounds, taking a retrospective view of his brief and ill-spent life. He became studious, and having time on his hands and no restraints beyond those he imposed upon himself, he was able to indulge in a course of reading and study of the classics, making himself sufficiently master of Greek to read Homer in the original. He also obtained a knowledge of Latin. During this period of self-imposed incarceration he wrote and published his first volume, entitled 'Hours of Solitude'; this was in 1838. He married at the age of twenty-three. In 1842 he published 'The Bride of Scio, and other Poems'; he also wrote a continuation of Byron's 'Don Juan,' only one canto of which was published. Amongst his other published works may be mentioned, 'The Cornish Thalia; being Original Cornish Poems, illustrative of the Cornish Dialect,' and a 'Companion to the Cornish Thalia'; besides a number of small rhythmical stories of a humorous character, chiefly recounting the adventures of some country cousins. 'The Muse in Motley; or, A Wallet of Whimsies' (1867), and 'Songs of the Heart, and other Poems' (1869), appear to have been his latest productions. He contemplated publishing his collected poems, by subscription, about eighteen years since, but although he had many promises of support, he never carried out his intention.

Daniel was the author of more than 1,000 short poetical pieces, which have never been collected into book form. Amongst others, he composed his own epitaph, as follows:

MY EPITAPH.

Here lies a bard, let epitaphs be true,
His vices many, and his virtues few;
Who always left religion in the lurch,
But never left a tavern for a church;
Drank more from pewter than from Pierean spring,
And only in his cups was known to sing;
Laugh'd at the world, however it may blame,
And died regardless of his fate or fame.

THE APPROACH OF THE ARMADA.

On Plymouth Hoe, one memorable day,
Engaged in merry pastime stood a group
Of great sea-captains, none more brave than they,
Who to their country's foes disdained to stoop;
A second Spartan band, a fearless troop—
Howard and Raleigh, Frobisher and Drake,
When, with Britannia's banner at her poop,
There came a bark with tidings that did wake
The lion's spirit up, for England was at stake.

She'd lately passed while sailing in the main,
Stretch'd like a crescent in its towering pride,
The dread Armada with the might of Spain,
Called the *Invincible*—how much belied!
Ere long to be defeated and defied.
Then blazed from hill to hill the signal flame,
And 'the inviolate isle' from side to side,
True to the prestige of its ancient fame,
Rang with defiant shouts, as on the invader came.

Then to their warships anchored in the bay,
Each to his post of honour on the deck
The sea-kings hurried—burning for the fray,
Resolved, though numbers might their valour check,
To win a victory or leave a wreck—
To board 'mid smoke and fire the rich galleon;
To shatter, sink, and burn, nor leave a speck
Of that presumptuous fleet beneath the moon;
And dark should be its night, however bright its noon.

Of their triumphant deeds let history tell,
They stand recorded on its living page;
How Raleigh conquered, how Medina fell,
And haughty Spain was baffled in her rage;
They will be handed down from age to age—
Their names be lisped by children yet unborn,
Honour'd alike by simple and by sage:
For did they not both death and danger scorn,
At England's high behest, when through the battle borne?

LUKE DANIEL.

In a very interesting article, entitled 'Polperro and Luke Daniel,' contributed to *Temple Bar*, vol. lx., 1880, the writer, Mr. W. Rendle, F.R.C.S., has the following appreciative words relative to this talented Cornishman. He says: 'But my present intention is rather to tell of my friend, Luke Daniel, a man who would with favouring circumstances have made no common mark as a poet. He was born at Lansallos (near Fowey) in 1810, and ended a somewhat troubled life in 1866, in London. His thoughtful, sad face is before me now. His lot in life was not so happy as it might have been, had he been more in accord with the time and the people about him, and had he not been incurably soured early in life, from a cause which most of us would with a little time and a little philosophy have got over. A motto of Schiller's to some charming verses hints at the story:

'"Whatever fortune waits my future toils,
The beautiful is vanished and returns not."

The scene of the story is laid in the lovely Talland Bay, a mile or so from Polperro, along a glorious pathway by the cliffs. The cottage referred to is now swept away, with the road which was in front of it, by the sea, and now the pathway goes higher up. But the story will tell its own tale.' We give it in full, as it will not bear curtailment.

In addition to the foregoing, we find that Luke Daniel was the son of a farmer, and he was brought up to the trade of a carpenter. On removing to London, he settled in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where he kept a coffee-house as well as a carpenter's shop. He was a Chartist. He often contributed to *Tait's Magazine*, and published a poem, in Spenserian stanza, called 'The Retreat from Town.' Very little more is known of him.

THE FIRST HOME.

About the casement of a room,
In which a maid had slept
From budding infancy to bloom,
A honeysuckle crept.

And every morning when the dew
Lent odour to green lanes,
The honeysuckle flowers looked through
The maiden's window-panes.

How much of loveliness they saw
When summer morns were mild,
It is not meet for man to know—
I only know they smiled.

They might have smiled at accents sweet,
And sighs of tenderness,
Such as the dreams of love may cheat
A maiden to express.

They might indeed have smiled to see
The early sunbeams dance,
As if they felt it joy to be
On such a countenance.

But when the maid her chamber left,
Drest as became a bride,
Of her sweet voice and looks bereft,
The honeysuckle died.

Upon the lonely window-sill
The withering tendrils hung,
And through the vacant room a chill
Of desolation flung.

The yellow bee, that ever found
Rich increase of his store [round,
Midst flowers that wreathed this casement
Came buzzing there no more;

Nor nestling butterfly, whose wing
Wore all the hues of June,
That to its leaves had loved to cling
Beneath the sultry noon;

Nor aught with form imparting grace,
Or music with its voice,
About this love-forsaken place
Did e'er again rejoice—

Because the beauty which had moved
Upon the chamber floor,
Delighting everything that loved,
Returned to it no more.

THE SECOND HOME.

A little rivulet whose source
Was some lone mountain glen,
'Mongst much of yellow broom and gorse
Descended, and pursued its course
Among the homes of men.

Its banks with water-weeds were crowned,
And sand and pebbles choice
Adorned its bed, as on it wound,
Mixing its murmurs with the sound
Of childhood's happy voice.

By leafy alders shaded o'er,
Through swamps where willows grow,
Through much of meadow-land and moor,
By orchard and by cottage-door,
Did this glad streamlet flow.

Widening, it went toward the sea,
That doth all streams engross,
Still haunted by the bird and bee,
And schoolboy that in homeward glee
Could scarcely jump across.

Yet all this happy stream had past
Of beautiful and wild,
All flowers and fruits and trees, were cast
In shade when there appeared at last
A mother and her child!

The very waters leaped for joy,
And murmured as they leapt,
In admiration of the boy
Who, making every flower a toy,
Had to their margin crept.

The happy mother's watchful eye,
And her protecting hand,
With pride and promptitude were by
To snatch unconscious infancy
Attracted by the sand.

And as her yellow ringlets shook
O'er his impatient face,
The little struggler, with a look,
Turned backward on the bubbling brook,
Spurned purest love's embrace.

Strive, child of Nature, to be free,
And still for pebbles cry,
Although the world contained for thee
No seat like thy fond mother's knee,
Nor love like her blue eye.

Still, from its little garden near,
The cottage where they dwelt,
The babbling of the brook might hear,
Might gladly feel its waters clear
Wind round it like a belt.

And flowers in Nature's brightest hue,
Which art in vain would match,
Around its doors and windows grew,
Exulting in the morning dew,
Up to the very thatch.

Love surely never did create,
Since her auspicious birth,
So fit a home for man to mate
With beauty, and perpetuate
Her image upon earth.

Nor by his purifying flame
Was ever maiden wooed,
To give up native joys and name,
Who with a better grace became
Prolific womanhood.

Old Tiber's stream, though passing still
The once world-ruling Rome,
Ne'er helped a purer heart to fill
With gladness, than this nameless rill,
Nor passed a happier home.

THE LAST HOME.

Upon an estuary-bank
Which all unaltered seems
Since first the thirsty ocean drank
The unsuspecting streams,

There is a little lone churchyard
So backed by hills and trees,
As if shut in from earth's regard,
And open to the sea's.

I never knew the angry waves,
When angriest, do more
Than fling their white foam over graves
That seemed to love their roar.

But when their calmest murmurs breathe
O'er epitaph and urn,
What tuft of grass or flower beneath
But whispers in return?

And converse such as theirs, above
The dwellings of the dead,
To man in words of hope and love
May be interpreted.

The bellowing voices well may pause
Full oft for answering sounds
From one who to their mercy owes
So many of her mounds.

All gaze on one gigantic heap,
Upgrowing like a wen,
Beneath whose swollen surface sleep
Some scores of shipwrecked men.

The church is old and ivy-green,
With its low tower detached;
And near it one low roof is seen,
Half slated and half thatched,

Whose apple-tree reared from a shoot,
As o'er the hedge it waves,
Bearing its load of mellow fruit,
Oft drops them on the graves.

Lately this consecrated ground,
Wave-wooed, bee-haunted scene,
Has numbered here another mound
Where all had long been green.

A native of this bower and beach
Is here consigned to earth,
Whence faintest whispers still may reach
The chamber of her birth.

That chamber joy has never crossed
The threshold of, nor smiled
Upon one moment, since it lost
Its own beloved child.

They brought her home—for everything,
Bright shell and pebbly gem,
And flower, that she had loved—to sing
Her fitting requiem.

They brought her home—all they could bring
Of her, in that black hearse—
Whose spirit waves a full-fledged wing
Above our universe.

The home of infancy and youth
Is now her final rest;
Beneath a stone that tells the truth—
'The needy knew her best.'

H. DART.

One of the first books printed and published at Torquay (by E. Cockrem) was a little volume of verse entitled 'The Swallow's Repast: a Series of Poems,' by H. Dart, 1830. We know nothing of the author, nor can we trace any other works from his pen; but we venture to quote one of the poems from his little book, which has a decided West-Country flavour:

ON THE CASTLE OF BERRY-POMEROY.

Musing, I gaze with a wistful eye
On these mould'ring moss-clad towers,
Which rise as props to the broad dark sky,
Where the angry tempest lowers;
Loud the whirlwind moans through the naked halls,
And the bat scarcely sleeps in the trembling walls.

Ah! where is the pomp of thy youthful days,
When o'er thee banner waved gay,
And mail-clad chiefs round the cheerful blaze
Sung the storms of the winter away;
And the halls hung around, bright with trophies shine,
And goblets sparkle with rosy wine;
When, as fairies light through the mazy dance
O'er the turf, tripp'd thy noble fair,
And thy far-fam'd knights in the tilt advance,
And brandish the beaming spear;
When thy turreted towers waved with laurel crown'd,
And the hollow hill rung to the trumpet's sound?

And where the brave chiefs who so daringly rose
Like lions, thy rights to maintain,
With their vassals encounter'd a legion of foes,
And glutted the woods with the slain;
Or securely behind thy broad battlements stood,
And drown'd their swift missiles in torrents of blood?

They died with thy glory! disdainful of life
When the banner was lower'd by the foe,
On their blindfolded steeds, from the horrific height,
They were dash'd in the valley below;
And the blood-stain'd stone* and the rocks still tell
How desperately bold the brave warriors fell.

And the whispering walls with green ivy crown'd,
And the tottering piles, seem to bend,
In funereal pomp, o'er the sacred ground,
And mourn their untimely end;
And the moping owl moonlight requiems sings,
And the nightcrow's dirge through the hollow roof rings.

And these are thine only inmates now,
Save the daws that around thee play;
This is all that remains of thy ancient show!
And this! falling fast to decay;
And the day will come when thy walls supine
Shall moulder, and 'leave not a wreck behind'!

REV. E. W. L. DAVIES, M.A.

This clergyman, Edward William Lewis Davies, was a native of Eglwysilan, county Glamorgan; he matriculated at Jesus College, Oxford, in 1832, when twenty years of age; was University scholar 1833, B.A. 1836, deacon and priest 1837, M.A. 1839. Was Vicar of Adlingfleet, Yorkshire, 1852 to 1874, Rural Dean, 1855 to 1874. He resigned his vicarage and retired to Bath in 1874, and probably died there in 1890. He was author of several works, of which two, 'Dartmoor Days; or, Scenes in the Forest,' 1863, and the 'Life of Rev. John Russell,' were of local interest. Mr. Davies appears to have been a hunting parson, if we may judge by the tendency of his writings, but fond of all kinds of out-of-door sports.

The scene of his poem, 'Dartmoor Days,' is laid chiefly within the forest of Dartmoor. In the first part, the time of action includes a week in the month of November; in the second, a week in May. The *dramatis personæ* are a party of gentlemen more or less connected with the county of Devon, and some well-known names appear.

FROM 'DARTMOOR DAYS.'

(THE END OF THE FOX-HUNT.)

But, gracious Dian, see how far
We've left the early scene of war;
There's Lemson, Skerraton and Skay,
And even Hayford fades away.
Ah! sore it grieves me to discern
Some noble horsemen far astern—
Men of undaunted nerve and mind
Dotting the moor for miles behind:
Ah! sadly they bemoan the fate
Of heavy ground and cumbrous weight;
So good the pace that blood and bone
Are helpless under fifteen stone:
True beasts of burden, faith, are they
Groaning beneath a mass of clay.

* Tradition says that, when this castle was taken from the De Pomeroys, the two knights then its inmates blindfolded their steeds, and rode over a most frightful precipice, and were dashed to pieces; and the blood is to be seen on the wall (as some affirm) at the present day.

A cloud of vapour rolls around
A prostrate form that hugs the ground;
Poole's recent pink that decks his back
Is metamorphosed into black;
His loving wife had died of fright
To see her lord in such a plight.
Sobbing and staggering, here and there,
Are men and beasts in blank despair;
'Twas found that horses kept for show
Were horses never meant to go;
Like Pindar's razors made to sell,
They sold, but did not shave so well.

But forward still; the straining pack
Are never for an instant slack;
On like a cataract they pour,
Or hurricane that sweeps the moor;
And now a happy few alone
Are bursting on the wilds of Holne.
But stay! a truce to deadly strife
Just gives the fox a chance of life;
A check ensues; Trelawny then
Implores again the forward men:
'One moment, hold! yon lad so near
Has headed back the fox, I fear.'
Then, as a rocket bursts around,
They spread, they fling, they try the ground,
And every horseman holds his breath
At such a point of life or death.

But ere the steeds of foremost rank
Had ceased to quiver in the flank;
And ere the stooping hounds are led,
In crescent form, to cast ahead,
A hunter views the beaten fox
Stealing away for Whitewood rocks:
'Yonder he goes; press on the pack;
Ruby alone is at his back;
That jewel, in her brilliant way,
By forward dash has saved the day.'
And now the hounds, with headlong rush,
Are racing for his very brush;
And Destiny foretells the fate
Impending o'er his sinking state.
No longer like a flash of fire
He shoots o'er mountain, heath, and mire;
No longer level with his back,
But dark, bedraggled, soiled, and slack,
He bears his brush; alas! his bloom
Is quickly changed from light to gloom.
The hounds are on him! ay, 'tis o'er,
This wondrous run on old Dartmoor.

No monarch of the world, I trow,
Rejoicing o'er his fallen foe,
Or laden with the battle spoil,
The glory of his blood and toil,
Could estimate Trelawny's bliss
In such a gladsome scene as this.
His panting hounds he stood among,
The centre of a gallant throng;
And as he waved the brush on high,
Contentment beaming from his eye,
He lauds the mettle and the pace
Of every hound that led the chase;
And often from that red-cross day,
In cheery mood, he used to say:
The forward eye and Ruby's cast
Had killed the flying fox at last.

FREDERICK J. DAVIS, R.N.

Lieutenant Frederick John Davis is a native of Plymouth, where he was born February 27, 1857. He is the son of John Davis of the same town, shipowner and merchant, and at an early age was apprenticed to a shipowner. At the age of twenty-one he had successfully passed all examinations open to him, and obtained a certificate as

master mariner. Up to the year 1880 he had made many voyages to Australia, Peru, Chili, the Cape, and to the Indies. In that year he turned his attention to steam, and was admitted an officer of the P. and O. service, was promoted, and in a very short time received the appointment of chief officer of one of their finest steamships. In the course of the requirements of the service he was stationed in the East Indies for trade between India, Japan and Australia. Finding this life becoming monotonous, he resigned his post. In the meanwhile he had made good use of his spare time, and had passed examinations and received, as a consequence, a commission as Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve. He was present at the last Egyptian war, his vessel being stationed at Suakim, and in 1893 he was appointed Lieutenant to H.M.S. *Amphion.*

His attention to poetry commenced at an early age, and the taste of the verse-writer rapidly developed in him, resulting in his producing many stirring pieces. He won the twenty-guinea prize for the best sailor's yarn of *Tit-bits* out of seven hundred competitors, and in 1893 he was appointed poet to the *People* newspaper, his poems and sketches appearing regularly every week in that paper.

Lieutenant Davis served in the hospital ship *Ganges* and hired transport *Deccan* during the naval and military operations in the Eastern Soudan in 1884-85. He has on more than one occasion been gazetted for distinguished bravery. As a boy of fifteen he

was wrecked in a passenger ship on the South African coast. He swam from the shore to the ship through a heavy surf, and established communication by means of which the cargo was saved. He has also been the means of saving five lives from drowning, and has received the Royal Humane Society's awards. On two occasions of fire on board ship he displayed great energy and pluck in assisting to quench the flames. He is the inventor and patentee of the Excelsior lifebuoy, and also of a boat lowering and detaching gear, and other useful contrivances. In 1894 he was appointed chief officer of H.M.S. *Wellesley*, training ship at North Shields.

Mr Davis is the author of several works, including 'Fifty Sailors' Songs or Chanties,' published by Messrs. Boosey and Co.; a nautical novel, entitled 'Over the Waters' (1893); 'Oceanus; or, Echoes from Afloat;' 'My Experience as a Sailor,' etc. Some of his songs have been set to music by Mr. Ferris Tozer, of Exeter, and are exceedingly popular.

He is a very facile verse-writer, and as a reciter of his own pieces is exceedingly popular. He has, besides, organized many very successful entertainments.* Mr. Davis is an occasional correspondent for several home and colonial papers, and gets through an immense amount of literary work, in addition to looking after the wants of some hundreds of lads who are being trained for her Majesty's navy. This sailor-poet has done some excellent work, and although none of his productions can be ranked as high-class poetry, many of them are exceedingly musical and happy. He is now engaged upon a novel, entitled 'Love or Passion.'

SWEET ROSE.

Sweet rose, plucked for me by my lady's fingers,
Your perfume fills the calm and ambient air;
Perchance within your petal folds there lingers
The impress of a kiss from maiden fair,
With ruby lips and eyes of violet hue,
Which tell the soul thoughts tender and true.

Sweet rose within my lady's garden budding,
You grow more fair in beauty day by day,
And from the golden sunbeams, the earth flooding
With love and light, you stole the fairest ray,
To gild your leaves with glory from the skies,
And so find favour in my lady's eyes.

Sweet rose, your day of beauty is but fleeting
Ephemeral and transient as a dream;
But while with life and health my heart is beating,
Your withered leaves to me will always seem
To bring my lady nearer still to me,
And make her dearer for the thought of thee.

Sweet rose, I press your leaves, and gently sighing,
I watch the sun sink in the golden west;
Your beauty, like the day, is slowly dying,
The while tired Nature seeks her well-earned rest.
But not for this alone, sweet rose, I sigh—
It is that she, my lady, is not nigh.

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* In some of his pieces, to wit, 'Bill's Yarn,' 'Bill,' 'Bill's Gall,' 'A Sailor's Yarn,' 'Brave Bobby,' 'Trapped,' 'Tommy Atkins,' and others, he recalls to our mind Mr. G. R. Sims and his popular recitations.

DESIRÉE.

Love me little, love me long;
Dearest, this shall be my song!
Subject fit for poet's theme,
Waking thoughts or restful dream!
Heartfelt wish, sincere and strong,
Love me little, love me long.

Love me long or not at all,
Hold me ever in thy thrall!
Make me of thy life a part,
Shrine me in thy inmost heart.
My soul answers to thy call,
Love me long or not at all.

Love me little day by day,
Such love only comes to stay;
Love me long, and it shall be
As the acorn to the tree.
Seed, root, plant, then shelter'd way,
Love me little day by day!

Love me long, sweet, then shall mean,
'Be to me my heart's own queen!
Raise my soul above the earth,
Noblest thoughts give noblest birth;
Purify my life'—I ween
This to love me long shall mean.

MARY MARGARET DAVIS.

Miss Davis was a native of St. Mary's, Scilly, and was the daughter of John Davis. She published in 1863 a little volume of 'Poems on Various Subjects,' and a second series in 1864. They have no particular merit; but as she appears to have lived all her life in her native island, her opportunities for inspiration were few and far between. She died at Scilly in 1870, aged thirty-six years.

ABSTRACTS OF A SERMON ON THE NATURE AND DUTIES OF KISSING.

Text: 'And Jacob kissed Rachel.'

In ancient times we find a kiss
Was held a custom not amiss,
When men and maidens met;
More recent narratives make known
The patriarch does not stand alone,
Moderns practise it yet.

What ancient history recommends,
As salutation between friends,
Has never been gainsaid;
Daily experience shows but few
Who in the form, and spirit too,
Have not this rule obeyed.

The tender pressure, soft and warm,
Possesses an enchanting charm
Which all mankind admire;
This contact of the lips instils
Such indescribable thrills,
Of which they never tire.

The soother of life's daily woes—
The poetry of dull cold prose—
What marvel it has stood
The test of fashion, taste, and time,
Of every nation, age, and clime,
The vicious and the good?

This simple greeting few men slight,
For duties blended with delight
They readily fulfil;
The satisfaction it imparts
Leaves its glad impress on their hearts,
And softens mortal ill.

Love lightens labour : then, 'tis plain
Kisses a large proportion claim
  In love's expressive plan ;
The flowers of rhetoric are sweet,
But ruby lips are more a treat,
  Which all enjoy who can.

Approved by reason's rules, may each
By precept and example teach,
  Which has been done since then ;
And may those customs still endure,
That are both innocent and pure,
  While there are maids and men.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY (1778—1829).

It may not be generally known that the great Cornish scientist, the inventor of the Davy safety-lamp, which has saved the lives of thousands of miners, was in early life a bit of a poet. Several poems by him appeared in 'The Annual Anthology,' 1795-96. Mr. Worth, in the 'West-Country Garland,' states that he published a volume of poems before his great chemical discoveries had won him fame; but we fail to trace this work in the list given in Messrs. Boase and Courtney's 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis,' nor do we find any special mention of it in the memoirs referred to below.

Sir Humphry Davy was born at Penzance, December 17, 1778, and died at Geneva,

May 28, 1829. He was one of the greatest men that Cornwall has produced. A statue of him stands in the very centre of the town of Penzance, his birthplace.

In the 'Memoirs of the Life of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart.,' by his brother, John Davy, M.D., F.R.S., 2 vols. (1836), we find a long list of poems by Sir Humphry. Many of these pieces are quoted in the biography, where we also find some interesting references to a contemplated epic poem on 'Moses,' which we think are appropriate to our subject: 'The quantity of poetry which he composed at this time was small; he was too much devoted to physical research to give much of his time to the Muses; and when he did address them, he seemed to think some apology was necessary. Thus, in a letter accompanying some lines on St. Michael's Mount (which were published in the "Annual Anthology"), he writes to his mother: "I have sent you with this some copies of a poem on the place of my nativity; but do not suppose I am turned poet. Philosophy, chemistry and medicine are my profession. I had often praised Mount's Bay to my friends here: they desired me to describe it poetically." Yet at times, I believe, he meditated some serious and long-continued exertion in these imaginative regions. This I infer from letters to him from his poetical friends, which I have heard spoken of, and from a distinguished one in particular, proposing to him a joint work, a philosophical epic; and it may be inferred also from some fragments which remain in note-books of this period, of a poem in blank verse, the subject of which was the deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt, to have been named "Moses."' Then follows a verbatim copy of its plan, and of the characters which were to be introduced into it. 'We have here,' says his brother, 'a subject admirably adapted to the epic, and a plot abounding in all the circumstances most fitted to excite poetic interest, both in the writer and the reader. Had my brother applied all the powers of his mind to the work, I cannot but think he would have given to the world a poem that would have afforded delight and instruction—delight, even had it been struck off in the heat of a youthful imagination; and instruction, could he have had the resolution to have suspended its publication till it could have been corrected by his maturer judgment. But these are vain speculations; his genius was destined for other efforts. Some specimens of the composition which remain in the form of fragments I shall introduce. They may amuse the reader; and they show, if I am not mistaken, that he had not engaged in a theme beyond his powers.'

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNCOMPLETED POEM IN BLANK VERSE ON THE SUBJECT OF 'MOSES,' BY SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

And loud she struck the harp, and raised the song,
Her ebon tresses waving in the wind;
Her dark eye sparkling and her bosom
Throbbing with transport high. 'Thou, thou art he,
The chosen one of God—the man foretold
The saviour of thy people. Prophet, chief,
And lawgiver of Israel! at thy birth
Delivered to the waters, yet preserved
By hand unhallowed—from the royal pomp
Of Pharaoh and the dark idolatry
Of Egypt's kingdom led to know thy God,
In nature and in solitude to feel
His mighty inspirations! Go then forth:
In all the high unbroken strength of hope

Proclaim the Eternal One—declare His will.
Let Egypt and the kindred nations know
That *He alone* is God !—that He will free
In terror and in wrath His chosen seed ;
Exalt the oppressed, tread the tyrant low,
And scatter, as the sand upon the blast,
The people that rebel against His will.
Go forth His servant—go, deliverer !'

Oh, with what pleasure, with what strong delight,
Does Nature, long subdued, imprisoned long,
By heavy action, and the cumbrous chains
Of earthly ceremony, assume her rights !
Like the mild zephyr of the full-born spring,
Succeeding to the frosty northern blast,
She felt that Nature meant her to perform
All soft and tender duties—to become
A wife, a mother ; that her heart was formed,
Not for the dull, inert, and callous round
Of earthly forms and state, but soft and filled
With power, and with passion, to become
All natural sympathies—to interweave
Itself with other hearts—to glow with rapture
At another's joy, and melt in sorrow
At another's woes.

Gently flowed on the waters, as the sun
Shone on them in full brightness ; the tall plants,
Shadowing around the little cradle, grew
In full luxuriance. Fishes sported in the wave,
Myriads of lovely insects filled the air,
And all she saw was life and happiness :
Her mind in deepest sympathy— [piece
'Shall all things live, and thou, the master-
Of all things living, perish ?'
What are the splendid visions, and the hopes
Of future days, but renovated thoughts
And ancient feelings awakened into life
By some new accident, and tinged with hues
Bright in the glow of passion ? Oh, my father !
In vain the aspiring spirit strives to pierce
The veil of Nature, dark in mystery ;
In vain it strives, proud in the moving force
Of hopes and fears, to gain almighty power,
To form created intellectual worlds.
Its inborn images have all the stamp
Of outward things of sense. The priest's high God,
The Father of the thunder, He who dwells
In the blue heaven upon His throne of light ;
The demon of the coward, and the form—
The angel-form—that to the tear-wet eye
Of some devotion-smitten maid appears,
Are clad in all the attributes of man,
Distorted by the changeful influence
Of passion's dreaminess.

But often in the heavens my wandering eye
Has seen the white cloud vanish into forms
Of strange unearthly lineaments.
And often in the midnight's peaceful calm
Have I been waked by strange unearthly tones,
And often in the hour of sacrifice
Felt strange ideal pleasures.
My son ! I see thine eye is turned
Most doubtingly upon my countenance.
In youth the enthusiastic mind
Or sees in all realities a dim
And visionary world, or, hardy in
The plenitude of doubt, sees nothing
But that which sense affects.

He felt a sentiment of pleasure thrill
Within his bosom, and the liberty
Of free unbiased action sweeter seemed
Than all the pomp and luxury of state
And chains of ceremony. The wild majesty
Of Nature in her noblest mountain garb
Came on his spirit.
On the wild rock, and on the palm-clothed hill,
And on the snowy mountain, Pleasure seemed
To fix her dwelling-place, and Music moved
In every torrent's murmuring sound,
And balmy Sweetness dwelt in every breeze,
And every sunbeam ministered to life.

SOPHIE DIXON.

Miss Sophie Dixon was a native of Plymouth, but resided for some time on Dartmoor, from whence several of her works are dated. She was the author of several volumes of poems and descriptive works, including two 'Journals of Excursions on Dartmoor,' one of these taking in the western and northern borders of the moor, the other the eastern and southern borders. These were published in 1830. She had previously published 'Castalian Hours,' a volume of miscellaneous poems (1829), from which our extract is taken. Miss Dixon was also a large contributor to the *Philo-Danmonian, a Western Magazine*, published in 1830. Some of the poems which appeared in this magazine were of a high order of merit. In 1835 she published the 'Sacred Garland; being Hymns, etc., for Children,' and in 1841 a tale for children, entitled 'Florry and her Friends.' Probably her most ambitious, as also her latest, effort was 'Lovel, a Tale of the Olden Time,' which was published after her death, the preface being dated Plymstock, 1857.* The writer of the preface to this little volume says: 'In submitting the following poem to the public, the sorrowing friends of the late much-lamented author have not for the first time to solicit attention to the productions of a writer whose efforts, in past years, were occasionally exerted to obtain some share of its approval, more especially within and around her native town of Plymouth. The publication of the present work was contemplated, and the MS. prepared by the author herself, when (scarcely more than a year since) affliction of the deepest nature, caused by a sudden and twofold family bereavement, was followed by her own illness, that after a few short days terminated also in death.'

The story of 'Lovel' takes us back to the year 1487, and to the battle of Stoke Moor, or Newark, about two years after that of Bosworth, and the accession of Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, to the throne, as Henry VII.

TO THE WHITE ROSE.

Thou blossom, like the stainless snow
  Of fleecy Alps, when steals the flush
From evening skies in crimson glow,
  And spreads them with its blush:
Thou favourite flower! my hand is fain
  To wreathe thy buds, so sweetly pale;
Thou shouldst not breathe or bloom in vain
  To summer's odorous gale.

For never ought thy clustering leaves
  To ope unnoticed on the air,
Or scent the breath of star-lit eves,
  Yet rest inglorious there.
Thy place of right is beauty's brow,
  Thy proper throne on valour's crest—
The warrior's cause or lover's vow
  By purity expressed.

And if to crown the muse's braid
  Some emblematic bud should be,
What flower as thine so fit to shade
  The founts of Castalie?
To twine the golden harp of song
  With thine own fresh unsullied hues;
And scorn the rule of Flora's throng,
  Urania's wreath to choose.

* Miss Dixon died in 1855.

Love courts thy sister's deeper dye,
The glow that tints his Hebe's cheek
Bright colour of yon orient sky,
When vernal mornings break;
But faith would claim the gentler flower,
Congenial to her changeless heart;
Symbol of sanctity and power,
Such as thy leaves impart.

Thus chosen, mayst thou bloom amid
Thy kindred forms, a nobler name!
And bard and beauty haste unbid,
To blend thee with the flowers of fame.

Or waving on thy slender stem,
When setting suns their twilight leave,
With thy own pearl-like diadem
Adorn the brow of eve!

And still be there! nor ever deign
In pageant halls to withering blow;
Sweet Rose! as soon might pomp retain
A wreath of mountain snow:
For e'en each sultry air that breathes
In mirthsome hour, from pleasure's shrine,
Were like the simoom blight, to wreaths
So spotless as is thine.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. C. PORTER, EALING.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THIS popular author is a native of Plymouth, where he was born January 18, 1840. He comes of a family of civil engineers, and it was as an engineer that his grandfather, toward the end of the last century, went to France, where he settled and married a French lady. Among the earliest recollections of Mr. Dobson's father was his arrival in Paris on one side of the Seine, as the Russians arrived on the other. This must have been in 1814. But the French boy had long become an English man when the poet was born. At the age of eight or nine Austin Dobson was taken by his parents, so his friend Mr. Gosse tells

us, to Holyhead, in the island of Anglesea; he was educated at Beaumaris, at Coventry, and finally at Strasburg, whence he returned, at the age of sixteen, with the intention of becoming a civil engineer. But in 1856 he obtained an appointment in the Board of Trade, where he has remained ever since. He dabbled a little in art, having an ambition to become a painter. But taking to poetry, he contributed from 1868 to 1874 a number of pieces to *St. Paul's*, a magazine started by Anthony Trollope.

In 1873 appeared the first edition of 'Vignettes in Rhyme,' and this work received general recognition, speedily passing through three editions. In 1877 he published 'Proverbs in Porcelain,' a selection of the two works subsequently appearing (in 1880) in America. Other editions of this work, together with the 'Ballad of Beau Brocade,' charmingly illustrated, have recently been published. 'Old-World Idylls' first appeared in 1883, and speedily passed through several editions; it was soon followed by 'At the Sign of the Lyre,' 1885, and in these two volumes the chief poetical works of Mr. Dobson up to that date are to be found. Other works written or edited by Mr. Dobson may be briefly enumerated, as follows: 'Gay's Fables' (Parchment Library), 1882, with a critical biography; 'Fielding' (English Men of Letters), 1883; 'Hogarth' (Great Artists), 1879; 'Eighteenth-Century Essays,' 1882; 'Richard Steele' (English Men of Letters), 1886; 'Oliver Goldsmith' (Great Writers), 1888; 'William Hogarth' (1891); 'Four Frenchwomen,' 1890; 'Eighteenth-Century Vignettes,' 1892 and 1894; 'Horace Walpole,' a memoir, 1890; 'Thomas Bewick and his Pupils,' 1884, etc. He also wrote an introduction to a charming edition of Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' published in 1890, with illustrations by Hugh Thomson, and contributed a chapter on 'Modern English Illustrated Books' to Mr. Andrew Lang's 'The Library,' published in 1881.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Dobson has led a very busy life, and that our nineteenth-century literature has been much enriched by his labours. A most delightful article on Austin Dobson appeared some years ago in one of the principal American monthlies, penned by Brander Matthews, which is one of the most appreciative dissertations upon the works of this popular living poet that we have ever read; and while it cannot enhance his reputation, it will certainly tend to make his works more widely known. In fact, that result has already been reached, for we are informed that there is a great and growing demand for Mr. Dobson's books, both in England and America, and that the early editions of some of his works already fetch fancy prices.

Mr. Dobson is a scholar; he has a knowledge of the manners and customs of past times that is most remarkable, and his knowledge is especially rich as regards the people and the vocabulary of the eighteenth century. He has a passion for exactness, is untiring in research, and is never willing to take anything for granted, for he disdains all second-hand information, preferring to verify facts for himself. 'Writing out of the fulness of knowledge, there is nowhere anything amateurish, and there is always a perfect certainty of touch. His work, as Mr. W. C. Brownell has told us, "is as natural an outgrowth as Lamb's." And he is like Lamb in that capacity for taking infinite pains, which has been held the true trade-mark of genius. He is like Lamb, again, in that he has resolutely

recognised his limitations.' Mr. Dobson is, in truth, one of the most graceful verse-writers of the age, and one of the most painstaking and thorough of living literary men. Mr. Dobson may owe a certain share of his alertness and vivacity to a strain of French blood, yet the poet of the 'Old-World Idylls' and 'At the Sign of the Lyre' is thoroughly English.

The selections which follow very imperfectly represent Mr. Dobson's versatility and genius; but they must suffice, as in making any more lengthy selections we might risk infringing copyright. Let those who want to have a fuller idea of the works of this gifted writer procure some of his numerous books for themselves.

A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

When Spring comes laughing
By vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking
And daffodil,—
Sing stars of morning,
Sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell,
And my love's eyes.

When comes the Summer
Full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip
The orchard long,—
Sing hid, sweet honey
That no bee sips;
Sing red, red roses,
And my love's lips.

When Autumn scatters
The leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury
The broad-wheeled wain,—
Sing flutes of harvest
Where men rejoice;
Sing rounds of reapers,
And my love's voice.

But when comes Winter
With hail and storm,
And red fire roaring,
And ingle warm,—
Sing first sad going
Of friends that part;
Then sing glad meeting
And my love's heart.

THE CRADLE.

How steadfastly she'd worked at it!
How lovingly had drest
With all her would-be mother's wit
That little rosy nest!

How longingly she'd hung on it!
It sometimes seemed, she said,
There lay beneath its coverlet
A little sleeping head.

He came at last, the tiny guest,
Ere bleak December fled;
That rosy nest he never prest—
Her coffin was his bed.

J. DONOGHUE.

For a long lapse of time after Gay, the poetry of Barnstaple was dumb. During the remainder of that century I can find but one cultivator of the Muses. It is a little volume published by Syle, Barnstaple, in 1797, entitled 'Juvenile Essays in Poetry,' by

J. Donoghue. There was a copy among the papers of Brooke Keate, which came into my hands. It consists of a number of fugitive pieces, many on local subjects, and referring to the Chichesters, Incledons, and other families of the neighbourhood, who appear to have assisted a young and struggling genius. They are mostly of a tame and sombre cast, that will not repay quotation. He says in his preface that, 'placed by the hand of Providence at a humble distance from the great, and with no merit to plead, and no patronage to ensure success, he takes up the pen with boldness, which necessity alone could inspire, to contribute to the support of a precarious existence, and that, if disappointment should teach him wisdom and humility, he would drop submissive into the ocean of oblivion.' It would appear that this latter was his fate, as I have found no other notice or record of him; and I should not have done more than merely give the volume its place among our local publications, had I not been struck by the mournfulness of the language of the young and unknown poet.—J. R. C.

FREDERICK BAZETT DOVETON.

Mr. F. B. Doveton, one of the best known of living Devonshire poets, is a native of the city of Exeter, where he was born on June 24, 1841. His father was the late Captain F. B. Doveton, of the Royal Madras Fusileers. He is related, on his father's side, to Mr. H. Rider Haggard, the celebrated novelist.

He was educated privately—first at Taunton, then near Bristol, and subsequently at a private tutor's in London. He entered the army in early life, but retired in 1879. From that time to 1882 he resided at Diptford, near Ivybridge; then removed to Eastbourne, where he remained until 1890, when he returned to Devonshire, and settled for a time in his native city. There, living almost under the shadow of the old cathedral he loved so well in early years, and within an easy walk of his boyhood's haunts at Clyst St. George and the vicinity, his Muse gained spontaneity, at any rate, and his pen was prolific as of yore.

Mr. Doveton began to write poetry very early in life, even at the age of seven; but these efforts of his precocious powers have not been preserved.

Mr. Doveton has written much both in prose and verse, and many of his songs have been set to music. He is essentially a song-writer, and is equally well known as a writer of society verse. Many of his poetic effusions have appeared in the journals of the day, and have been copied into the Indian, American, and Australian papers. Mr. Doveton's first work was a volume of poems entitled 'Snatches of Song,' published in 1880. This was followed, in 1886, by a more ambitious book, of 500 pages, called 'Sketches in Prose and Verse.' Another work, published in 1890, is a fairy-tale, 'Maggie in Mythica,' a story somewhat akin to Kingsley's 'Water Babies.' This tale ('Maggie and Mythica'), was fortunate enough to delight Miss Dorothy Drew herself. In 1893, he published a volume of poems entitled 'Songs Grave and Gay,' which contains many of his latest and most charming pieces. He has also (1895) just published a volume of Prose Sketches and Tales ('A Fisherman's Fancies'), which has been very favourably noticed by the press, and was much liked by Mr. R. D. Blackmore.

Mr. Doveton has been twice married, his present wife being the daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Howden, of the Royal Madras Fusileers. He has one son. At present (1895) he resides at Babbacombe, Torquay, where he removed a year or two since for the benefit of his health.

DAY-DREAMS.

Blossoms blush and twine above her,
Winds are whispering they love her,
Dainty Christabel.
Starry blooms are softly gleaming
In her hair, and she is dreaming
Dreams no tongue can tell!

'Mid the blossoms bright eyes glisten,
For the birds have come to listen
To her roundelay!
To herself my love is singing,
While her maiden thoughts are winging
Very far away.

Dreaming on, though day is dying,
See! the little god is lying
Ambushed in her eyes!
Drowsy doves a welcome coo her,
And the winds of summer woo her
Tresses, lover-wise!

Does she heed the zephyr's story?
Does she see the sunset's glory
And the night at hand?
Nay, she looks beyond the river,
Where the dusky aspens quiver
Into Fairyland.

Would that she and I were maying!
Would I were a sunbeam straying
Through her green retreat!
Happy birds to sing her praises!
Happy blossoms, happy daisies
Blushing at her feet.

AN ANGLER'S HAUNT.

Deep in far Devon's heart it lies,
  Beside a rippling brambled stream
Once mirrored in my waking eyes.
  It comes to me again in dream:
A quiet corner, green and cool,
  Beneath a hedge of tangled bloom;
The swirl of a romantic pool
  Where alders weave a tender gloom.

Behind, a lovely azure maze,
  Fair bluebell squadrons guard the wold;
Beyond them on the raptured gaze
  The rough gorse flashes back its gold,
Birds dimly seen amid the screen
  Of lisping leaves that dance above,
Whilst arrowy sunbeams slide between
  To kiss the summer flowers they love.

In the gray hush of dawn, whilst still
  Rich June advances to her prime,
Only the music of the rill
  Will break the silence of the time.
At drowsy noon the trout will swim
  Unseen in watery glooms beneath,
And draw below the dimpled brim
  The gaudy insects to their death.

This picture ever hangs for me
  In memory's halls serenely fair;
Untarnished is the gold I see,
  The bluebells bloom for ever there.
In a charmed slumber seems to lie
  This sylvan haunt where none intrude,
Screened from the burning summer sky,
  A deep, unbroken solitude.

ELIZA DOWN.

Miss Down was an elderly spinster in rather humble life, who resided at Torrington until her death, which took place some ten or twelve years since.

She was encouraged and assisted in her literary labours by the late Mr. W. F. Rock, who also edited her first book of poems, 'Kenwith Castle, and other Poems,' published in 1878. This volume was dedicated 'To Colonel Palmer, of Torrington, Devon, as a slight tribute of gratitude and esteem.' She subsequently published another volume of poems, 'Messerio,' but died before it was fully issued. Appended to 'Kenwith Castle' is a long list of subscribers, headed by her Majesty the Queen, and nearly all the leading nobility of North Devon. We append a short poem from 'Kenwith Castle' as an illustration of her powers as a versifier:

BALDER.

Balder the beautiful in Asgard fell;
  Him did all living things swear not to harm:
All trees, all birds, all beasts were under spell,
  All earth and air owned the great charm!

The mistletoe alone no worship paid
  Of all that breathes, or moves, or greens the earth,
And by its slender shaft was lowly laid
  Of the great heavens the noblest birth:

He fell, and there was weeping in the plain
  Of Ida, and they wept for many days;
He fell, and Hela claimed her prey: not slain
  In war, he passed to her dim ways,

And made abode among the dead. Then spake
  The goddess-mother, she who drew all life
From out her breast, 'He will no more awake,
  No more be glorious in the strife

'Where gods with giants contend. Ho! which of you
Among the doleful shades will seek my son?
Which of you dare dread Hela's gates pass through,
So that the god from death be won?'

She spoke; then rose Hermode, swift of foot.
'I will go seek the mighty dead,' he said;
'I, even I, will go;' and all the gods stood mute,
Stricken with grief for him low laid.

He took the horse of Odin, the great steed,
More fleet than rushing winds; nine days, nine nights,
He travelled through th' abyss, nor slacked his speed
Till through the darkness dawned dim lights.

Faint, pale, a misty twilight which revealed,
Above a gloomy flood, a single arc
Of mightiest span: the waters lay congealed
And cold; there never the swift barque

Might pass, or vessel plough the murky wave,
The ever-silent river of the dead!
O'er the dread bridge he urged his steed, nor gave
One pause, till its gigantic head

Upreared, with northern front, the awful gate
Of Hela's halls: wide yawned its doors; he passed
Within. Then spake the spectral queen, 'But late,
In many a mighty squadron massed.

'The countless dead passed o'er yon bridge, yet shook
Nor echoed not its arch, but thou didst make
The crashing thunders roll the deep; thy look
Is that of those who joyful wake

'The glories of the strife. Whence comest thou?
And what thy mission here?' He made reply
'Balder seek I, he of the sun bright brow,
Who wrapped in thy cold mists doth lie!

'Yield back thy prey; him all the weeping gods
Do crave of thee, thou sovereign of the dead!
Behold the nations tremble 'neath their rods;
These sue to thee, O queen most dread!'

She answered him, 'Weep they? Go thou and say,
Let gods and men, let every creature weep,
Let the whole world run tears, and in that day
Shall he go free whom else I keep.

'But if one thing refuse to weep, I hold—
Yea, hold him to the end of days.' Then passed
Hermode to the great Odin, and he told
The words of the pale queen. The vast

And hundred-gated city made one wail
Of weeping, and the earth wept, and each flower,
Each nestling bird, each beast, all in the dale,
All on the hills, mourned in that hour!

As when the frozen earth, touched by the warm
Sweet breath of Spring, makes all her rivers flow,
So ran that rain of tears; yet one wrought harm
By malice moved to work them woe,

Who dwelt in Ida, weeping not when all
Gave tears; so the pale Hela kept her prey.
In vain the sacred cities wailed his fall,
The ages roll!—she holds her sway.

Yet shall he come again, and build his throne
In Asgard, when the days are ripe, there make
His forehead like the sun girt with its zone
Of rays, and all his prowess take.

JOHN DOWNE (1570—1631).

Mr. John Downe, one of the most distinguished among the many eminent men the county of Devon has given birth to, was born at Holsworthy, and was a near relation to Bishop Jewell. Prince said of him: 'His great worth will add a lustre, not only to the ancient stock from which he sprung, but to the whole county; and had his means been answerable to his birth, he would not have lain in such obscurity as he did.' He became Rector of Instow, in North Devon, and died there in 1631. The summary of his intellectual attainments, given by Dr. Hakewell, his contemporary biographer, is rather florid: 'His wisdom, the sharpness of his wit, the fastness of his memory, and the soundness of his judgment, were in him so rarely mixed as few men attain them single. *He* had them all. His skill in the languages was extraordinary: Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian. His knowledge in the liberal arts and sciences was universal: grammar, rhetoric, logic, poetry, history, philosophy, music, and the rest of the mathematics, in some of which he so far excelled, that in these Western parts of the kingdom he has not left an equal.' A long catalogue of his publications is extant; among them, poetical translations of some Latin authors, a metrical version of the Psalms, and a volume of occasional poetry. From the latter, which is now very rare, a quotation may be acceptable. It is entitled 'The Epicure and Christian'—placed in contrast.—J. R. C.

Epicure.	Christian.
Time doth haste,	Time shall cease,
Life as a shadow flies:	Archangel's trump shall sing;
Breath as a vapour soon doth waste,	Death shall his prisoners all release,
And none returns that dies.	And them to judgment bring.
Come, let us banish woes,	Then shall these sinful joys
And life, while live doth last;	To endless wailing turn.
Crown we our heads with budding rose,	And they that scorned virtue's choice
And of each pleasure taste.	In brimstone flames shall burn;
What, though precise fools do us blame,	Then they that erst fond stoicks
Shall we forego content?	Shall wisdom's child'en prove,
Pleasure is substance; virtue, name;	When they among the saints esteemed
And life will soon be spent.	Shall reign with Christ above.

DR. HUGH DOWNMAN (1740—1809).

Hugh Downman, M.D., was the son of Hugh Downman, of Newton House, Newton St. Cyrus, Exeter, and was educated at the Exeter Grammar School. He entered Balliol College, Oxford, 1758, proceeded B.A. 1763, and was ordained in Exeter Cathedral the

same year. His clerical prospects being very small, he went to Edinburgh to study medicine, and boarded with Thomas Blacklock. In 1768 he published 'The Land of the Muses; a Poem in the Manner of Spenser, by H. D.' In 1769 he visited London, for hospital practice, and in 1770, after proceeding M.A. at Jesus College, Cambridge, he practised medicine at Exeter, where he married the daughter of Dr. Andrew. A chronic complaint, in 1778, compelled him to retire for a time. His best-known poem, 'Infancy; or, The Management of Children,' was published in three separate parts, in 1774, 1775, 1776; a seventh edition was issued in 1809. In 1775 appeared 'The Drama,' 'An Elegy written under a Gallows,' 'The Soliloquy,' etc. During his retirement he also published 'Lucius Junius Brutus,' in five acts (1779); 'Belisarius,' played in Exeter Theatre for a few nights; and 'Editha, a Tragedy' (1784), founded on a local incident, and performed for sixteen nights. These plays appeared in one volume, as 'Tragedies by H. Downman, M.D.,' Exeter, 1792. He also published 'Poems to Thespia' (1781), and 'The Death-Song of Ragnar Lodbrach,' translated from the Latin of Olaus Wormius (1781). He was one of the translators of an edition of Voltaire's Works, in English. In 1791 he published 'Poems,' second edition, comprising the 'Land of the Muses.' He was also a contributor to Polwhele's 'Collections of the Poetry of Devon and Cornwall.'*

Downman seems to have resumed medical practice at Exeter about 1790, and in 1796 he founded there a literary society of twelve members. A volume of the essays was printed, and a second volume is said to exist in manuscript. In 1805 Downman finally relinquished his practice, on account of ill-health, and in 1808 the literary society was discontinued. He died at Alphington, near Exeter, September 23, 1809, with the reputation of an able and humane physician and a most amiable man. Two years before he died, an anonymous editor collected and published the various critical opinions and complimentary verses on his poems, Isaac D'Israeli's (1792) being among them.

ODE TO MAY.

Ye rose-lipt Powers! who lightly skim
O'er daisied lawn, by fountain brim,
Or through th' aërial way;
While rapture flows through every vein,
With me attune the festive strain,
And hail the birth of May.

Zephyr expands his genial wing,
And wakes the children of the spring,
Who, breathing fragrance, rise;
Nature exults with conscious pride,
And from her radiant forehead, wide
The beam of pleasure flies.

* Mr. R. Polwhele, in the 'Advertisement' to the work in question ('Poems chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall,' Bath, 1792), says of Hugh Downman: 'But it is with the most lively satisfaction that the editor announces the author of the poems signed 'D.' Dr. Downman, M.D., of Exeter; to attempt a delineation of whose literary character would be, in this place, frivolous and impertinent, though his poetical assistance, on the present occasion, deserves the warmest acknowledgment, since the little he hath contributed stamps a value on the work, which must necessarily secure it from oblivion.'

The warbling tenants of the shade
With sweetest notes through every glade
Their hymn of transport pour;
The herds thy influence own, O May;
The countless myriads of the sea
Confess thy natal hour;
Thy natal hour, the laughing hills,
The jocund vales, the prattling rills,
The azure sky serene.
Queen of the year, thy throne ascend,
While all things that exist attend,
And bless thy bounteous reign!

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Few names are more noteworthy in 'the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth' than the great hero and circumnavigator, Sir Francis Drake, and none so prominent in West-Country annals. 'This great and world-wide naval worthy,' says Mr. J. R. Chanter, in his 'Early Poetry of Devonshire,' 'who shares with Ralegh the palm of being the greatest of Devon's celebrities, is certainly not generally known as a poet, although he has been the source of inspiration to innumerable poets of every degree. I find, however, in Ritson's 'Biographica Poetica,' the following notice: 'Drake, Sir Francis, wrote commendatory verses, prefixed to Sir G. Peckham's "True Report of the late Discoveries, etc., 1583." I therefore embrace the occasion of entering his name in a Devonshire calendar.'

'Among other qualifications,' writes Barrow,* 'there is one which appears to have escaped his biographers; he was no mean poet, as one solitary example will be sufficient to show. A book was published by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Knight, in the year 1583, entitled "A True Report of the late discoveries, and possession taken in the right of the Crowne of Englande, of the *New found* Landes," to which, as was usual in those days, was appended "Commendations by principal persons friendly to the author or the work.'

Among many others we find:

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, KNIGHT, IN COMMENDATION OF THE ABOVE TREATISE.

Who seekes by worthie deedes to gaine renowne for hire,
Whose hart, whose hand, whose purse is prest to purchase his desire,
If anie such there bee, that thirsteth after fame,
Lo, heare a meane, to winne himself an everlasting name;
Who seekes by gaine and wealth to advance his house and blood,
Whose care is great, whose toile no lesse, whose hope is all for good,
If anie one there bee that covettes such a trade,
Lo heere the plot for commonwealth, and private gaine is made.

* 'The Life, Voyages, and Exploits of Sir Francis Drake, Knight.' By John Barrow, Esq. 1843.

He that for vertue's sake will venture farre and neere,
Whose zeale is strong, whose practize trueth, whose faith is void of feare,
If any such there bee, inflamed with holie care,
Heere may hee finde a readie meane, his purpose to declare.
So that for each degree this Treatise dooth unfolde,
The path to fame, the proofe of zeale, and way to purchase golde.

FRAUNCES DRAKE.

REV. SAMUEL DREW, M.A. (1765—1833).

THIS well-known theological and controversial writer was also the author of many fugitive poems. He was born at St. Austell, March 3, 1765, and died at Helston, March 29, 1833. He has been styled the self-taught Cornishman. One of his most important works was, 'An Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul,' which ran into numerous editions; and he wrote other works akin. He also wrote the greater part of Hitchin and Drew's 'History of Cornwall,' the first portion of which was issued in 1815. Many of his poems, some of them very lengthy, remained in manuscript, and in the possession of his family.

EDWARD A. DREWE.

THE editor of 'Poems, chiefly by Gentlemen of Devon and Cornwall' (published in 1792), thus refers to Major Edward Drewe, of Exeter, the author of the following verses.

'The "Military Sketches" of this gentleman, humorous, spirited, and brilliant, have been for several years before the public'—they were published in 1784—'who have just cause, indeed, to regret that he has not favoured them with other specimens of his talents. And these few pieces of Mr. Drewe, whilst they reflect fresh lustre on him as a poet, must excite a wish that his literary pursuits were less interrupted.'

FROM AN ELEGIAC PIECE.

His mind was of that steady bent
Which gives the mock to fear;
His eye was of that melting sort
Which streams with pity's tear.

Gentle his soul; yet to himself
She breathed her harshest tone;
To others' griefs he gave the sigh
Which rose not for his own.

In him each pure and manly grace
Was mix'd in just degree—
Truth, filial love, affection kind,
And bright sincerity.

What though around thy brow, brave youth!
Glory her wreath shall twine;
Say, can that wreath repair the loss
Of virtues such as thine? . . .

But stay: 'tis all illusive shade,
The phantom of the brain;
It sinks, it fades, it dies—and now
I wake to life again.

And, sure, some god, propitious, now
My labouring breast inspires;
My soul its power prophetic feels,
And glows with all its fires.

Thou shalt not fall, my Dorilas,
By War's insatiate hand;
Yet shalt thou live, O much-lov'd friend,
To bless thy native land.

Yet shalt thou live, my Dorilas,
This anxious mind to calm,
And cheer a parent's drooping age
With sweet affection's balm.

ALFRED DUNSFORD (1808—1846).

ALFRED DUNSFORD was the eldest son of George Dunsford, of Tiverton, merchant, by Susannah, the eldest daughter of Henry and Susannah Parry, purser R.N. He was born at Tiverton, December 10, 1808, and educated at Blundell's School in that town. After leaving school, he wished to enter the medical profession, and became a pupil of Mr. W. F. Quicke, of Tiverton. On leaving him, he studied at Guy's Hospital, London, and having passed successful examinations, he settled at Culmstock as a medical practitioner, where he remained until his death, at the early age of thirty-eight, June 27, 1846.

His only claim to be included in this work is on account of the following work—'Miscellaneous Poems; being Compositions of Early Days. By Alfred Dunsford, of Tiverton, Devon.' This minute volume contains about forty pieces, chiefly personal addresses to friends, and contains very little of general or real poetic merit. We find it difficult to make a selection that will fairly represent the style and ability of this writer; but the following may be taken as a fair sample:

IN PRAISE OF WOMAN.

This world at best is but a world of woe;
Yet that small share of bliss we taste below
From lovely woman doth alone proceed,
Without whom man would be a wretch indeed.
When gloomy care into his bosom steals,
To her his mental torture he reveals;
She'll listen to his tale, with him condole,
And whisper peace unto his harass'd soul;
Her cheerful voice and sympathizing heart
Bids sorrow leave its victim and depart;
Beneath her smiles and fascinating eye,
Methinks I could without a murmur die.

Ah, woman! 'tis within thy spotless breast,
Man's bosom finds the haven of its rest;
Thou wast the greatest treasure Heav'n could give,
For without thee what would it be to live?
Thy charms can never be with justice sung
By me or any other mortal tongue;
Thus o'er the subject I'll no longer brood,
But with these two ensuing lines conclude:
When woman I forget, be this my lot,
May I by all the world be then forgot.

As many of Mr. Dunsford's effusions were addressed to his female friends, amongst

whom 'Amelia' appears to be the favoured one, it is evident that they were written while yet he was in the glamour of a first love.

Some of his later productions, printed, but not published, recorded local events; but they are of no particular interest at this date. They were written in 1841-42.

ANN DUNSTERVILLE.

This lady is described on the title-page of her little volume of poems as of Plymouth. The Dunstervilles have been known in Plymouth for many generations. Her only poetical work, so far as we can gather, was 'Poems on Several Occasions' (Exeter, 1807), and dedicated to the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe. A note at the end of the volume speaks of another contemplated work, but it does not appear to have been published.

THE MOONBEAM.

The moonbeam to my window crept,
To see me mourn my hapless fate;
Wonder'd that Coralinda wept,
Whose bosom once had been elate.

'Avaunt, intruding imp!' I cried;
'To dry my tears thou shall not dare;
Place but my Egbert by my side,
And I will gladly throw off care.'

The silver monitor replied,
'Poor Coralind, thy bosom cheer;
Thy Egbert's falsehood I have tried,
And sure he is not worth a tear.'

'Go, mischief-making beam!' I said,
'Nor burst a heart that's fill'd with woe;
For if his thoughts are from me fled,
I cannot tell where mine may go.

'Go where they ought or where they will,
Without his form they cannot be;
And my poor heart will ne'er be still
Till his blue eyes shall look on me.'

TOM D'URFEY (1628—1723).

Thomas D'Urfey, a well-known poet and wit of the seventeenth century, was a native of Devonshire, having been born at Exeter in 1628, though very little more is known of his origin and family. His plays, which are numerous, more than thirty having been published, were in their day acted with considerable applause, and he was besides the author of many small poems, the chief of which are collected in his most celebrated work, 'Laugh and be Fat; or, Pills to Purge Melancholy,' published in six volumes, 12mo., which the *Guardian* refers to in most favourable terms. D'Urfey was admitted to great familiarity with King Charles II., and that merry monarch would often lean on his shoulder and hum

a tune with him. The author of the prologue to Tom D'Urfey's last play thus speaks of him :

'Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.'

J. R. C.

SONG IN PRAISE OF THE BONNY MILKMAID.

Ye nymphs and sylvan gods that love green fields and woods,
When Spring newly born herself doth adorn
With flowers and blooming buds,
Come, sing in the praise, whilst flocks do graze
In yonder pleasant vale,
Of those that choose their sleep to loose,
And in cold dews, with clouted shooes,
Do carry the milking-pail.

The Goddess of the Morn with blushes they adorn,
And take the fresh, whilst linnets do prepare
A consort [= concert] on each green thorn :
The ousle and thrush on every bush,
And the charming nightingale,
In merry vein their throats do strain
To entertain the jolly train
That carry the milking-pail.

When cold bleak winds do roar, and flowers can spring no more,
The fields that were seen, so pleasant and green,
By Winter all candy'd o'er ;
Oh ! how the town lass looks with her white face,
And her lips of deadly pale !
But it is not so with those that go
Through frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,
And carry the milking-pail.

The miss of courtly mould, adorn'd with pearl and gold,
With washes and paint her skin does so taint
She's wither'd before she's old ;
Whilst she of commode puts on a cartload,
And with cushions plumps her tail.
What joys are found in russet gown,
Young, plump, and round, and sweet and sound,
That carry the milking-pail.

* * * * *

The country lad is free from fears and jealousie
When upon the green he is often seen
With his lass upon his knee :
With kisses most sweet he does her greet,
And swears she'll never grow stale ;
Whilst the London lass in e'ery place,
With her brazen face, despises the grace
Of those with the milking-pail.

REV. ALEXANDER RICHARD EAGAR.

THE gentleman who now fills the position of Vicar of Manaccan, Cornwall, has been a considerable verse-writer, and published in 1877 a volume entitled 'Prometheus, and other Poems.' This was, however, before his connection with the West of England, and when his poetical powers were not fully matured.

Mr. Eagar was born at Cork, January 22, 1856, being the son of Francis MacGillycuddy Eagar, of the Kerry family of that name. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in

1872, and graduated there in 1876 as First Senior Moderator in Logics and Ethics; was Theological Exhibitioner in 1879; took his degree of D.D. in 1891; was ordained Deacon in 1879, and Priest in 1880, by Bishop Fraser of Manchester; worked five years in Lancashire, then accepted a curacy at Redruth, Cornwall, which he held from 1884 to 1887; transferred to Budock in the same county in 1887; and became Vicar of Manaccan in 1890, which he still holds; was granted B.D. *stipendio condonato* in 1879; M.A. *stipendio condonato* in 1891.

In addition to the volume of poems noted above, Mr. Eagar has written and published several religious and educational works. We find further that Mr. Eagar is the author of a drama entitled 'The Last Night of Babylon,' which gained the second Vice-Chancellor's prize for English verse at Dublin University. He has also made some happy translations from the Greek poets.

From 1877 to 1879 he was Professor of English Language and Lecturer in Logics at Alexandra College, Dublin. Although Mr. Eagar is of an Irish family, he has some Devonshire ancestors—the Eveleighs, of Wester-Eveleigh, county Devon, one of whom was Dean of Ross in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

We quote, by permission, one or two short poems from Mr. Eagar's published poems.

IL TRAVIATO.

Gold in the sun shone the gleaming gorse
That glowed on the barren strand;
And gold in the sun shone the hair of a corse,
As it lay on the white sea sand.

The lark in the heavens ceased to sing;
But the curlew shrieked the clearer,
And the raven whirled on his dusky wing,
And the white gull circled nearer;

And the full sea moaned with a woman's moan
As soft to her breast she drew him;
But the wind in the mountains laughed alone
As she laughed alone that slew him.

À MA CHÈRE.

When the lamps of the sky were lighted,
And the moon shone bright above,
My spirit was roaming, benighted,
Looking for her I love.

My body was wrapped in slumber,
My eyelids closed from the light;
But my spirit on ways without number
Was wandering out in the night.

'Whose is the name you are speaking?
Weary one, will you not tell
Who is the one you are seeking?
How shall we know her well?'

'I will whisper her name at even,
Or breathe it at dawn of day;
And the planet that rules in heaven
Shall carry my thoughts away

'To rest in her pure white bosom,
And sleep on her eyes of light;
I will tell my thoughts to a blossom
And send it to her by night;

'She shall taste of its fragrance, telling
Of vows that are known above,
And her heart, 'neath the flow'ret swelling,
Shall give to me all its love.'

Then they laughed with light lips of scorning,
And mockingly pointed at me;
And I wandered on till the morning,
And woke without finding thee.

REV. DR. EDERSHEIM.

The Rev. Dr. Alfred Edersheim who translated 'The Jubilee Rhythm of St. Bernard of Clairvaux on the Name of Jesus, and other Hymns' (Torquay, 1847), was the famous Dr. Edersheim, author of 'The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah,' 2 vols., Longmans. He was born in Austria, and educated in the Jewish religion. He was a student at the Vienna University, graduated at Kiel and Giessen, and finished his theological education in Scotland. He received the honorary M.A. at Oxford in 1881, and was made M.A. by decree in 1883, when he settled in Oxford in order to be near a great library for the completion of his important work. Dr. Edersheim became a convert to Christianity, and, on leaving Oxford at the close of his University career, he was appointed to the ministry of the Presbyterian (St. Andrew's) Church at Torquay; indeed, this church was built for him. He was afterwards ordained to the Church of England, had a country living, and subsequently went to London, where he devoted much of his time to literature. He held for a time the Lee Professorship of Hebrew at Oxford. During his residence at Torquay, he published the little book noted above. He died on March 16, 1889, and a highly eulogistic obituary notice of him appeared in the *Athenæum* on the twenty-third of the same month, from the pen of his friend, A. Neubauer. His connection with the 'West Countrie' was so very slight that we refrain from adding any more to the notice of this learned man, and merely append one of his hymns in order that our readers may judge of the depth and earnestness of his literary style.

THE CLOUDED LIGHT.

Shut not out the kindly light,
Faint and fading though it seem,
For of light the faintest gleam
Makes our earth and heaven bright.

Oft in dark and troubled day
Was the cloudy curtain rent;
And a beam, from heaven sent,
Cheered us on the rugged way.

Oft our faint and struggling sight
Could the dazzling sunshine glare,
In its weakness, scarcely bear,
And we blessed the clouded light—

Blessed it when it veiled the sheen
Of the surely nearing scene;
Blessed it for the sheltering screen
Us and burning heat between.

Is it not in clouded light
That on earth we know and see,
Till at length the shadows flee
Far from yonder glorious height?

Yet at eve, when shadows fall,
See'st thou not of every hue
Cloudlets on the heavens blue,
Bearers of the gloomy pall?

And when darksome Night at last
Reigns a lonely, silent queen,
Still the stars, with trembling sheen,
Speak the promise true and fast.

Jesu, grant thy kindly light,
Just sufficient for the day,
Just sufficient for the way,
And at even make it bright!

For we know a better light
Streams, O Jesu, from thy sight,
When the changeful day and night
Merge into thy presence bright.

SIR RICHARD EDGCUMBE (1528—1562).

Sir Richard Edgcumbe, son of Sir Piers Edgcumbe, and Joan, the daughter of Stephen Durnford, of East Stonehouse, and the original founder of the noble mansion of Mount Edgcumbe, was of an old Devonshire family, settled from the time of the Conquest at Edgcumbe, in the parish of Milton Abbot, near Tavistock. Judging by a biography written by his grandson, Richard Carew, he must have obtained great eminence in almost every line of life, his learning, courtesy, wisdom, liberality, and prowess being dwelt on in most enthusiastic words. Among his other talents, it is recorded 'that he had a very good grace in making English verses, such as in those days passed, which, flowing easily from his pen, did much delight the readers.' The sharpness of his wit was also seen in his 'Apophthegms.' His skill and poetic talents are also recorded in Lord Oxford's 'Noble and Royal Authors,' but his verses are scarcely such as to bear quotation at the present day.

THOMAS EDMONDS.

Thomas Edmonds, son of Francis Edmonds, of Marazion, Cornwall, was born October 20, 1826, and educated under Rev. John Parsons, Baptist minister at Marazion, to 1839; then at Regent House Academy, Penzance, to 1842. He carried on the business of a currier at Penzance for many years. He was the author of 'Dreams of a Dreamer, in Poetry and Prose' (Penzance, 1872), of which a second series was published in the same year, and a third series partly printed. There was also a second edition printed in 1879.

Mr. Edmonds also wrote some fugitive pieces, but there are none of any particular merit, nor do we find any suitable for quotation.

SEBASTIAN EMETT.

This gentleman was one of the writers who contributed to the work, published n 1792, entitled 'Poems, chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall,' and edited by the Rev. Richard Polwhele. The editor says that it was with great difficulty that he could prevail on Mr. Emett to allow his name to be mentioned. 'Such modesty,' says he, 'is the surest criterion of that merit which Mr. Emett's poetry more peculiarly possesses—the merit of refined sentiment, of an elegant and feeling mind.'

We do not find that Mr. Emett published any independent works.

*HUNTING SONG.**

The portals of the east divide;
The orient dawn is just descried,
Mild and gray:
The starry fires elude the sight:
The shadows fly, before the light,
Far away.

Now hark! the woodland haunt is found!
For now the merry bugles sound
Their sylvan lay:
As each sweet measure floats along,
Sweet Echo wakes her mimic song
Far away.

The stag, now rous'd, right onward speeds:
O'er hill and dale, the moor and meads,
He's fain to stray;
His flight the shouting peasants view;
His steps the dashing hounds pursue
Far away.

All day, untir'd, his route we trac
Exulting in the joyous chase
Of such a day!
At length, at mild eve's twilight gleam,
He's *taken* in the valley stream
Far away.

E. M. E.

THE first book printed in Torquay was printed and published for the author by E. Cockrem, 1830, and was entitled 'The Visit of Innocence, and other Poems,' by E. M. E. That the writer was a lady we have internal evidence to prove, but beyond that we are quite unable to fix the identity of the author. Perhaps some reader may be able to furnish the needful information. We append a few verses from one of her poems, which, we may observe, have no great merit.

HEAD AND HEART; OR, WHICH IS BEST?

You learned men say on the skull
(Whether it vacant is, or full)
Depends the tincture of the mind:
That there our powers are clearly shown,
Each secret fault is full made known,
Each faculty you find.

Alas! poor heart, what hast thou done,
That men so carefully should shun
To search thy hidden stores?
Hast thou no riches to disclose,
That learned men should be thy foes,
Nor dig for thy pure ores?

* It has been observed of sporting songs in general, that they too frequently abound in instances of unmeaning boisterousness and unfeeling cruelty; and that they are found to be both harsh to the ear and shocking to humanity. As this false taste must proceed more from a mechanical imitation of the meanest phrases of the field, than real observations from Nature, the above is an attempt at a less offensive species of hunting song; wherein objects which are thought to be the most pleasing only are described, without introducing the garbage of innocent victims, or dwelling on the ingeniously cruel arts either of tormenting or of executing them.

Art thou like insect with mere skin,
In which blood only flows within,
And gives pulsations warm?
No solid worth to yield relief,
No passions, or of joy or grief,
No love and truth to charm?

What says Religion, Virtue, Sense?
(Ye learned men take no offence)
If *I* stand for the heart:
Show you that deepest feelings dwell,
In bright perfection in the cell,
Of this, our better part.

Where does devotion fullest glow?
Does it not from our heart-strings flow,
With filial combined?
Where all the charities of life,
Of child and parent, husband, wife,
But in the heart you'll find.

Where softest sympathies of man
Teach us their errors mild to scan,
And seek and look for good?
Say, does the vain and puffed-out brain
Alone true charity contain,
Or flows it with our blood?

Does not this bright and ruby stream
Still with our judgment intervene,
To soften our rough mind?
Teach us to mild and lenient prove,
As children of one God of love,
And feel for human kind.

Hence do vain pedants rarely feel
The glow of grateful, holy zeal,
Or keen affections know;
Their skill, their learning, is their all,
They bow the knee to their vain Baal
Nor feel love's kindred glow.

Scorn not the counsel of a friend,
But deign to my advice attend,
So shall you peaceful live;
Seek out a maid whose heart is pure,
Whose principles are firm and sure,
Who has a heart to give;

Mild and of unpretending sense,
Not learn'd enough to give offence,
So shall you bless your lot;
Taste the chaste joys of wedded life,
Free from all envy and all strife—
Nor be the heart forgot.

DR. EVANSON.

This gentleman was a pleasing sonneteer. Many of his productions appeared in the *Torquay Directory*. He was the valued medical attendant of the great Percy family when they resided at Torquay, including the Duke of Northumberland, the Custs, and the Brownlows. The doctor published a volume of poems dedicated to Earl Percy. He died in 1871.

JOHN FARMER.

Mr. John Farmer, third son of Mr. James Farmer, was born at Colyton, Devon, on March 7, 1816, his father being descended from a family of that name long resident at Offwell and Cotleigh, and his mother, whose maiden name was Skinner, a grand-daughter

of Elisha Bennett, whose musical settings to the Canticles were for many years sung with much approval in Colyton Church. He was educated at the Grammar School at Colyton, and subsequently received instruction in Latin from the Rev. J. B. Smith, author of 'Seaton Beach, and other Poems,' a brief notice of whose death was the occasion of his first appearance in print. Beyond a squib or two at election times and a Conservative glee set to music and published in London, he made no poetical effort until after his removal from Chard, where he had resided for three years, to London in the year 1838. His first attempt at a sonnet was on the foundation of the first Protestant church, in the island of Malta, by the Dowager Queen Adelaide. This was inserted in the *Churchman* magazine (Painter) and reprinted in the *Exeter Gazette*, and with other sonnets and 'Sacred Rhymes' appeared in a small book, brought out in aid of the funds of the Sunday-school of St. Paul's, Shadwell, of which he was one of the first promoters and teachers. At the request of friends at Colyton, this was followed in 1842 by 'Twelve Sonnets on Colyton Church, with Notes Illustrative and Descriptive,' and as a companion thereto 'Twelve Sonnets on the Church Services.' Since their appearance, he has from time to time made many contributions to London periodicals and provincial newspapers. Writing, however, simply as a recreation, he has made no effort to bring out a collected volume, though often urged to do so by friends by whom his verses were appreciated. After leaving London (1844), during a short residence in Sampford Brett, in Somersetshire, he contributed the 'Eve of St. Agnes' to the *Sherborne Journal*, described by the editor as a clever poem, and 'Baron Brito,' a historical ballad on the murder of Thomas à Becket, to another local paper. In recent years Mr. Farmer has been a frequent contributor to the *Family Churchman*, in which his poems on 'The Nativity' (illustrated), on 'The Re-union of Husband and Wife in a Future State,' and a large number of sonnets and hymns and miscellaneous pieces on sacred subjects gave proof of considerable literary ability. His prose articles in the same periodical included papers on 'England's Place in Creation' and on 'Science as an Aid to Religion.' As a West-Country man, he has, during a residence of nearly half a century in the busy city of Liverpool, and while immersed in shipping business, been a very frequent contributor of poetic pieces and political articles to our local papers—formerly to the *Exeter Gazette* and *Taunton Courier*, and recently to the *Somerset County Mail*, published at Crewkerne, in which, besides over two hundred 'Cottage Canticles' and other religious pieces (inserted on the principle that

'A verse may catch him who a sermon flies'),

have appeared the legendary story of 'Hunter's Pool'; 'Days that Were and Days that Are,' contrasting the period when he first went to London on the old stage-coach with the present era of steam, telegraph, and telephone; 'A Reminiscence of Queen Victoria's Coronation Day,' giving an amusing description of what he witnessed in London on that occasion; 'An Evening Stroll up the Vale of the Coly,' and 'Tourists on the Ramble,' which bring out his love of the country as well as his descriptive faculty. Among his earlier writings we find many pieces in the Devon dialect. 'Culleton Club Day Vorty

Year agoo' is a capital description of the old customs of that day, which has been reprinted on two occasions and read at various entertainments. It has also found its way to Canada, and furnished an article to an Ontario paper. 'Jan Oakes' Account of the Harvest Festival at Colyton' and of 'The Vire at Clatleycombe' are also in dialect, and show the writer had a warm heart for West-Country manners and customs, while his love for his native county is strongly brought out in his song 'Dear Old Down-along.' These lighter pieces were printed under the *nom de plume* of Bennett Harvey or the initials B. H. In addition to these productions, his relatives are in possession in MS. of several longer poems which have never seen the light. Amongst these are 'Colcombe: a Tale of the Great Rebellion,' in eight cantos, giving a description of the local struggles in the Civil War, which caused the destruction of Colcombe Castle; 'The Emilie St. Pierre,' a vivid picture of the recapture of that vessel from the Americans during the late Civil War; a descriptive poem on 'The Mersey,' and an instructive one entitled 'Seen as We Are,' which pictures Satan making a special visit to England, and rejoicing over the progress of intemperance, and the debauchery and crimes which are consequent on its prevalence. 'Passages in the Life of a Pilgrim' is a poem treating discursively on a variety of religious topics, and extending to several hundred lines. 'Eventide Musings' and a number of shorter pieces show that Mr. Farmer, if an unambitious, was by no means an idle writer.

His latest production is a poem of one hundred stanzas, entitled, 'Phantasmagoria: The Armchair Musings and Reminiscences of an old Colytonian' (written in Liverpool), which portrays a visit in the spirit to the old home of his boyhood, where, in a stroll through the streets, he meets with, or is reminded of, persons then familiar, and circumstances then claiming attention. He is accompanied by a phantom which he has summoned and to which he addresses his reminiscences:

'Give me thy arm, old Friend! what is't to me
That thou art but a phantom at my side;
I can perambulate and talk with thee
As if thou wert a veritable guide,
And in thy erewhile home didst still reside.

'Give me thy arm! I fain would with thee stroll
Once more from street to street of my old home;
The memories of my boyhood's day unroll,
And recognize old faces as they come,
In shadowy guise around me as I roam.'

Mr. Farmer was married in 1844 to Amelia Parsons, daughter of Mr. Robert Lethbridge, of Bicknoller, Somerset, whom he had the misfortune to lose in the autumn of 1880, a loss which he felt very acutely. They were the parents of four sons and three daughters, all but one of whom are still living. Though now in his eightieth year, he continues to enjoy tolerably good health, and is still able to attend to business with great regularity. We may add that three of his four sons are in Holy Orders, the eldest son being an underwriter in Liverpool.

DEVONIA.

WRITTEN ON READING A SONNET ON THE SAME SUBJECT BY THE REV. CHARLES BECKETT, WHICH APPEARED IN THE 'EXETER GAZETTE' OF DECEMBER 5, 1873.

'Methought I saw the fair Devonia stand
Fern-crowned, with ocean gleams on either hand,
* * * * *
Whilst by her rivers to the ocean bare
She flings the amorous word, Devonia's fair.'

Ay! thou art fair, Devonia, passing fair!
A very princess in thy robes of green,
Gemm'd with pale daisy stars, and gold cups' sheen;
Wreath'd orchard-blossoms deck thy golden hair;
Sweet-scented violets of beauty rare,
With hyacinths entwined and daffodils,
Form love-knots on thy bosom's swelling hills,
And make thy lovers pine to linger there.

I loved thee in my boyhood, in my youth;
I love thee now that I am old and hoar,
Nor will I cease to love thee till I die!
But thou disdainest my poor love, good sooth;
Nor may I view thy sweet face evermore,
Nor will thy flow'rets deck the grave wherein I lie.

Banish'd from thee, 'tis my hard lot to dwell
Amid the city's din and daily strife,
Where no soft voice of Nature sweetens life;
Where day and night the myriad murmurs swell,
That of unending toils and sufferings tell;
Where if the light of sweet domestic love,
And thoughts and hopes of rest and peace above,
Were found not, man would scarce dread other hell.

But in my dreams, Devonia, thou and I
Wander again mid elm-clad hills and dales,
Where streamlets tinkle, wood-doves softly coo.
Thy sweet voice falls like music from the sky;
Thy breathings are as Eden's sweetest gales,
Thy lovely features such as angel eyes may view.

SONNET ON THE BELLS OF COLYTON CHURCH.

How beautiful, far up the vale, where flow
The Umborne's waters through the verdant meads,
Oft ling'ring 'mong the alders and the reeds,
That kiss the stream on whose rich marge they grow,
Requiting their cares with murm'rings low,
And song symphonious as young Zephyr wakes,
When wantoning amid the hillside's brakes
Or loitering on the banks where flow'rets blow!

How beautiful, at eventide, to stroll,
And catch, upborne by gentle southern gales,
The richer melodies that soothe the soul,
Recalling holy themes, and moving tales
Of Sabbaths, bridals, births, and loved ones' knells,
With which your tones are fraught, ye loved and sacred bells.

C. FITZGEOFFRY (1575?—1638).

THIS poet and divine was the son of Alexander Fitzgeoffry, a clergyman who had migrated from Bedfordshire, and was born at Fowey, in Cornwall, about 1575. He was entered in 1590 at Broadgates Hall, Oxford, proceeded B.A. January 31, 1596-97, and M.A. July 4, 1600. In 1596 he published at Oxford a spirited poem, entitled 'Sir Francis Drake; his Honorable Lifes Commendation and his Tragicall Deathes Lamentation,' 8vo. It was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and commendatory verses were prefixed by Richard Rous, Francis Rous, 'D. W.,'* and Thomas Mychelbourne. A second edition, with a revised text and additional commendatory verses, was published in the same year. Meres, in 'Palladis Tamia,' 1598, has a complimentary notice of 'Yong Charles Fitz-Ieffrey, that high touring Falcon,' and several quotations from the poem occur in 'England's Parnassus,' 1600. In 1601 Fitzgeoffry published an interesting volume of Latin epigrams and epitaphs, 'Caroli Fitzgeofridi Affaniæ; sive Epigrammatum libri tres: Ejusdem Cenotaphia,' 8vo. Epigrams are addressed to Drayton, Daniel, Sir John Harrington, William Percy, and Thomas Campion; and there are epitaphs on Spenser, Tarlton, and Nashe. Fitzgeoffry's most intimate friends were the brothers Edward, Laurence, and Thomas Mychelbourne, who are so frequently mentioned in Campion's Latin epigrams. There is an epigram 'To my deare friend, Mr. Charles Fitz-Ieffrey' among the poems 'To Worthy Persons,' appended to John Davies of Hereford's 'Scourge of Folly,' 1620. It appears from the epigram ('To thee that now dost mind but Holy Writ,' etc.) that Fitzgeoffry was then in Orders. By his friend Sir Anthony Rous he was presented to the living of St. Dominic, in the hundred of Eastwellshire, Cornwall. In 1620 he published 'Death's Sermon unto the Living,' 4to., second edition, 1622, a funeral sermon on the wife of Sir Anthony Rous; in 1622, 'Elisha; his Lamentation for his Owne and all Israel's losse in Elijah,' 4to., a funeral sermon on Sir Anthony Rous; in 1631, 'The Curse of Corne-horders, with the Blessing of Seasonable Selling; in three sermons,' 4to., dedicated to Sir Reginald Mohune; reprinted in 1648 under the title 'God's Blessing upon the Providers of Corn,' etc.; in 1634, a devotional poem, 'The Blessed Birth-day, celebrated in some Pious Meditations on the Angels Anthem,' 4to., reprinted in 1636 and 1654; and in 1637, 'Compassion towards Captives, chiefly towards our Brethren and Country-men who are in Miserable Bondage in Barbarie; urged and pressed in three sermons. . . . Preached in Plymouth in October, 1636,' 4to., with a dedication to John Cause, Mayor of Plymouth.

Fitzgeoffry died February 24, 1637-38, and was buried under the Communion-table of his church. Robert Chamberlain has some verses to his memory in 'Nocturnall Lucubrations,' 1638.

Fitzgeoffry prefixed commendatory verses to Storer's 'Life and Death of Thomas, Earl of Cromwell,' 1599 (two copies of Latin verse and two English sonnets); Davies of Hereford's 'Microcosmus,' 1603; Sylvester's 'Bartas; his Devine Weekes and Workes,' 1605;

* This 'D. W.' goes for the Rev. Digory Wheare, Principal of Gloucester Hall, Oxford, who died 1647.

and William Vaughan's 'Golden Grove,' 1608. He was among the contributors to 'Oxoniensis Academiæ Funebre Officium in Memoriam Elizabethæ,' 1603, 4to., and 'Academiæ Oxoniensis Pietas erga Jacobum,' 1603, 4to. There is an epigram to him in John Dunbar's 'Epigrammaton Centuriæ Sex,' 1616. Campion addressed two epigrams to him, and Robert Hayman, in 'Quodlibets,' 1620, has an epigram to him, from which it appears that he was blind of one eye. A letter of Fitzgeoffry, dated from Fowey, March, 1633, giving an account of a thunderstorm, is preserved at Kimbolton Castle.

In addition to the above, an edition of the 'Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake' was printed by Sir S. E. Brydges at the Lee Priory Press in 1819, and the latest issue (1881) is described as follows:

The poems of the Rev. Charles Fitzgeoffry (1593-1636), edited, with Introduction and Notes, and Illustrations, by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, LL.D., F.S.A. Sixty-two copies only. Printed for the subscribers. 1881.

Contains—Introduction, including a Memoir of C. Fitzgeoffry, pp. v—lxi.

1. 'Sir Francis Drake,' pp. 1-108.

2. 'The Blessed Birthday,' pp. 109-166.

3. 'Holy Transportations in contemplating some of the most Observable Adjuncts of our Saviour's Nativity,' pp. 167-200.

The above is vol. xvi. of Occasional Issues of Unique and very Rare Books, edited by Rev. A. B. Grosart.

The following verses must do duty for a more extended extract from Fitzgeoffry's eulogium of Sir Francis Drake:

*SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.**

As great as Alexander in renown,
In virtue greater far than ever he,
Great Drake on Nature sometime seem'd to frown, [should be;
That but one world, and that all known,
Wherefore he sought some other world to see;
Until at length to heaven he did attain,
And finding heaven, scorn'd to return again.

As one that vows a solemn pilgrimage
To some canoniz'd saint's religious shrine,
Doth leave his solitary hermitage,
And, with a new incensed zeal divine,
Unto devotion doth his mind incline:
Passing the way and day in meditation,
Beguiling both with holy contemplation;

At length, with often-tired tedious race,
Alway invoking saints' successive aid,
Arriveth at the sanctified place,
Where, after all his orison are said,
And due oblations to his saint are paid,
Ravish'd in spirit with devoted zeal,
Becomes a priest, and will not home repeal;

So Drake, the pilgrim of the world, intending
A vowed voyage unto honour's shrine,
At length his pilgrimage in heaven had ending,
Where ravish'd with the joys more than divine,
That in temple of the gods do shine,
There did a never-dying life renew,
Bidding base earth and all the world adieu.

* From 'Sir Francis Drake; His honourable Lifes Commendation, and his Tragical Deathes Lamentation' (1596).

Intending for to work his country's pleasure,
O cruel chance! he wrought his country's pain,
And minding to augment fair England's treasure,
(Alas!) he drowned in the ocean main
The richest treasure England did contain;
Save one rare jewel, whose rich price is such,
As none can either prize or praise too much.

What treasure was it, then, that Drake hath lost?
It was not silver, silver yields to gold:
It was not gold, pearl is of greater cost:
Nor pearl, for precious stones are dearer sold;
Yet precious stones this treasure did not hold:
O no! it was himself, more worth alone
Than silver, gold, or pearl, or precious stone.

O dire mischance! O lamentable loss!
Impoverishing the riches of our isle;
O wherefore should sinister Destiny cross,
And with her frown incurtain Fortune's smiles?
O, now I see she smiles but to beguile!
O Fortune, alway to deserts unkind,
That England lost not all the world can find!

E. E. FOOT.

Mr. Edward Edwin Foot, from whom we have had some difficulty in procuring an account of himself—his modest reticence pleading very strongly to be excused from being immortalized among the 'Poets of the West'—was born at Ashburton, Devonshire, in 1828 (the birthplace of several eminent men, including the great Gifford, of 'Juvenal,' 'Baviad,' and 'Mæviad' fame), where his father, the late Mr. Peter Foot, carried on the business of a boot and shoe maker, hatter, etc., and enjoyed a considerable reputation as a musical composer, vocalist, and instrumentalist. There were five sons and a daughter, all of whom, with the exception of the youngest brother, Frederick, a well-known landscape-painter, inherited their father's musical gift—more especially Edward, the subject of the present sketch, who at the age of twelve, had attained some notoriety as a classical flautist, being a private pupil of the late Henry Caunter, Esq., of the same town, who was also a very clever portrait-painter. The boy, however, seems to have had but a very indifferent amount of school education at the Free School, simply acquiring reading, writing, and arithmetic; and after trying his hand at several occupations (being always of a restless disposition), he eventually was apprenticed to the trade of a house-painter, glazier, etc., of which he ultimately became a master tradesman. In the meantime, possessing rather an inventive genius, he, in the year 1854, designed and submitted to the War Office the drawing of a breech-loading man-of-war's gun, which received the careful attention of the authorities, by the direction of the Duke of Newcastle, but without success. Later on, during the Crimean campaign, he submitted to the Inspector-General of Fortifications plans and specifications of a military hut of his invention, executing the drawings to scale himself,

for which he was awarded the sum of £50. Again, in 1865, he forwarded to the Postmaster-General his design of a postal exchange stamp, which, although unsuccessful, no doubt had something to do with the origin of the present postal order. In the year 1855 Mr. Foot went to Australia, returning in 1857, shortly afterwards obtaining an appointment in her Majesty's Customs, London, also following his musical instincts as a theatrical bandsman and a paid church-singer. We find him expressing great regret that his school education was so limited, as in after-years he had to educate himself.

It appears that, although 'dabbling,' as he calls it, in verse at an early period of his life, it was only at the commencement of his London career that he turned his more earnest attention to the Muse, and made his first poetical adventure in sending a manuscript poem, entitled 'Evening,' to Lord Palmerston, who a few days afterwards sent the author a sovereign in acknowledgment. This acted as a stimulant, causing him to devote more of his leisure time in that direction—sending various pieces to members of the Royal Family, receiving most gratifying letters in reply.

In 1867 he resolved upon publishing a book of poems by subscription, and was successful in procuring 540 subscribers at 3s. 6d. per volume before going to press, which more than cleared the expense of the thousand copies printed, leaving the remainder as profit. His volume, printed by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, consists of 264 pages, containing an allegorical poem, 'The Death, Burial, and Destruction of Bacchus,' 'Jane Hollybrand,' a romance in rhyme, and other miscellaneous poems.* The Queen graciously accepted a copy of this book, and sent the author a present of £2. Mr. Foot's poem 'Dudley Castle,' which appeared in the *Western Guardian*, December, 1883, does him great credit. His 'Life of John Simpson, the Octogenarian Shoeblack,' in pamphlet form in prose, is very interesting. John Simpson had been a sailor, eventually having the privilege of a station in the London Custom House as a shoeblack, which brought him under the author's notice, who published his 'Life' for the benefit of the poor old sailor, which procured for him (Simpson) a donation of £9 from the Admiralty.

We should like to see another edition of Mr. Foot's poems, and the publication of other manuscripts which he has in hand; but it appears that the pension he is now receiving from Government is insufficient to warrant his risking such an enterprise. He therefore now confines himself to Ashburton, contributing occasional pieces to the Totnes papers, which are much appreciated by the readers of those local journals, the *Totnes Times* and the *Western Guardian*.

Mr. Foot's poems are numerous, and the majority of them are lengthy. We were particularly desirous of inserting his poem entitled 'The Lover's Leap,' but space forbids, and we therefore select one which has a good old English ring about it, and will give our readers a fair idea of the ability of this minor Devonshire poet.

* The Original Poems of Edward Edwin Foot, of Her Majesty's Customs, London, published by the author, 1867, 8vo., pp. 264. Dedicated to Henry William Dobell, Esq., Comptroller General of Her Majesty's Customs.

ENCAMPMENT OF THE VOLUNTEERS AT HAYTOR, JULY 30, 1892.

The bugle is sounding, its echo rebounding,—
Up, up, and away to the camp on the Down;
Volunteering is cheering, its friendship endearing,
And the air is more bracing than down in the town:
O, give us the life of a bold volunteer,
Or that of a brave British soldier!

The bugle hath sounded, its echo rebounded,—
We're off and away, and we fear not the foe;
For we sons of the kingdom will fight for our freedom,
And all those who may dare with their lives shall soon know:
O, give us. etc.

The bugle is sounding, its echo rebounding,—
We're up on the heights and our camp-fire's ablaze;
And we'll soon be parading, no fellow degrading,
For we scorn a poor heart, and we know not the phrase:
O, give us, etc.

The bugle hath sounded, its echo rebounded,—
Each man with his rifle is straight in the line;
With the old British feeling, whether left or right wheeling,
A better physique not a man can divine:
O, give us, etc.

The bugle is sounding, its echo rebounding,—
The glorious old standard streams out in the wind;
While the men are returning with English hearts burning
With love for their country and all humankind:
O, give us, etc.

The bugle hath sounded, its echo rebounded,—
The day is far spent and the night is at hand;
Yet it shows they are living, for their voices are giving
Three cheers for Old England, our dear fatherland!—
O, give us, etc.

The bugle is sounding, its echo rebounding,—
The lights are all out, but there's laughter in store;
For a jolly young fellow a chorus will bellow
Before he rolls in for his primitive snore:
O, give us, etc.

The bugle hath sounded, its echo rebounded,—
The rocks of old Haytor look grim in the dark;
But the bright moon ascending its charms will be lending,
And the morn will bring forth the blithe notes of the lark:
O, give us, etc.

SAMUEL FOOTE (1720—1777).

ALTHOUGH not a poet in the ordinary sense of the term, we feel justified in including a short notice of this wit and dramatist in this volume. Foster says of him in the *Quarterly Review* for 1854, that his writings are 'not unworthy of a very high place in literature'; and that his name 'was once both a terrible and a delightful reality.' Foote was born at Truro in 1720. He received his education first at Truro, and afterwards under Dr. Miles at Worcester; afterwards being entered at Worcester College, Oxford. He was intended for the law, and entered at the Inner Temple; but having inherited considerable wealth,

he abandoned legal pursuits and joined the ranks of literature. He wrote about thirty pieces for the stage (which were translated into German in 1796), and the list of his works in their various editions occupies about thirty pages in the MS. British Museum Catalogue. He is described as 'a capital mimic, a boon companion, a most generous master to his subordinates, a ready wit, and an accomplished actor; but he was also a fair scholar, a bitter though an avowed satirist, and a prolific, as well as skilled dramatic writer and critic.' He died at Dover (on his way to France), and was buried at Westminster Abbey. We do not think it necessary to give further particulars, nor do we find any pieces of his of a poetical character suitable for quotation.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD.

This gentleman was included in 'Poems of Cornwall,' published by Mr. W. Herbert Thomas in 1892. He is a native of Bath, where he was born in 1830, and his father was a well-known artist of that city. He was educated at Bath, and afterwards at the University of London, where he took his degree of B.A. From 1856 to 1862 he was tutor to the sons of Dr. George Smith, of Camborne, and afterwards became master of Basset Villa Classical School, Camborne, where he remained for twenty-nine years, then returning to his native place.

Mr. Ford published in 1874 a volume of sacred and general poems, entitled 'Lyra Christi,' which speedily ran into a second edition. He was also joint editor of some hymn-books, and contributed hymns and sacred poems to other publications, serial and other wise. The following is by Mr. Ford:

SOUVENIRS.

Thy light-brown hair before me lies,
But thou art far away,
In the calm bowers of Paradise,
Where sainted spirits stray;
And richer curls adorn thy brow,
And stars bestrew thy hair;
And angels are thy comrades now,
Thyself an angel there.

I touch the faded cypress leaf,
And back returns again
The hour of pain, the night of grief,
When thou didst pass from men;
I see the grave's new-opened mould,
The path by mourners trod,
But life's full joys for thee unfold
In the bright land of God.

Come down to-night, the hour is thine,
And sit some while with me,
And sing me some sweet song divine
That angels sing to thee;
And tell me all—how saintly fair
Thy ordered home on high;
Life's burden teach like thee to bear,
And teach like thee to die.

Pass quickly on, ye lingering years,
As the swift shuttle flee!
Bring the long rest from griefs and fears,
The grave's sweet sleep to me!
Sleep to my dust, but life and light
To my glad soul above,
With her, the good, the fair, the bright,
The maiden of my love!

REV. JAMES FORD.

THE Rev. James Ford was the younger son of Richard Ford, of Chelsea. He entered Oriel College, Oxford, where he matriculated December 13, 1814, aged seventeen; was B.A. 1818, M.A. 1821; was appointed Prebendary of Exeter, 1849; Vicar of Combe St. Nicholas from 1837 to 1840, and of St. Mary Church, Devon, 1850-51. He is best known by his translation of Dante.

FROM HIS TRANSLATION OF THE 'DIES IRÆ.'

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quòd sum causa Tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa Die.

Remember, Jesu kind, I pray,
'Twas I who caus'd Thee Thy sad way,
Lest Thou destroy me in that day.

Thou satest faint, my soul to gain;
For me Thou didst the Cross sustain:
May toil so great be ne'er in vain.

Just Judge, in Thy strict vengeance clear,
Grant me Thine absolution here.
Before the accounting day appear.

As one arraign'd, I mourn and groan:
These crimson cheeks my trespass own,—
Lord, to my plea let grace be shown!

Thou that from sin didst many free,
Didst hear the thief with clemency,
Through them hast left some hope for me.

No merit can my prayers commend:
But Thou art good; in love defend
Me from the fire that knows no end.

Among the sheep a place provide;
Far from the goats my lot divide,
Appointed safe at Thy right side.

What time the cursed are reprov'd,
And to fierce flames depart remov'd,
Me call among Thy saints belov'd.

Bow'd down I supplicating cry:
My heart's like ashes, crushed and dry:
Have care of my last agony.

Sad day, all tears, sad day of doom,
When from the smouldering fiery gloom
Shall rise the tribes of sinful men;
Thy gracious pardon then afford;
Then spare, O Jesu, God and Lord,
And give them peace! Amen, Amen.

JOHN FORD (1586—?).

THIS popular dramatist was born at Ilsington, in Devonshire, 1586, being the second son of Thomas Ford, Esq. He appears to have been of good family, as his father was enabled to bestow upon him a liberal education. His mother was a sister of Lord Chief Justice Popham.

He was intended for the law, and was entered a member of the Middle Temple,

November 16, 1602, he then being scarcely seventeen years old. Although he devoted his energies to his professional studies, his ambition was to rank as a poet; and in 1606 he published an occasional poem, entitled 'Fame's Memorial; or, The Earle of Devonshire, deceased, with his Honourable Life, Peaceful End, and Solemne Funeral,' and dedicated to the Lady Penelope, Countess of Devonshire. That this was his first appearance in public is evident from the following conclusion of the dedication: 'Thus, Madame, presuming on your acceptance, I will in the meane while thinke my willing paines (*hitherto confined to the innes of court*, studyes much differente), highly guerdoned, and mine unfeathered muse (as soone dead as borne) ritchly graced under the plumes of so worthy a protectresse.' Though our author did not again seek the favour of the public in print until twenty-three years after this first attempt, he had certainly produced, in the meantime, some plays which had been performed. At what time he commenced his theatrical career it is difficult to determine, but the date of the production of ''Tis Pity She's a Whore' is plainly indicated in the dedication to the Earl of Peterborough, in which he expressly terms that tragedy 'the firstfruits of his leisure in the action.' From the printer's apology at the conclusion, it appears that the drama obtained great commendation for the actors who performed in it; but, notwithstanding this, the poet saw fit to withhold it from the press until the year 1633. This play was acted at the Phœnix before 1623. Another tragedy, 'The Witch of Edmonton,' in which he collaborated with Rowley and Dekker, was probably acted soon after 1622 at the Cockpit and at Court, although not printed till 1658. A masque, 'The Sun's Darling,' was produced in conjunction with his friend Dekker, 1623-24, printed 1657; 'The Lover's Melancholy' was acted at the Blackfriars and the Globe, 1628, printed 1629; 'The Broken Heart,' a tragedy, was acted at the Blackfriars, and printed 1633; 'Love's Sacrifice,' a tragedy, acted at the Phœnix, and printed 1633; 'Perkin Warbeck,' historical tragedy, acted at the Phœnix, and printed 1634; 'The Fancies, Chaste and Noble,' a comedy, also acted at the Phœnix, printed 1638; 'The Lady's Trial' was produced at the Cockpit, and printed 1639; 'Beauty in a Trance,' probably a tragedy, was entered on the Stationers' books, September 9, 1653, but not printed. It was probably destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant with others of the poet's works, viz., 'The London Merchant,' a comedy; 'The Royal Combat,' a comedy; 'An Ill Beginning has a Good End, and a Bad Beginning may have a Good End,' a comedy. We cannot here enter into an analysis of the various works we have enumerated; but it may be generally stated that his pieces have great merit; that the moral of his plays is obvious and laudable; his characters are natural and well chosen. Ford was an intimate and professed admirer of Shakespeare; and although but a young man when Shakespeare left the stage, yet, as he lived in strict friendship with him till he died, which appears by several of Ford's sonnets and verses, it may be said, with some propriety, that he was a contemporary of the great man's. We pass over the charges of plagiarism made against Ford by Ben Jonson, who appears to have been jealous of his fame, and come to speak of his personal character. Of this, besides the general tenor of his works, the only statement that can be given is the following distich, quoted from a contemporary poet:

'Deep in a dump John Ford was alone got,
With folded arms, and melancholy hat.'

The general impression is that he was of a morbid and melancholy temperament. From some expressions in the dedications to his plays and in the prologues and epilogues, it would appear that our author was of rather an irritable, if not somewhat discontented, temper; and the countenance and admonition of his friends seem to have been requisite to induce him to continue the cultivation of his dramatic talents, which were probably invidiously slighted by some of his contemporaries. The same temperament seems to have led him to assume a degree of independent carelessness and indifference of fame, which was possibly far from being really the case. In the epilogue to 'The Lover's Melancholy,' for instance:

'We must submit to censure; so doth he
Whose hours begot this issue; yet, being free
For his part, if he have not pleas'd you, then
In this kind he'll not trouble you again.'

His contemporary biographers describe him as a devotee to the Muses, and a friend and acquaintance of most of the poets of his time, particularly Rowley and Dekker. There is a tradition that he married and retired to his native place, Ilsington, and died there at a good old age, but the date and place of his death seem altogether uncertain. Ford's works were first collected by Weber in 1811, 2 vols., 8vo.; a more accurate edition was published by Gifford in 1827, and an edition of Ford and Massinger, by Hartley Coleridge, appeared in 1848; a revised edition of Gifford's Ford was issued by Dyce in 1869.

The following extracts are from the dramatic works of John Ford:

FROM 'THE BROKEN HEART.'

Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease,
Can but please
Our outward senses, when the mind
Is or untroubled or by peace refined.
Crowns may flourish and decay;
Beauties shine but fade away;
Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.
Earthly honours flow and waste;
Time alone doth change and last.
Sorrows, mingled with contents, prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a broken heart.

VANITAS VANITATUM.

(MELEANDER: THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.)

Fools, desperate fools!
You are cheated, grossly cheated; range, range on.
And roll about the world to gather moss,
The moss of honour, gay reports, gay clothes,
Gay wives, huge empty buildings, whose proud roofs
Shall with their pinnacles even reach the stars!

Ye work and work like blind moles, in the paths
That are bored through the crannies of the earth,
To charge your hungry souls with such full surfeits
As, being gorged once, make you lean with plenty;
And when you have skimmed the vomit of your riots,
You are fat in no felicity but folly:
Then your last sleeps seize on you; then the troops
Of worms crawl round and feast, good cheer, rich cheer,
Dainty, delicious!

W. B. FORFAR (1810—1895).

William Bentinck Forfar, one of the most noted Cornish dialect-writers, is the son of John Bentinck Forfar, and was born at Breage on March 30, 1810. In 1833 he was practising as a solicitor at Helston, and subsequently at Plymouth, where he remained some years and took a prominent part in public affairs, reading and lecturing at local institutions. He married September 15, 1868, at Stithians, Cornwall, Charlotte Marianne, the only daughter of John Millegan Seppings, H.E.I.C.S. Mr. Forfar is the author of many works, chiefly Cornish tales; and these have gained great popularity. His principal works are as follows:

'The Bâl; or, Tes a bra, keenly lode,' dedicated to One and All,' a song, twenty-four verses. Helston, 1850.

'Pentowan; or, The Adventures of Gregory Goulden, Esq., and Tobias Penhale.' Helston, 1859. A Cornish story.

'The Helston Furry Day; an Account of its Origin and Celebration, with the Music of the Ancient Furry Dance.' Helston, 1861. A second edition was issued in 1874.

'Pengersick Castle: a Cornish tale.' Truro, 1862.

'Cousin Jan's Courtship and Marriage.' etc. Truro, 1859. Another edition, 1862.

'Found Drowned: a Tale founded on Fact.' Truro, 1863.

'Kynance Cove; or, The Cornish Smugglers.' London, 1865. Dated Helston, January, 1865.

'Rozzy Trenoodle and his Leathern Bag,' a Cornish tale. Truro, 1865.

'The Bâl,' 'Cosin Jan,' 'Found Drowned,' 'Rozzy Trenoodle,' and 'Tale of the Oysters,' are reprinted in 'Cornish Tales, in Prose and Verse.' Truro, J. R. Netherton, 1867.

'The Great Grizzler.' By W. B. Forfar. Originally appeared in the *Hayle Miscellany*, 1859.

'Tale of the Oysters,' from Pengersick Castle; versified without permission by H. J. Daniel. It was prohibited by a threatened action on the part of Mr. Forfar, whereupon it was withdrawn and the copies promised to be destroyed.

'The Wizard of West Penwith,' a tale of the Land's End. Penzance, 1871. Preface dated Plymouth, March, 1871.

'Cornish Poems, and Selections from Pentowan.' Truro, 1885.

Mr. Forfar's stories, whether in prose or verse, are full of genuine humour, and are racy of the soil of Cornwall. He had a remarkable skill, also, in narrating the old smuggling legends with which the obscure little fishing villages that dot the wild coast of Cornwall abound, while his power of expressing phonetically the curious features of the rude and quaint dialect in use in many of the rural districts was only equalled by the quiet humour with which he has infused all these stories, whether told in rhyme or in prose. These pieces are for the most part lengthy stories in rhyme, and do not, therefore, suit our purpose for inclusion in the present work.

Mr. Forfar during his latter years led a very retired and quiet life, and he died at Pengersick, Bournemouth, March 20, 1895.

JAMES FORTESCUE, D.D. (1716—1777).

James Fortescue was the eldest son of George Fortescue, of Ford, in Milton Abbot, Devon, by Mary, daughter of John Barrett, of St. Judy, Cornwall. He was born at Ford, and baptized July 21, 1716: matriculated from Exeter College, Oxford, February 9, 1732-33; elected Petrean Fellow of Exeter College June 30, 1737; vacated his fellowship 1765; subdean of his College 1739; B.A. in 1736; M.A. 1739; B.D. 1749; and D.D. 1750-51. Proctor of the University 1747-48. Chaplain of Merton College in 1738, 1743, and 1746. Presented to the Rectory of Wootton, Northamptonshire, June 29, 1764, where he resided until his death, probably in July, 1777.

He published the following works in verse:

1. 'A View of Life in its Several Passions, with a Preliminary Discourse on Moral Writing.' London, 1749.
2. 'Science,' an epistle. Oxford, 1750.
3. 'Science,' a poem. Oxford, 1751.
4. 'Essays, Moral and Miscellaneous,' including the preceding works, and some other poetical pieces; part i., second edition, London, 1752; part ii., Oxford, 1754. An extended edition of the 'Essays,' including 'Pomery Hill' appeared in two volumes, 1759.
5. 'An Essay on Sacred Harmony.' London, 1753.
6. 'Essay the Second: on Sacred Harmony.' London, 1754.
7. 'Pomery-Hill, a Poem; with other Poems, English and Latin.' London, 1754

JOHN FOUNTAIN (ABOUT 1550).

WHEN and where this man was born we cannot say, but it is recorded that he was a Devonian, and wrote a play entitled 'The Reward of Virtue,' which was afterwards remodelled, and performed under the title of 'The Royal Shepherdess.'

'The Reward of Vertue, a Comedie,' by F. J., Gent.; 1661. 'The Royal Shepherdess,' a tragi-comedy [in five acts, and in prose and verse, altered by T. Shadwell from 'The Reward of Virtue,' by J. F.]. London, 1669, 4to. Another edition, 1691.

CHARLES FOX (1749—1809).

CHARLES FOX was born at Falmouth in 1749, and was a bookseller in that town, afterwards becoming a landscape and portrait painter. He was a well-known Persian scholar; but how his knowledge of that language was acquired is not recorded. He died at Villa Place, Bathwick, Bath, on May 1, 1809, having married, in 1792, Miss Ferriers, the daughter of a Dutch merchant.

Fox's residence at Falmouth was burnt to the ground; to enjoy the view of the conflagration, he, like another Nero, ascended the roof of the opposite house. He was a Quaker.

For some years he resided at Bristol.

In 1787 he was travelling in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia. For his translations from the Persian, reference must be made to 'A Historical Catalogue of the Manuscripts of the late Dr. Adam Clarke' (1835). The chief of them is, 'The Loves of Leily and Mejnour: a Persian Poem,' in two volumes.

He was also the author of 'A Series of Poems, containing the Plaints, Consolations and Delights of Achmed Ardebeili, a Persian Exile,' with notes historical and explanatory (Bristol, 1797); a 'Cornish Dialogue between Gracey Penrose and Mally Trevisky,' printed in Polwhele's 'Cornwall,' 1806; also in 'Cornish Tales' (Truro, 1867), and other collections.

S. H. FOX (1800—1882).

SARAH HUSTLER FOX, wife, in 1825, of Charles Fox of Falmouth, was the daughter of William Hustler, and was born at Bradford, Yorks, 1800. She published, amongst other works, 'A Metrical Version of the Book of Job, designed chiefly for the use of schools,' 1852

and 1854; 'Poems, Original and Translated,' 1863. A poem signed S. H. F., entitled 'The Matterhorn Sacrifice,' also by her, appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1865. She died at Trebah, Falmouth, February 19, 1882, aged 81, and was buried in the Friends' ground at Budock on February 23.

SCENE IN AN ASYLUM.

Her poor mad fingers on the keys she laid,
And 'The Last Rose of Summer' plaintive rang;
The while the voices round her wildly sang,
But all in discord, to the notes she play'd.
No sweet soul-music those stray'd spirits made;
The harps were broken, and their chords unstrung;
The night-wind's jarring breath amongst them flung,
Told of life's harmonies for ever fled.
And thou, sad minstrel with the rayless eyes,
No 'summer rose' of earth shall bloom again
To wreath thy hair, or nestle in thy breast;
Yet may'st thou sing in God's own Paradise,
Of flowers unfading, in a holier strain,
And find thy wakened soul in light and beauty drest.

ON A PICTURE IN THE 'KINDER HIMMEL.'

When a stork is seen to fly,
Floating on with graceful wing,
Floating on and soaring high
O'er a home in Germany;
Then they say, 'Some blessed thing
That fair bird is sure to bring,
As it sinketh silently
On the roof with folded wing.'

Then the children whisper low,
Stepping softly on the floor,
As they restless come and go,
All the wondrous news to know,
Peeping through the chamber door,
Where an angel watcheth o'er
That which seemeth angel too,
In its cradle on the floor.

Then the little children say,
'Surely that fair bird must be
Heaven's good angel, sent to stay
With that small young child, to-day
Brought by him so graciously
When not one of us could see;
For we heard our mother pray
That the dear Lord's he might be.'

W. FRANCIS (1794—1855.)

William Francis was the son of Joel or Joseph Francis, and was baptized at Gwennap, February 9, 1794. He was the author of 'Gwennap, a Descriptive Poem, in Seven Cantos,' printed at Redruth in 1794. He also published 'The Millennium, or Conversations on the Prophetic Scriptures' (Penryn, 18—). Mr. Francis became schoolmaster of Gwennap, and died at Carharrack, in Gwennap, April 13, 1855.*

The poem 'Gwennap,' mentioned above, from which we take the extract which follows, is dedicated 'To the Gentlemen and other Parishioners of the Parish of Gwennap,' and in

* 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis,' i., 165.

the Preface the author states his reasons for writing and publishing the work. 'It occurred to him,' he says, 'that, probably, the minds of our youth around might be stimulated to read something relative to their own parish or neighbourhood, and that, in the form of a poem, a writer could easily throw in sketches of history, and give references to books, which might, perhaps, lead many to improve their minds, draw them off from the pursuit of folly, to be comparatively wise and happy themselves, and to be useful in their day and generation. Thus the author might be of some use, others be benefited, and knowledge, in some measure, be increased.' With this laudable object in view, Mr. Francis has produced a rhythmical history of the parish, embracing all that could be collected from records, from ancient deeds, from family reminiscences, or from authentic or probable tradition. As a poem it is not a high-class production, but as a descriptive and historical work it is not without its value. We are first treated to a dissertation upon the ancient tin trade of Cornwall with the Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans, from which, and the notes appended, it is clear that the author had gained an intimate knowledge of ancient history as well as a general knowledge of the resources of Cornwall as a mining district. He then goes on to describe the agricultural and geological features of the district, and the methods of mining and habits of the miners, with notes embracing a succinct history of the steam engine and engineers. In another canto he describes the village, the parish church and its surroundings; the various seats of the gentry in the locality, with reflections on the former condition of the various places, the etymology of their names, and so forth, and after some moral and religious effusions, winds up with some practical suggestions as to what might be done to improve the social condition of the labouring classes. We quote a few lines from 'Gwennap,' Canto vi.:

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF A PIOUS MINER, OF WHICH THE PARISH AND ITS VICINITY HAVE FURNISHED MANY EXAMPLES.

Whilst almost all ranks and orders of men
In description call forth the poetic pen,
And all nature above, around, and below,
The images furnish their praises to show;
Whilst splendid royalty beams as the sun,
And as Cynthia's race nobility run,
Now shining refulgent, and full orb'd their rays,
As the crown shines on them and humours their ways;
Whilst statesmen and gentry like planets appear,
With radiance beaming, each one in his sphere—
Be it mine to invite attention to those
Lowly sons of our mines, their toils, and their woes.

No transport here glows in the classical song,
As when deeds heroic are sounded along.
When the thunder of war, and terrible charge,
Leaves poetic genius to swell and enlarge,
As, in fancy, it sees the squadrons engage,
With mutual hopes in their chivalrous rage:
Or, as when nautical subjects invite
Poetic display, and the nations delight;
The thundering broadside, when warfare prevails,
The gay gallant seamen unfurling their sails,
O'er the paths of the deep pursuing their way
Unerring, 'midst darkness, or gleaming of day;
Or when toss'd on billows, and shipwreck is nigh,
Through the poet we glow, or heave the deep sigh;

And numbers enliven the pastoral scene,
With Phillis wė grieve for Corydon's pain;
Nature's charms enchant us the valleys among,
And we wish the warblers their notes will prolong:
From the high and the rich to the poor injur'd slave,
All, all have been sung on land and on wave.
But genius stoops not to the bowels of earth
To sing the poor miner; ah! here is a dearth
Of these subjects for song that light up the eye
With poesy's fire, and these are passed by
For scenes of more int'rest; the miner's dull life,
Not such as the soldier's, in tumult and strife,
Nor as the mechanic's, nor the tiller of land,
Cheer'd on by daylight, with space at command,
But of toil and of pain, to dangers expos'd,
In the damp murky mine on all sides enclos'd;
In labour resembling the burrowing mole,
And depriv'd of Sol's rays, like those at the pole.
Ah! this is a subject few men will regard,
A theme far too low for the high-gifted bard.
Oh, would that a ray of the heaven-lit fires
That beam'd forth of old, and that now, too, inspires
Britain's sweet-singing sons, and Erin's fair isle,
Might shine on my mind, and rest there awhile!
Then would I portray, in his childhood and youth,
And his manhood, our miner, with candour and truth;
His renewal by grace, which made him a sage
Truly useful in life, and happy in age.

* * * * *

MICHAEL FROST (1820—1867).

The author of 'Poetic Fragments,' Plymouth, 1864, from which the following extract is taken, was a native of Launceston, in Cornwall, where he was born on May 1, 1820, and was the son of Langford Frost of that town. During the latter part of his life he resided at Plymouth, and there he published his volume of poems, 1864. He died on June 4, 1867.

FROM THE OPENING OF 'THE TROUBLED SPIRIT.'

Beautiful! how very beautiful!
Slowly he sinks into the deep blue sea,
'Midst skies of sapphire, emerald, and amethystine hues,
Emblazoned by golden glittering clouds,
Gilding the mirrored waters of the slumbering deep
From him to me, as 'twere with liquid fire.
I do love to gaze upon thee, thou most glorious orb!
Not quite gone yet: ah! there he sinks entirely away,
And with him all the gorgeous splendour of the sun-clad sky;
Leaving alone to mark his radiant course,
A faint red glimmering with an azure hue.
Now follows each succeeding blush of light, a deeper shade;
And new-born stars seem one by one,
And then in clusters, to sparkle into being,
The dark ether of eternal space is studded with,
What really are, millions of rolling worlds.
The Moon looks calmly from the mountain-top,
The Earth draws round her curtains of repose,
And weary nature settles down in rest.
Rest, rest—invisible thou art!

But thy creation doth proclaim thy being
As surely as if these eyes now rested on thee.
Yes, the same power that made the sun just gone,
That moon, those stars, this earth I dwell upon
With its majestic mountains, lovely valleys,
Rippling streams, and murmuring rivulets,
Broad shining rivers, billows, oceans, seas,
The forest trees, the lovely valley flowers,
Green fields, and golden corn, made me—
But not the wretched being that I am.
It were impossible that He who made
These things so perfect and so beautiful
Could pass, as finished, from His hands
Such as I am. Impossible!
Being Thy creature, I should love and worship Thee,
Instead of which Thy dread attends my footsteps,
Making life wretched, death so terrible to me.
Yes, I wish, but fear to die.
'Tis this which takes away the joy of life—the fear of death.
What to me are pleasures, joys, society, or gains?
A few short years, at most, I pass away;
Dead, buried, and forgotten in a day.
It is not death itself I fear;
As to that, I could court death—aye, long for 't;
Though I know this body will be eaten up of worms,
Pass into vegetation, consumed by man and beast,
Who will in their turn be gobbled up by others:
'Tis because I am immortal, and cannot really die.
Death is but a separation of myself from that I live in.
Ah! when I separate from this my house of clay,
Where will my disembodied spirit wing its way?
To Thee I fear, unfit and sinful as I am; 'tis this I dread.
My child, my Alice says, 'It's gone when we believe in Jesus;'
I would I were at peace with Thee—
What is it to believe in Jesus?

JAMES FURNEAUX (1813—1874).

James Furneaux, eldest son of James Furneaux, Esq. (of Swilly, near Plymouth, and Assistant Judge at Burdwan, Bengal), was born in India, October 31, 1813, and was educated at Tiverton, Devon, and at Winchester. He lived mostly at Swilly until about the year 1854, and while living there, took a very great interest in the movement for providing additional churches in the parish of Stoke Damarel. The church of St. Michael owes its existence to a great extent to his exertions, and he also took a prominent share in the establishment of the district churches of St. James the Great, Keyham, St. Paul's, St. Mary's, and St. Stephen's in Morice Town and Devonport. His 'Lenten Thoughts and Other Poems,' published (as the preface shows) in furtherance of this object, appeared in 1846, and a second edition in 1847. The last twenty years of his life were spent in London, during most of which time he was on the staff of the *Guardian* newspaper. He died at his brother's house, Berkley Rectory, Somerset, August 14, 1874, and was buried there.

TO WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

FOUNDER OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD, AND ST. MARY'S, WINCHESTER.

O sainted father of a saintly race !
I, an unworthy son, would fain proclaim
My gratitude to thee, who didst a life
Of holiness conclude with one great act,
Which none before thee ever dreamed to do,
Which none but one has dared to copy since,
And he a king* in sackcloth sorrowing
Over a misspent life. Thou sower of good seed,
From whence have sprung such store of goodly fruit
As Chicheley, Warton, Arnold, Lowth, and Ken,
Waynflete and Wotton, Eton-hallowed names ;
Wise Huntingford, who ruled my boyhood's years ;
Nor least of all Howley, who sits enthroned
On St. Augustine's chair. I seldom hear
A week-day church bell hallowing the air
But I remember lessons taught by thee,
Forgotten long, yet, like baptismal vows,
Still buried deep in my unconscious heart,
And carried dormant through the noisy world,
Until a ray of light, with sorrow tipped,
Stole like a silent sunbeam o'er my soul,
And waked thy precepts into life again.

CHARLES GARLAND (1813—1875).

CHARLES GARLAND was born at Bridge, Illogan, on March 10, 1813, and wrote numerous poems and literary sketches. He was the editor of the *Cornish Telegraph* for several years, and edited the 'Memorials, Literary and Religious,' of his brother, Thomas Garland. His poems appeared chiefly in the *Diamond Magazine*, and in 'The Pocket Album,' 1831-32.

Mr. Garland was a schoolmaster, and a leader-writer and reviewer on the *Record*, and for some years resided at Croydon. He also edited the *Pembrokeshire Herald*. He died at Penzance on February 17, 1875. He is included in Christopher's 'Poets of Methodism' (1875).

JOHN GARLAND (ABOUT 1040).

THE first recorded name in the literary annals of Devon is that of John Garland, a famous poet and grammarian, who flourished in the reign of Harold, and who Prince supposes to have been a Devonian, born at Chulmleigh, where an old Saxon family was settled in a manor of the same name.† The family remained until 1710, when John Garland, Esq., the last of the name, died, leaving an only daughter, who died unmarried and in a state of poverty.

* Henry VI., founder of Eton College on the mode of that of Winchester, in which work he was advised by Bishop Waynflete. Sir Henry Wotton was the first Provost of Eton. Both were Wykehamites.

† Prince's 'Worthies,' p. 401.

The only token we have of the time he flourished was, that he was contemporary with Pope Benedict IX. and Casimir, King of Poland.* He was bred a scholar, and even from his childhood devoted himself to the study of such arts as were in fashion in his days, but what he most excelled in was poetry and grammar. He travelled abroad to extend his studies, as was the fashion in those days; and on his return, as Ball relates in his 'Lives of Eminent Writers,' 'obtained "Eximium gloriæ nomen," a name of much glory and renown, and was retained largely by the nobility to instruct their sons in the Latin tongue and the art of poetry.'† He wrote many books, a catalogue of which is given by Ball, all of which were in Latin, and mostly in metre. Of the date or place of his death there is no record.—J. R. C.

JOHN GAY (1685—1732).

THIS popular writer, the author of 'The Beggar's Opera,' 'Fables,' and other well-known works, was a native of Devonshire, having been born in or near the town of Barnstaple in the year 1685. His life has been so frequently written, and his works have been so extensively circulated, that it seems superfluous to do more than give a bare outline of his career in the present volume. A few particulars must therefore suffice.

Gay sprang from an old and influential family, several generations of whom had resided at Frithelstock. John Gay was the youngest of five children. His mother died when he

* Lysons, vol. i., p. 197.

† Ball's 'Cent.,' p. 153.

was eight years old, and his father a year later; he then went to live with his uncle Thomas, at Barnstaple.

He was educated at the Barnstaple Grammar School, first by Mr. Rayner, afterwards by Mr. Robert Luck, under whose tuition he made considerable progress. While with Mr. Luck, Gay first showed signs of a fondness for literary pursuits, and he received encouragement from the master, who was himself addicted to writing verses, both in Latin and English. Under Mr. Luck's careful tuition Gay became a thorough student, and was well grounded in the classics.

Having finished his school training he went to London, and was apprenticed to a mercer; but he did not like the employment, or the consequent confinement, so he came back to Devonshire and stayed awhile with another uncle, his mother's brother.

After a time he returned and entered upon that career in which he was afterwards destined to make such a mark. His earliest poem, 'Wine,' was published in 1708. In 1712 he was appointed Secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, and this post gave him a sufficient emolument and the coveted leisure for the continuance of his literary pursuits. He soon became well known to all the leading literary men of the time. In 1712 he contributed a translation of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses' to a volume published by Lintot. It was afterwards included in Garth's 'Ovid.' His 'Rural Sports, A Georgic,' he dedicated to Pope (1713). He subsequently published 'The Mohocks'; 'The Fan' (1712-14); 'The Wife of Bath' (1713); 'The Shepherd's Week' (1714); 'The What-d'ye-call-it?' (a play first acted at Drury Lane, in 1715); 'Trivia; or, The Art of Walking the Streets of London' (1716); 'Three Hours after Marriage' (1717); 'Dione'; 'The Captives' (1724); and other poetical and dramatic works. But the two works which made his fame, and have sustained it up to the present day, are 'The Beggar's Opera' and the 'Fables.' The former was a great dramatic success, and it may still be said to be popular; while of the latter, it is enough to say, that since the publication of the first series in 1726 they have gone through about two hundred and fifty editions (probably more rather than less), and are as popular as ever. His fables have been annotated by many literary men from the days of Curll to Austin Dobson; the latest edition having been published in 1893 by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, with a biography and notes by John Underhill. They were also included in Warne's 'Chandos Classics,' with a new biography by W. H. K. Wright, and a bibliography of the fables (1889).

Dr. R. Carruthers, writing in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' (ninth edition), says:—'It may be safely said that no man could have acquired such a body of great and accomplished friends as those which rallied round Gay and mourned his loss, without the possession of many valuable and endearing qualities. His poetry is neither high nor pure; but he had humour, a fine vein of fancy, and powers of observation and local painting which bespeak the close poetical student and the happy literary artist.' He died in London, at the residence of his patron, the Duke of Queensberry, in Burlington Gardens, on December 11, 1732, while a comparatively young man, and was buried with great state in Westminster Abbey, December 23. His monument bears the following eulogium, penned by Pope:

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild,
In Wit a Man, Simplicity a Child ;
With native Humour, temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the Age.
Above Temptation in a low Estate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great.
A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
These are thy Honours ! Not that here thy Bust [Dust ;
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy
But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
Striking their pensive Bosoms—Here lies Gay.'

Gay's genius as a poet was certainly not of the highest order, but it was as certainly not of the lowest. Although he did not excel in the higher flights of poetry, yet, as is proved in many of his poems, he was capable of uniting elevation of sentiment with dignity of language, and of describing natural beauties with the power of an artist.

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

'Why are those tears ? Why droops your head ?
Is then your other husband dead ?
Or does a worse disgrace betide :
Hath no one since his death applied ?'
'Alas ! you know the cause too well ;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell ;
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across :
On Friday, too—the day I dread !
Would I were safe at home in bed !
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true),
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell ;
God send my Cornish friends be well !'
'Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears ;
Let not thy stomach be suspended,
Eat now and weep when dinner's ended ;
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy dessert I'll read my fable.'
Betwixt her swagging pannier's load
A farmer's wife to market rode.
And jogging on with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware ;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream :
'That raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill betiding croak !)
Bodes me no good.' No more she said,
When poor blind Ball with stumbling tread
Fell prone : o'erturned the pannier lay,
And her smash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.
She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd : 'Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat !
I knew misfortune in the note.'
'Dame,' quoth the raven, 'spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown ?
Goody, the fault was all your own ;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the ravens of the hundred,
With croaking had your tongue out-thundered,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good woman, saved your eggs.'

BALLAD.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wishful look ;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

'Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean
And let a lover rest;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

'The merchant robb'd of treasure
Views tempests in depair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To the losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

'How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes those rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover
And leave the maid to weep.'

All melancholy lying
Thus wailed she for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corpse she 'spied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head and died.

JOHN GEE (1560—1618).

A CLERGYMAN of this name, Rector of St. Mary, Tedburn, is recorded as being a Devonian-born, though of Lancastrian descent. His poetry appears of the smallest; but an epitaph he made on the decease of his first wife, who died in 1613, is curious:

Oh that in Hymeneus' books I ne'er had been enrolled!
Woe-worth, alas! my light, my Jane, lies here iclad in mould!
Scarce ten years had we lived in bliss, but death reft Jane away—
Envious death! woe-worth, my light, my Jane, lies here in clay!
Here, Jane, thou liest, to whom Admetus' wife unequal was
In faithfulness. Penelope thou didst far surpass.
Never was woman to her spouse or to her imps more kind.
A more godly and modest one than she no man could find.
Therefore, O happy soul! in peace eternally remain,
In heavens high, where now thou dost in blessed kingdom reign!
Yet shall thy feature, oh my Jane, out of my heart then slide,
When beasts from fields and fishes all out of the seas shall glide!
Henceforth I will no more alight upon a fair green tree,
But as a turtle which hath lost its dear mate I will be.'

His biographer quaintly records that notwithstanding this resolution he married again, and left a widow, Mary, 'to turtle it after him as he had done before.'—J. R. C.

JOHN GERRARD.

THIS gentleman was curate of Withycombe-in-the-Moor (now Widecombe), Devonshire, and published a volume of poems in the year 1769. He was probably of a Somerset family; but we have been unable to trace any account of him beyond the above fact.

The book of poems, from which we give a short selection below, runs to over one hundred pages, and contains about twenty pieces. The list of subscribers occupies eleven pages; then follows the author's preface or apology, from which we gather that Mr. Gerrard had no great opinion of his own powers as a poet. Some of the pieces are of more than average merit; the best, perhaps, are the translations, which prove that the author was well versed in the classics. He was not without humour, as his odes 'The Despairing Musician' and 'An Epistle to a Young Deacon about to take Priest's Orders' will show. Several of Mr. Gerrard's pieces have a local bearing.

THE 'ADDRESS TO THE SUN'

IN THE 'CARTHON' OF OSSIAN VERSIFIED.

O thou that roll'st o'er yon ethereal field,
Round and resplendent as my father's shield!
Whence are thy beams with dazzling lustre bright?
Thou great diffuser of eternal light!
Thou travell'st forth in awful smiles array'd,
And the dim stars shrink in the azure shade!
The sickly moon, depriv'd of all her sires,
Shiv'ring beneath the western wave retires;
But thou, enwrapt in glories all thy own,
Unrivall'd tread'st the kindling skies alone!
The knotted oaks by length of years decay,
And mould'ring mountains drop to dust away;
By seasons sway'd, old Ocean shrinks and grows,
And the fair moon her stated changes knows;
But thou to everlasting years art bright,
The constant author of perpetual light.
When the dim landscape mourns beneath the show'rs,
When thunder rolls, and forky lightning pours,
Serene thou look'st, unalter'd in thy form,
To brave the tempest and deride the storm.
But ah! in vain to me thy glorious stream,
No more thy Ossian sees the gladsome beam.
Whether in eastern skies thy tresses flow,
And stream with gold, as wanton breezes blow;
Or on meridian wings thou soar'st elate,
Or faintly tremblest at the western gate!
But yet, succeeding times a change may see,
Yet may thy vig'rous orb be dim like me.
Then o'er thy cloud-capt head soft sleep shall fall,
No more to hear the morning's breezy call!
O then to joy thy youthful years incline,
Ere the dim eyes of feeble age be thine,
Age sightless as the moon when darkness shrouds
Her waning beauties in involving clouds.
When o'er th' unsettled hills blue mist remains,
And northern tempests howl along the plains;
When the faint trav'ller in the doubtful night,
Shrinks at the blast, and mourns the faded light.

JOHN GOODWIN.

We record in other parts of the present volume postmen-poets, railway-poets, and others in ordinary walks of life. We now make a brief note relative to John Goodwin, one of the olden race of stage-coach guards. Although a native of Cambridgeshire, he was for some years on the 'Great Britain' coach, which plied between Kingsbridge and Plymouth. At another period of his life he was on the coach 'Nonpareil,' which ran between Bristol and Devonport. Few men could blow the bugle so well as Goodwin, and many were the testimonials of bugles and cornopeans which he received from admiring patrons. The coming of the iron horse into the West compelled him to abandon his out-of-door life, and he ended his days as a billiard-marker at Plymouth. He was an ardent fisherman, and once played a pike off and on for twenty-four hours. The fish weighed twenty-five pounds. He had also considerable talent in the making of verses, his principal theme being coaching. He sung of the days when there was such a thing, if we may so phrase it, as the poetry of locomotion, and his lines reveal how much his avocation meant to him. In all there is a genuine ring, showing that a true spirit of love of the road prompted him in the writing of them. There is, too, a tinge of sadness when he alludes to the steam-engine causing such a revolution in the mode of travelling, and sweeping away one by one the old institutions that had been so dear to him. He issued, about twenty years ago, a little volume entitled 'Carmina Viæ,' containing such of his poetical effusions as were thought worthy of publication. We give a short piece as a sample of his rude versification:

THE OLD STAGE-COACH.

(BY AN OLD STAGE-COACH GUARD.)

In days gone by with four-in-hand
We used to spank along;
The guard on bugle well would play,
Or tip a jolly song.

I mind the time when I was guard,
The lord, the duke, or squire,
Would travel by the old stage-coach,
Or post-chaise they would hire.

Alas! no more those happy days,
They seem but like a dream;
The road has ceased to be 'the road'
Since introducing steam.

The roadside inns have dwindled down,
The 'pikes have shared the lot;
The guards' and coachmen's race is run,
They're nearly all forgot.

MRS. MARIANNE GERVIS (1795—1861).

This lady was a native of Penryn, Cornwall, and was born in 1795. She died at Mylor Bridge in 1861. She wrote some 'Original Cornish Ballads' chiefly founded on stories told by Mr. Tregellas in his popular lectures on 'Peculiarities.' This book was published

in 1846. It contains, in addition to the ballads of Mrs. Gervis, an Introductory Essay by Mrs. Miles (*née* S. E. Hatfield) on the 'Peculiar Characteristics of the Cornish Peasantry,' and one or two ballads by the same lady.

We give one of these interesting pieces by Mrs. Gervis:

THE MARE'S EGG, FROM 'ORIGINAL CORNISH BALLADS.'

To Truro came a miner true,
His name we do not know;
But he came in straight from St. Agnes,
As we proceed to show:

As he passed by a 'squire's seat
The gardener came in view,
And in his hand a *pumpkin* large,
A sight to the miner new.

Cries he, 'My dear man, what es that
There thing you got in yer hand?
I never seed the like afoar;
Did et come from a furrein land?'

The gard'ner, looking grave as an owl,
''Tis a mare's egg,' said he;
'As fine, too, as ever I saw,
Or am likely soon to see.'

'A mare's egg!' said the miner. 'What!
And will ha bring fouth a little coult?
Ef ha wud I shud like to buy un suare;
And I will, ef ha's to be soult.'

'Yes, sure,' the gard'ner grave replied,
'The mare's egg is for sale;
And will bring forth a pretty little colt,
With a pretty mane and tail.'

'What's the price? I hope I got munney enough,
For I wudn't miss the chance
Av buyin' the egg and havin' the coult—
Aw loar, how I shall dance

'When I sees the little coult come fouth!
What es the price, my dear man?
Come, tell me to wanse, for I am in haste;
I'll hab un ef I can.'

'A half a guinea,' the gard'ner said,
'Is the price I ought to make;
But I'll sell it to you for shillings ten,
If the bargain you will take.'

The miner thrust his hand in his pocket
And took his silver out;
So eager to make the prize his own,
He scarce knew what he was about.

'Aw deer! I've honly got—iss I have,
Ezzackly got the sum:
Here's ten shillin' for 'ee—I'm glad as a bird;
Come, le'me hab un—come!'

'Stop!' said the gardener, 'stop a minute,
Such haste belongs to fools;
You'll never see the little colt,
If you do not *keep the rules.*

'You must carry home the egg with care,
But do not *tell your wife;*
And wrap it up in flannel warm,
To keep the egg a-life.

'This day twelvemonths, with egg in hand,
Go to the Beacon's top;
Then roll it down the Beacon-side
And the little colt will drop

'Out of the shell, and skip about;
You'll dance with joy to see
His mane, and tail, and four legs:
Now, good-bye, friend, to thee.'

The miner in his pocket plac'd
The wondrous egg with care;
Determin'd that, meet whom he might,
He'd not tell what was there!

His bus'ness he despatched with haste,
And quickly left the town;
And once or twice, he walk'd so fast,
He nearly tumbled down.

Arriv'd at home he found a nook,
Where straight the egg he placed;
And so well kept the gard'ner's *rule*,
That none his secret traced.

How many times he took a peep ;
  How long that year appeared ;
Not knowing, we decline to say,
  Such task our pen is spared.

At length the wish'd-for day arriv'd ;
  At early dawn he rose,
Our honest miner, with his egg,
  And to the Beacon goes.

Quick he ascends the Beacon's height,
  Alone with beating heart ;
The eventful hour at length is come,
  To act his wondrous part.

If Cornish miners ever know
  What trembling nerves may mean,
In our adventurer, I trow,
  Their pains might now be seen,

As down the Beacon's steep hillside
  He roll'd his hoarded prize,
And eager follow'd its descent
  With both his eager eyes.

Just half-way down a brake of furze
  This wondrous egg did stop,
When from her seat in that same brake
  A timid hare did pop.

'Aw—there's the coult ! A little deer !
  How lovely he do run !
I'm sure that worthy *Maaster John*
  Would like to ha' seen the fun.

' Loar, what a little beauty 'tes !
  A *raacer* suare he'll be ;
Ef ever I in oal my life
  Such a putty coult ded see !

' But I must run, or else I fear
  He'll run from me away.'
So off he set—the sequel we,
  Sure, have no need to say.

ANNE GIBBONS (1813—).

Anne Gibbons was the third daughter of Sir W. L. S. Trelawny, Baronet, and wife of the Rev. George Buckmaster Gibbons, Vicar of Werrington. She was born at Penquite, near Fowey, in 1813. She published, amongst other works, the following : ' Mary Stuart, a Tragedy from the German of Schiller ' (Anon.), 1838 ; ' Lyrical Ballads from the German of Schiller, containing The Song of the Bell, and other Minor Poems,' by the 'Translator of Mary Stuart,' 1838 (the profits of this work were given to the fund for providing a chapel in Calstock) ; ' An Easter Offering,' 1845, containing lines written on the opening of a chapel in the mining district of Gunnislake, 1841 ; ' The Tale of Trecarrel, or Legend of Launceston Church, and other Poems ' (1849) ; ' Spiritual Songs, a Whitsun Gift ' (1861), etc.

THE POWER OF SONG.

Forth from the mountain's riven side,
  The torrent bears its headlong force ;
It bends the oak-bough to its tide,
  And shiver'd fragments mark its course ;
The wanderer hears the thundering sound,
  And dread and awe his breast o'erflow,
He sees the impetuous waters bound,
  Yet where they tend he may not know ;
So swells the mighty stream of song,
From hidden fountains borne along !

When, waving with his sceptre wand,
  The heaven-taught bard our eyes can fire,
To pierce the gloomy shadow-land,
  Or up to heaven's own light aspire—
Who can withstand its matchless spell ?
  What soul can wage the unequal strife ?
Sprung from the powers on high that dwell,
  And weave the mystic thread of life,
The captive sense alternate hears,
And thrills to joy, or melts to tears.

When in some vain unheeding hour
(In warning sent by fate's commands),
Felt by the soul's prophetic power,
Some phantom of dread future stands,
How cease the reckless tones of mirth
Before the awful Spirit Guest!
They bow, the mighty of the earth,
In their own feebleness confest;
And Truth claims back her native sway,
And Guile shrinks from the eye of Day.

So man, exalted to a god,
That mighty voice entranced to hear
In harmony's own blest abode,
Claims in the heavens his proper sphere.
In foretaste of his nobler birth,
Forgets his base and narrow clay,
Contemns the sordid cares of earth,
And casts its joys and fears away.
E'en Sorrow's eye forgets the tear
While Music's magic spell is near.

Or wandering in some foreign clime,
Its tones may thrill the pilgrim's breast,
And bring the thoughts of former time,
Of days more innocent and blest.
Then, as a child, whose suppliant face
Has wooed a stranger's smile in vain,
Returning to her fond embrace,
Clings to its mother's arms again—
So back to Nature's fostering care,
He seeks his ancient refuge there.

Though lost in sin's frequented maze,
Or thrall'd by passion's fierce control,
Some tender strain of other days
May whisper peace within his soul.
He hears the tone of music break,
And touch some mute and unstrung chord;
The still, small voice that sound shall wake,
Within his breast too long unheard;
And melting at that hallowed strain,
The heavens shall win their child again!

JAMES GIBBS, M.D. (—1724).

THIS gentleman, who is described in 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis' as of Exeter College, Oxford, 1650, was son of Dr. James Gibbs of Roscassa in Gorran, Cornwall, and grandson of the Rev. James Gibbs, Vicar of Gorran in 1660. The date of his birth is not recorded, but he died at Tregony on April 4, 1724. He was the author of 'A Consolatory Poem, humbly addressed to her Royal Highness, upon the much-lamented Death of his Most Illustrious Highness William, Duke of Gloucester' (London, 1700); also of 'The First Fifteen Psalms of David, translated into Lyric Verse, proposed as an Essay, supplying the Perspicuity and Coherence according to the Modern Art of Poetry, not known to have been attempted before in any language. With a Preface containing some observations of the great and general defectiveness of former versions in Greek, Latin, and English, London, 1701, second edition, 1712. Dean Swift wrote some severe remarks in his copy of the 1701 edition. There is also in MS. in the Lambeth Library, a 'Proposal, by J. Gibbs, to the Archbishop of Canterbury for a new translation of the Psalms, with a printed translation of the first and second psalm into English verse.'

REV. LEWIS GIDLEY (1822—1889).

The Rev. Lewis Gidley was the eldest son of Lewis Gidley, Esq., of Honiton, and was born on April 18, 1822. He was educated at King's School, Ottery St. Mary; matriculated from Exeter College, Oxford, April, 1839, aged sixteen; gained the Newdigate English Verse prize, 1840; was B.A. in 1843, M.A. in 1845; became curate of Comb Raleigh with Sheldon in Devon, 1845-50; curate of Gillingham in Dorset, 1850-51; curate of Otterton, Devon, 1851-59; of Gittisham, Devon, 1859-62; of Branscombe, Devon, 1862-68; was chaplain of St. Nicholas' Hospital, Sarum, 1868. He was the author of several poetical works, viz., 'Poems' (1857), second edition, 1884; 'Morven, Devonshire Legends and other Poems' (1864); 'Aletes, a Poem' (1865); 'Faith, a Poem' (1868); 'Stonehenge viewed by the Light of Ancient History' (1873); a new translation of Bede's 'Ecclesiastical History' (1870); translator of 'Epigrammata' (1848); 'Fasciculus' [selections from English poets translated into Latin verse, by Gidley and others], ediderunt L. Gidley et R. Thornton, 1866—Boase's Exeter College Register, 1879.

He died at Salisbury, April 28, 1889.

The following pieces are from his volume of 'Poems,' published 1857:

SUMMER.

From leafy hedges comes the pleasant breath
Of cows that seek the trees which overshadow
Green resting-places, where they lie beneath
The woven boughs and leaves, and view the meadow,
Where haymakers upturn the tangled wreath
Of brown and fragrant grasses; or the mower,
Plucking his whetstone from its belted sheath,
Makes tuneful grating. Now the freshening shower
Falls cool from heaven, whereat the earth rejoices,
And seems to suck the grateful moisture in;
And then a thousand tiny murmuring voices
Of weary leaves and flowers, which begin
To stretch their curved necks, are heard like strings
Of harps which sound to fairy fingerings.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Hope, a sleek and beauteous fawn,
On a grassy, upland lawn,
Views the portal of the dawn
Opening distantly;
Whence the dayspring's pearly gush
Issues, ere Aurora's blush
Mantles with a rosy flush
All the eastern sky.

In the fields of by-past years,
Memory gleans the scatter'd ears,
And the sober vesture wears
Of autumn sad and sere:
Songs she sings of mournful tone
Which the buried hours bemoan,
And the glory fled and gone
Of the days which were.

HUMFREY GIFFORD (CIRCA 1580).

THIS poet, who flourished about 1580, was probably the second son of Anthony Gifford, of Halsbury, in Devon He published in 1580 'A Posie of Gilloflowers, eche differing from other in colour and odour, yet all sweete,' quarto, of which a copy (supposed to be unique) is preserved in the King's Library, British Museum. One section is in prose, the other in verse. The prose is prefaced by a dedicatory epistle, 'To the worshipfull his very good Maister, Edward Cope of Edon, Esquier,' whom Gifford describes as 'the onely maister that euer I serued'; and the poetry is dedicated 'To the Worshipfull John Stafford of Bletherwicke, Esquier.' Little interest attaches to the prose, which chiefly consists of translations from the Italian; but some of the poems (in particular a spirited war-song) have merit. The poems, with selections from the prose, have been reprinted by Dr. Grosart in 'Occasional Issues,' and again in 'Miscellanies of the "Fuller Worthies" Library.' 'The complete poems and translations in prose of Humfrey Gifford, gentleman (1580),' edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, 1875 (being volume i. of 'Occasional Issues of Very Rare Books').*

FOR SOLDIERS.

Ye buds of Brutus' land, courageous youths, now play your parts,
Unto your tackle stand, abide the brunt with valiant hearts,
For news is carried to and fro, that we must forth to warfare go:
Men muster now in every place, and soldiers are prest forth apace.
Faint not, spend blood, to do your queen and country good;
Fair words, good pay, will make men cast all care away.
The time of war is come, prepare your corslet, spear, and shield;
Methinks I hear the drum strike doleful marches to the field:
Tantara, tantara, the trumpets sound, which makes our hearts with joy abound.
The roaring guns are heard afar, and everything denounceth war;
Serve God, stand stout, bold courage brings this gear about.
Fear not, forth run; faint heart fair lady never won.
Ye curious carpet knights, that spend the time in sport and play
Abroad, and see new sights, your country's cause calls you away:
Do not, to make your ladies game, bring blemish to your worthy name.
Away to field and win renown, with courage beat your enemies down:
Stout hearts gain praise, when dastards sail in slander's seas.
Hap what hap shall, we sure shall die but once for all.
Alarm methinks they cry; be packing, mates, begone with speed;
Our foes are very nigh, shame have that man that shrinks at need;
Unto it boldly let us stand, God will give right the upper hand.
Our cause is good we need not doubt; in sign of courage give a shout:
March forth, be strong, good hap will come ere it be long.
Shrink not, fight well, for lusty lads must bear the bell:

* Gifford's poems had been previously printed by Grosart in his 'Miscellanies of the "Fuller Worthies" Library,' vol. i. (1870).

All you that will shun devil, must dwell in warfare every day ;
The world, the flesh, and devil, always do seek our soul's decay.
Strive with these foes with all your might, so shall you fight a worthy fight.
That conquest doth deserve most praise where vice do yield to virtue's ways.
Beat down foul sin, a worthy crown then shall ye win ;
If ye live well, in heaven with Christ our souls shall dwell.

WILLIAM GIFFORD (1756—1826).

WILLIAM GIFFORD, best known as the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was born at Ashburton, in Devon, in April, 1756. He was the son of Edward Gifford, who, when a youth, twice ran away to sea, and afterwards consorted with Bamfylde Moore Carew, the king of the gipsies. The family had in past generations possessed considerable estates at Halsworthy, near Ashburton. William Gifford was taught reading by a schoolmistress, and learnt old ballads from his mother. In 1764, his father, who had been abroad, returned with £100 prize-money, and set up in business as a glazier. The son was then sent to the Ashburton Free School, under Hugh Smerdon. Three years later the father died of drink, leaving his widow with an infant son. She tried to carry on the business, but was plundered by her assistants, and died in a year. The infant was sent to the workhouse, and William Gifford, when he was old enough to work, did his best to help his younger brother. William, who had been taken charge of by his godfather, was sent to school for a short time, then put to farm-work, for which he was not fitted, and at the age

of thirteen placed in a small Brixham coaster. Here he stayed for a year, when he was once more sent to school at Ashburton, and began to make rapid progress. He helped the master in teaching other pupils, and aspired to the mastership, Smerdon being now infirm. His godfather, however, bound him apprentice to a shoemaker. In his employment he remained for some years, adopting all sorts of expedients to gain knowledge and a store of books. He also composed rhymes, chiefly of a satirical kind, and sometimes made sixpence in an evening by reciting them. His master, however, discovered him, and deprived him of his treasures, forbidding him to do any more literary work. For some time he was crushed, but at length a surgeon in the town, named Cookesley, heard of Gifford's verse-writing, saw him, gave him advice, and raised a subscription to buy off his term of apprenticeship. The subscribers sent him to school, and in 1779 the master thought him fit for the University, and accordingly, by the assistance of Thomas Taylor, of Denbury, Cookesley obtained for him a Bible clerkship at Exeter College, Oxford. Once there, he studied hard, and matriculated October 10, 1782. He translated Juvenal, but was unable to publish the work, owing to the death of his friend. However, he commenced studying other languages, and the college authorities enabled him to take a few pupils. Shortly after this he attracted the notice of Lord Grosvenor, who offered to become responsible for Gifford's present support and future establishment, and until other prospects offered, Gifford became a member of the family of Grosvenor, and acted as travelling tutor to his son. His 'Juvenal' was then taken up again, and appeared in 1802, with an autobiography. Gifford first came into notice by the two satires, the 'Baviad' (1794) and the 'Mæviad' (1795), published together in 1797. In these works he assailed some of the literary circles of the day, as well as the small dramatists. Gifford became well known in the political world, and was editor of the *Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner*, 1797-98. When the *Quarterly Review* was started in 1809, Gifford was appointed editor, and was highly successful in this capacity, continuing to edit the periodical until 1824, when he was succeeded by John Taylor Coleridge, and in 1825 by Lockhart. Gifford was a little man, almost deformed, and had long been full of ailments, which may partly explain his sourness of temper. In 1822 his health broke down, and he died at 6, St. James's Street, December 31, 1826. He was buried in Westminster Abbey in January, 1827. He appears to have been of penurious habits, and left the bulk of his savings, amounting to £25,000, to the Rev. Mr. Cookesley, son of his first patron, besides other legacies, including one to the poor of Ashburton. He is said to have been amiable in private life, kind to children, and fond of dogs.

Besides his literary engagements Gifford was one of the Comptrollers of the Lotteries, and Paymaster of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners.

TO PETER PINDAR (DR. WOLCOT).

Lo, here the reptile! who from some dark cell,
Where all his veins with native poison swell,
Crawls forth a slimy toad, and spits and spews
The crude abortions of his loathsome muse

On all that genius, all that worth holds dear—
Unsullied rank, and piety sincere ;
While idiot Mirth the base defilement lauds,
And Malice, with averted face, applauds.

Lo, here the brutal sot! who, drenched with gin,
Lashes his withered nerves to tasteless sin ;
Squeals out (with oaths and blasphemies between)
The impious song, the tale, the jest obscene ;
And careless views, amidst the barbarous roar,
His few gray hairs strew, one by one, the floor!

Lo, here the wrinkled profligate ! who stands
On Nature's verge, and from his leprous hands
Shakes tainted verse ; who bids us, with the price
Of rancorous falsehoods, pander to his vice,
Give him to live the future as the past,
And in pollution wallow to the last !

Enough ! yet, Peter, mark my parting lay :
See, thy last sands are fleeting fast away,
And, what should more thy sluggish soul appal,
Thy limbs shrink up—the writing on the wall!
Oh, check, a moment check, the obstreperous din
Of guilty joy, and hear the voice within ;
The small, still voice of conscience, hear it cry :
An atheist thou mayst live, but canst not die !

Give then, poor tinkling bellman of fourscore,
Give thy lewd rhymes, thy lewder converse, o'er,
Thy envy, hate ; and whilst thou yet hast power
On other thoughts employ the unvalued hour,
Lest as from crazy eld's diseaseful bed
Thou lift'st, to spit at heaven, thy palsied head,
The blow arrive, and thou, reduced by fate
To change thy frenzy for despair too late,
Close thy dim eyes a moment in the tomb,
To wake for ever in the world to come—
Wake to meet Him whose 'ord'nance thou hast slaved,'
Whose mercy slighted, and whose justice braved.
For me—why shouldst thou with abortive toil
Waste the poor remnant of thy sputtering oil
In filth and falsehood? Ignorant and absurd!
Pause from thy pains, and take my closing word ;
Thou canst not think, nor have I power to tell,
How much I scorn and loathe thee—so farewell !

DAVIES GILBERT (1767—1839).

Davies Gilbert (formerly named Giddy) was born in the parish of St. Erth, Cornwall, on March 6, 1767. His father, the Rev. Edward Giddy, sometime curate of St. Erth, died March 6, 1814, having married, in 1765, Catherine, daughter and heiress of John Davies, of Tredrea, St. Erth; she died in 1803. Davies Giddy, the only child, was educated at the Penzance Grammar School, then went to Oxford, where he matriculated from Pembroke College, as a gentleman-commoner, April 12, 1785, and was created M.A. in 1789, and D.C.L. in 1832. His tastes were literary, and at an early age he cultivated the company of men of letters. He joined the Linnean Society, and was one of the promoters of the Geological Society of Cornwall, founded in 1814. He was President of

the latter society, and never omitted to pay an annual visit to Cornwall to preside at its anniversary meetings. In 1792-93 he served the office of High Sheriff for his native county, and was elected to Parliament for the borough of Helston, in Cornwall, in 1804, and for Bodmin from 1806 to 1832. He was one of the most assiduous members of the House of Commons, and perhaps unequalled for his services on committees. He devoted to public business nearly the whole of his time, and was remarkable for the short period which he spent in sleep. He encouraged the early talents of Sir Humphry Davy, and assisted many other noted men of his time in their various pursuits. On April 18, 1808, he married Mary Ann, only daughter and heiress of Thomas Gilbert, of Eastbourne, and by this marriage he acquired extensive estates in the neighbourhood of that town, which added to the landed property in Cornwall, afterwards inherited from his father, placed him in very affluent circumstances. He took the name and arms of Gilbert in lieu of those of Giddy, pursuant to royal sign-manual, December 10, 1817, and the family names of his children were also changed by another sign-manual on January 7 following. He became Treasurer of the Royal Society in 1820, and President in 1827, which he resigned in favour of the Duke of Sussex in 1830. His most important work was 'The Parochial History of Cornwall,' founded on the manuscript histories of Mr. Hals and Mr. Tonkin (4 vols., 1838). His only contributions to poetical literature appear to have been 'A Collection of Christmas Carols' (1827), and two mystery plays, 'Mount Calvary' and 'The Creation of the World,' in the ancient Cornish language, in 1826-27. He died at Eastbourne, December 24, 1839, and was buried in the chapel appropriated to the interments of the Gilridges and Gilberts, north of the chancel of Eastbourne Church. A tablet bearing a long biographical inscription is in the church of his birthplace, St. Erth, Cornwall. His portrait in oils, by Thomas Phillips, R.A., is preserved in the rooms of the Royal Society, London. A full list of his works will be found in the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis,' and some additional particulars in Boase's 'Collectanea Cornubiensia.'

Vide 'Dictionary of National Biography,' vol. xxi.

REV. P. S. GLUBB (1819—1891).

Lieutenant-Colonel Vivian, in his work 'Visitations of the County of Cornwall, proves by an unbroken chain of evidence deduced from parish registers and heralds' visitations that the subject of our present notice, the Rev. Peter Southmead Glubb, is descended from George Glubb, Esq., and Johanna his wife, daughter of John Glanville, of Holwell, Esq. The will of the said George Glubb was proved A.D. 1591; his son and heir, and likewise his grandson, bore the name of 'Peter'; their ancestor, Henry Glubb, was member of Parliament for the borough of Okehampton, Devon, *temp.* Edward II., A.D. 1313.

The Rev. P. S. Glubb was the son of Peter Glubb, of Liskeard, Cornwall. He was born at Liskeard, October 18, 1819, was educated at Liskeard Grammar School, and afterwards at Dartmouth Vicarage, by his uncle, the Rev. John Glubb, Vicar of Dartmouth and Rector of Shermonsbury. He went to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he graduated. Was ordained by Dr. Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, and became successively curate of Liskeard, St. Kew, and Saltash, and finally (in 1858) Vicar of St. Anthony in Meneage. He married, at Kenwyn Church, Isabella, daughter of Richard Polwhele, J.P. and D.L., of Polwhele, Cornwall. The poetical works of Mr. Glubb are not numerous or extensive, but they possess considerable merit. His first essay was in 1856, when he issued from the press a small volume with the curious title 'Vicissitude, or the sun and shade of XXX hours, a poem.' This was printed at Liskeard. Several minor pieces followed, but in 1881 he issued (chiefly for private circulation) 'The Empress Charlotte, and other Poems.' This book contains many of the writer's best poems, and is a work of over three hundred pages. One of the chief poems, 'Edward Bell,' has since been revised, and many parts rewritten, and is also printed for private circulation. He also wrote a libretto, containing the 'Armoury,' and other pieces in verse (1875). Without venturing to express too decided an opinion on the merits of these poems, we are safe in saying that they will bear favourable comparison with many works of a more pretentious character, and we would therefore commend the works of this author to the notice of all those who take an interest in English minor poets. Mr. Glubb died at Kevor House, near Falmouth, on April 26, 1891.

COTHELE ARMOURY.

Cothele, in Cornwall, is an ancient seat of the Edgcumbe family, on the river Tamar, between Saltash and Calstock, and is now in the possession of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe; it was first acquired by one of the Edgcumbes nearly five centuries ago by his marriage with the heiress of the Cotheles.

Sir Richard Edgcumbe, a celebrated Lancastrian in the early period of Henry VII.'s reign, enlarged and remodelled it. In the last century, and in the present, it has been honoured by royal visits, and there was a tradition that it had given shelter for a night to King Charles I.

On the walls of the hall are hung armour and arms of various ages and countries—amongst these are some thick hide shields, Spanish rapiers, sheaths, and some large Irish horns and trumpets of brass, which it is supposed were used by chieftains in the sister isle to terrify opponents.

I.

Old armour it hangeth in Cothele hall,
But loseth its hold on the panelled wall,
Its grip must grow feebler, soon it shall fall;
(Raise it then tenderly, pass away all)
Shall fall unthreaded mail, harness disjointed,
Link-lace and thong have a set time appointed.
The mail which resisted yields to Time's thrust,
The entering iron is entered by rust,
Time-logged armour and arms all settling down,
Fixtures unfixing, not quite overthrown
By decades of seasons 'Forty' times told,
Expansion of heat, contraction of cold.

O'erweighted when on them a sunbeam rests,
Their cohesion each changing season tests,
Like desiccated forms of birds of prey,
Wall-gibbeted felons falling away;
Brace with clamp-stitch anew! How can we? Ye must
Abandon the thought of riveting dust.

Unbroken as yet the panoply spreads,
But the witness of ages downward leads;
It lingers a sentiment cherished by all,
Whose true lives roll on by that 'storied' wall,
Like the Tamar below, and strewn too with wrecks,
Youth's barter and prize from tempest-swept decks.

II.

Th' escutcheon looks down from its high position,
As o'er a child dying* leans the physician,
On lances twice broken, crooked and rusty,
On swords so long trusted, no longer trusty,
On old battered trumpets which ne'er confessed rout
Until Time the decisive brought it about.

Near this is a breastplate cunningly sculptured
With heroes and godships fractured and ruptured—
Redoubtable Ajax deprived of his nose,
And Hercules labouring minus six toes,
Minerva had likewise her share of mishap
When her owl lost a wing, the goddess a pap.

There clings a broad shield long ages since borne,
A pachyderm monster tattered and torn;
For Time, the sly rodent, hath nibbled the skin,
So dints from without meet his dents from within;
Nigh effacing the crest, a bluff, swarthy Moor,
Who like Noah's dove a pluct olive leaf bore.

Somewhat aloof, yet attendant, a group,
Are falchions and axes of murderous swoop,
Dull blades forming stars,† whose glories are quenched,
Divorced from their scabbards, from all usance wrenched,
With helmets and visors bursten and rifted,
Which down the dark ages seem to have drifted.

Near arrowy splinters lay widowed a sheath,
A gem-dizened relict affianced to death;
Her 'ill-tempered'‡ mate, a blade forged in Toledo,
Clashed and broke on the head of Señor Zobego;
No tale the fragments told, the Guadalquivir
Received them, swept them down that mighty river.

Had the couch of those waters been earlier dredged
Their bosom had yielded a skull iron wedged;
But now the Atlantic the secret will keep
Till Zobego himself shall rise from the deep:
Though pressed on by ocean, a fossil in silt,
He shall seek an account of blood that was spilt.

III.

But return, gadding Muse, to the ancient hall,
And the armour so grim on the panelled wall,
Too frail to be burnished, by canker devoured
(A ghost can be gazed on, but may not be scoured);
Such cowering forms of dissolving subsistence
Are easily polished out of existence.

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* Those shields on which coats of arms are represented are made to lean forward from the wall against which they are placed.

† 'Blades forming stars': Often so arranged in armouries.

‡ 'Ill-tempered blade': However cross-grained this blade may have been, the 'best-tempered' blades were forged in Toledo.

Like a congress of bats, broad blown and clustered,
By twilight sent flitting where owlets are mustered,
So this armour dispread in huddled array
Shall succumb to the hand that lowers the day;
'Then bury the dead!' 'Usher in the unknown!'
'Let youth take possession!' 'Give them their own!'

What? Shall we ruthlessly break with the past,
'Omega' exalt because it comes last?
Depose letter A, whether little or great,
Because of its capital, primal estate?
Such fools do exist, let them serve the base Zed!*
In Shakespeare denounced as *de trop* and ill-bred.

Nay, smiling fanes and frowning keep and tower,
And fortresses which o'er the champaign lour,
Still hold their own, yet on their lofty brows
Ages have spent their suns and shed their snows;
Thus oak-ribbed institutions may fulfil
A thousand years and have a future still.

GODWIN'S FIRST LOVE.†

A mother's love! a mother's love!
A thought to bless, wherewith to play;
Holy as holiness above,
Pure as the purest star-born ray;
A theme that angels dwell upon,
The love a mother bears her son.

The younger 'sons of men' spurn rest:
Like doves escaped the ark's repose,
They wander forth the world; her breast
As years advance more sacred grows,
Where oft I leant my boyish head,
And deemed my little troubles fled.

Passion is fever; though it gain
Responsive love, yet still that joy
Is tumult, is rapturous pain,
Mingling with transport an alloy;
The travail of immensity,
The fervour of intensity!

My mother, thou didst kindle this—
The heart's sunshine distilling balm,
'First love,' deep as the vast abyss
Of waters lulled in mighty calm;
No higher subject them I prove,
Transcends subjection 'God is Love.'‡

MRS. GLUBB (1789—1868).

Christian Mary Glubb was a member of the old family of Lyne of Liskeard, being the daughter of the Rev. Richard Lyne, and mother of A. C. Lyne Glubb, solicitor, of Liskeard. She was born in 1789, and died at Liskeard, March 1, 1868. She married Peter

* 'The base Zed': At the base of the alphabet, and base-born indeed, if the Earl of Kent's dictum respecting it in 'King Lear' be accepted: 'Thou whoreson Zed! Thou unnecessary letter!'

† This poem was revised and republished in the 1882 collection, with several added verses. We prefer to quote the original stanzas from *Vicissitudes* (1856).—Ed.

‡ 'Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.'—*Horace.*

Glubb, solicitor, of Little Petherick. She was possessed of powers of no mean order. Those who had the pleasure of her friendship speak of her as a lover of the beautiful and true, who invested every appearance of outward nature and every phase of human experience with an atmosphere of poetry.

Many of her poems are still in manuscript, such as 'The Cave of Eolus,' which is her most ambitious effort. The scene is laid in Greece, and the winds from the various regions of the globe are invited to a banquet in the cave of Eolus; the whole poem abounds with classic imagery, but selection is very difficult. A shorter piece, on the death of a darling child, is entitled:

KATHLEEN'S BOWER.

I've wished to be the next at Kathleen's door,
A grassy mound her clay-cold bower,
Deep in the shadow of a tree
That waves, and sighing points to me
The spot where lies my broken flower;
For night will seal the longest day,
Life's most attenuated thread,
Though fenced about with giant power,
At last spins out, and with the dead,
With Kathleen, with my broken flower,
My little one, I too shall lie.
There sometimes violets may grow,
Those sweet shy children of the spring;
Upon our hillock let them blow
Out on the breeze their perfumed breath,
A fragrance for the house of death,
While far above the sunbeams' play
Streams through the verdant canopy
Of trembling leaves, a checkered light.
There oft too, shining pensively,
Through midnight silence chastely bright,
The moon will silver church and tower,
Rest on the green sward, on the trees,
And o'er me low in Kathleen's bower!
When I, a flower of the grass,
Shall wither, fade, and drooping die,
Robed in Thy merits, Saviour, let me pass
Those everlasting gates that spread,
To let the King of Glory in,
Who rose a victim from the dead,
Slew the destroyer, vanquished sin!

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN (1609—1643).

Sidney Godolphin, poet, was the second son of Sir William Godolphin, of Godolphin, Cornwall, by his wife, Thomasin Sidney, and was baptized at Breage, January 14, 1609-10 (Boase and Courtney). He was admitted a commoner of Exeter College, Oxford, June 25, 1624, aged eighteen, remained there for three years, and afterwards entered one of the inns of court, and travelled abroad. He was elected member for Helston in 1628; again to the Short Parliament in March, 1640, and to the Long Parliament in October, 1640. He was known as an adherent of Strafford, and was one of the last Royalist members to leave the House. Upon the breaking out of the Civil War, he made a final speech of warning ('Somers Tracts,' vi. 574), and left to raise a force in Cornwall. He joined the army commanded by Sir Ralph Hopton, which crossed the Tamar and advanced into Devonshire.

The declaration signed by Godolphin is in 'Lismore Papers' (second series, v. 116). Godolphin, whose advice, according to Clarendon, was highly valued by the commanders in spite of his want of military experience, was shot in a skirmish at Chagford, a village which, as Clarendon unkindly and erroneously observes, would otherwise have remained unknown. He was buried in the chancel of Okehampton Church, February 10, 1642-43. Godolphin was a young man of remarkable promise, intimate with Falkland and Clarendon, and is commended by Hobbes in the dedication of the 'Leviathan' to his brother Francis Godolphin, and also in the 'Review' and conclusion of the same work (Hobbes, English Works, Molesworth's edition, 1839, iii. 703). His will, dated June 23, 1642, containing a bequest of £200 to Hobbes, is now in Mr. Morrison's collection. Clarendon, in his 'Brief View' of the 'Leviathan,' contrives to accept Hobbes' eulogy and insult the eulogist in the same sentence, remarking that no two men could 'be more unlike in modesty of nature and integrity of manners.' Clarendon, in his own life (i. 51-53), describes Godolphin as a very small man, shy, sensitive, and melancholy, though universally admired. In Suckling's 'Session of the Poets' he is called 'Little Sid.' He left several poems, which were never collected in a separate volume. 'The Passion of Dido for Æneas, as it is incomparably expressed in the fourth book of Virgil,' finished by Edmund Waller, was published in 1658 and 1679, and is in the fourth volume of Dryden's 'Miscellany Poems' (1716, iv. 134-53). He was one of 'certain persons of quality' whose translation of Corneille's 'Pompée' was published in 1664. A song is in Ellis's 'Specimens' (1811, iii. 229), and one in the 'Tixall Poetry' (1813, pp. 216-218). Other poems in manuscript are in the Harleian MSS. (6917), and the Malone MSS. in the Bodleian Library. Commendatory verses by him are prefixed to Sandys' 'Paraphrase' (1638), and an 'Epitaph upon the Lady Rich' is in Gauden's 'Funerals made Cordials' (1658). He gave some plate to Exeter College. *Vide* 'Dictionary of National Biography,' vol. xxii.

CONSTANT LOVE.

'Tis affection but dissembled,
Or dissembled liberty,
To pretend thy passion changed
With changes of thy mistress' eye,
Following her inconstancy.

Hopes which do from favour flourish
May perhaps as soon expire
As the cause which did them nourish,
And disdained they may retire;
But love is another fire.

For if beauty cause thy passion;
If a fair, resistless eye
Melt thee with its soft expression—
Then thy hopes will never die,
Nor be cured by cruelty.

'Tis not scorn that can remove thee;
For thou either wilt not see
Such loved beauty not to love thee,
Or will else consent that she
Judge not as she ought of thee.

Thus thou either canst not sever
Hope from what appears so fair,
Or unhappier thou canst never
Find contentment in despair,
Nor make love a trifling care.

There are seen but few retiring
Steps in all the paths of love,
Made by such who in aspiring
Meeting scorn their hearts remove;
Yet e'en those ne'er change their love.

ISAAC GOMPERTZ.

THE talented author of 'Devon, a Poem' (1825), appears to have been a brother of Benjamin Gompertz and Lewis Gompertz, and of a distinguished Jewish family. He (Isaac) published several works, including 'Time; or, Light and Shade,' a poem in six cantos, 1815, and 'The Modern Antique; or, The Muse in the Costume of Queen Anne' (1813). Both these works were well received by the press. His poetical work on Devonshire, with which we have the most to do, was written, as the author informs us, 'on a melancholy occasion, in one of the finest counties of England, so calculated to inspire poetical ardour.' What this 'melancholy occasion' was, he does not inform us, nor does a perusal of the work throw any light upon the subject. It was printed at Teignmouth in 1825, and in the notes appended to the volume are many references to the 'Teignmouth Guide.' We append a few lines from this remarkable production:

Torquay and Babbicombe invite the Muse,
Led by Curiosity's elastic step,
Where all seems stamped by wisdom infinite,
And power confessed, that wields the universe;
We startle oft, and with the Architect
Divine (in awful distance!) converse hold:
As the great Prophet at the burning bush!
Scoops, hollows, caverns, coves, and dells
profound,
Gape wide at every interval, and threat,
Where whoso falters is redeemless dashed
'Mid rocks of marble and the ribs of earth;
Layers on layers raised all regular,
Imposed by deep design, and scattered blocks
Of giant mould, as by the Titans hurled
In feigned presumptuous battle with the gods,
Which earth's foundation shook to Tartarus;
While lighter Fancy gay creative sports
In mountain forms, and playful imagery,
If Nature imitative stooped to art,
To flatter man, or ridicule his forms
Of dome, of pyramid, and pointed cone;
With many coloured tints' prismatic glow,
Aërial perspective, mists, and clouds
Approaching earth, and earth approaching
heaven,
Each seeking each, and longing to embrace—
Cerulean ether, hills celestial blue,
And bays of azure more intensely deep,
From Nature's palette tinged in ultramarine,
Contrasted with the cliffs of dazzling snow,
And cliffs remoter yet of golden hue,
Like fire reflecting back the flaming sun,
(Each optical illusion of the land!)—
Italian landscape gaudy but yet chaste—
In keeping e'er, though vivid, still serene,
Like Turner's painting, glaring but sublime!
Who that in cities pent, in vapour bred,
Whose view the atmosphere condensed, one
half
Absorbing shrouds, and renders dim the rest,
Deems Nature's face so fair, so glorious?

MISS AMY OWEN GOOD.

THE writer of the following pretty sonnet was a stranger who recently visited the Lizard, and contributed this dainty little poem to the *Cornishman*. It was afterwards reprinted in 'Poems of Cornwall,' edited by W. Herbert Thomas (Penzance, 1892).

THE LIZARD: AN ENGLISH LANE.

Dear English lane! I love thy bramble walls;
O'er thee full many a hawthorn flings its shade,
Rolls many a varied leaf that droops and falls
Across the path by travellers' footsteps made;
Ever the changing winds lift up the boughs
Made tuneful by the sound of wild bird's trill;
In evening twilight come the gentle cows,
Long-breathed from panting on the far-off hill.

Yonder the stars of celandine peep out;
Sweet smiles the pale-eyed primrose on the way;
Hardly the echo brings the distant shout,
And timid dormice in the hollow play.
Dear lonely lane! who can thy beauties tell
By morning sun or evening's azure sky?
Or who describe the memories that steal
Long-rising tears from a late laughing eye,
To weep for thee and happy days gone by?

WILLIAM GOULD (—1686).

William Gold or Gould was born at Parham's Farm, Alston, Wilts, matriculated from Oriel College, Oxford, July 2, 1658, rector of Kenn, Devon, 1669-86; was buried in Kenn church, November 1, 1686. He is spoken of in his epitaph as a poet and controversial writer, but Wood only refers to him as a writer of sermons.

JOHN GREGORY,

THE POET-SHOEMAKER OF BRISTOL.

The subject of the present sketch, though now, and for many years, resident at Bristol, is a native of Bideford, in Devon, where he was born July 14, 1831. His father was a clerk in a merchant's office, and for fifty years he was a successful and popular preacher in the Wesleyan body. He was held in high esteem, and a tablet to his memory was erected in the chapel at which he ministered. John Gregory's mother was the daughter of a peasant at Hartland, Devon, and she died in the year 1854. John had but little schooling, but being a quick, intelligent lad, he made a better use of his limited advantages than most lads of his time. He was apprenticed to the shoemaking in 1842, when he was eleven years of age, and served the orthodox seven years. He then migrated to Bristol, and remained a few months, for trade being scarce in the winter, he returned to his home, and continued there until the spring of 1852. He afterwards obtained work at Tenby, then at Aberavon, and eventually at Swansea. Two or three subsequent removals were made, till, in 1856, he went to Bristol to assist a sick friend, who was going home to Devon. Says he, 'I saw him off by train, and in the evening met my fate, this,

as usual, being in feminine form.' The courtship was short. In five weeks the couple were married, and their first home was at Cardiff. The stay here extended to four years, when they returned to Bristol, where he has continued to reside.

During his apprenticeship at Bideford, Gregory made the acquaintance of Edward Capern, the postman-poet, and this was of great advantage to the young man, tending to quicken his taste as a writer. His first literary contribution appeared in the *North Devon Journal*, a newspaper still in existence, which has helped many embryo poets and journalists into local fame. From the first he espoused the cause of his fellow-workmen, not confining his advocacy to his own branch, but equally the champion of all. With full poetic license, he has been enabled to fight the battle of the working classes in a way which, to one outside the ranks of labour, would not be possible. He

has gained the sincere respect of his fellow working men, and there can be no more ample test of a man's worth than the relations he has with men of his own class. He is connected with all sorts of trades societies, and has on several occasions acted as delegate to congresses and as a member of a deputation to Government. But John Gregory has the respect of men outside his own class, and is treated as a friend by some of the most accomplished men of his adopted city. He has a bright, intelligent face, and as he walks through the busy streets of Bristol he comports himself very much as the Village Blacksmith must have done. Longfellow is our friend's favourite poet, the vigorous, inspiring sentiments of the American having won the sympathy of the English poet.

Were it our province to consider John Gregory in his everyday character, we might

find abundant material for our essay, as he has a good store of anecdotes relating to his craft; but our business is chiefly with him as a poet, and there can be no doubt of the reality of his poetry. True, he has cultivated the Muse under great difficulties, and it is difficult to say what he might have done had his lot been less hampered with the consideration of how to make both ends meet. His personal struggles and difficulties find a loud echo in his poems, and the sacred cause of labour has inspired many of his best idyls. His merits as a poet are much thought of in Bristol, and from time to time most flattering criticisms concerning his writings have appeared. When, in 1883, his 'Idyls of Labour' were published, the *Cliftonian*, a local magazine, had a lengthy notice of his book, in which the following passage occurs: 'The book is full of treasure. Mr. Gregory's is a teeming, luxuriant fancy; he could set up a score of poets with the mere filings of his gold. . . . It is quite certain that his book contains poetry, and a great deal of very fine poetry.'

Some of the finest poems in this little volume are those descriptive of love, of flowers, of spring; that tell us about children, and things that are not new, unless it be in the manner of the setting. A poem on which he may safely rest his reputation is 'Easter Dreams,' referring to which one writer has said: 'No one who knows what poetry is can fail to recognise here the "coal from the altar."' Another volume of poems, entitled 'Song Streams' was published in 1877, the preface of which may be taken as a typical description of the man and his aims. He says: 'Courteous Reader, by the dim light of a few bottled glow-worms I once saw a countryman reading the Bible. This anecdote I pen that you may comprehend the extreme difficulty a toil drudge has to overcome, ere he accomplishes the feat of launching into the flood of literature such a volume as this. Hope not, then, to find within the compass of my waif-fold the wonders of poesy. Yet here shall you discover flowers you will not disdain, and among the leaves thoughts that shall not be forgotten. Out on the sea of time I have floated my waifs away as urchins sail paper boats. Here have I again gathered them in; and unto the grace of your indulgence, that they may not with the author soon pass down to greater obscurity, I respectfully commend them.'

John Gregory's last volume, 'Murmurs and Melodies,' was published in 1886 by Arrowsmith, Bristol, and is a worthy companion of the other two, abounding in exquisite touches, beautiful thoughts, beautifully expressed; and there are some which bear the stamp of unsatisfied aspirations, but not the less meritorious on this account. 'A Song to the Poor' is one of this class. 'Wellington, a Dirge,' was written at the time of the great General's death, but was unpublished, until its appearance in this volume. His published poems do not by any means represent all that he has written. It is a part of his life to write poetry, and when the Muse inspires he is obliged to obey her. A few years ago an effort was made to secure for him a Civil List pension, similar to that bestowed upon his old friend and helper, Edward Capern, but although backed up by influential friends, it was unsuccessful. A second attempt may, perhaps, prove more successful. In the meanwhile, Gregory works away at his trade, and works away with his pen, not absolutely con-

tented, as no man with his sensitive feelings could be under the circumstances, but happy in the knowledge that he is doing his share, however humble his capacity may be, in making those around him happier and better.

The subject of whom we write has a family of seven. Richard, his second son, is now a sub-editor of *Nature*, a F.R.A.S., the author of several high-class scientific volumes, and the holder of a respected place among the front rank of scientific society in London.

The following pretty poem, entitled 'Sweetbriar,' was addressed to the compiler of 'West-Country Poets' many years ago.

SWEETBRIAR.

You say you are coming to see me,
And ask, with the grace of a king,
As if from all care you could free me:
'Pray, what would you like me to bring?'
'Tis but a poor exile's desire,
Whose life to its winterhood wanes,
To bring up a sprig of sweetbriar
To me from the dear Devon lanes.

I love all the flowers that throng them,
Though far from their homes I have flown;
My memories revel among them,
And fondly I call them mine own.
The hope of a soul may soar higher,
For joys that are followed by banes,
But give me a sprig of sweetbriar,
With love, from the dear Devon lanes.

The past is a book I am reading,
And, while in my sight it appears,
I scent the sweetbriar leaves bleeding,
And freshen them up with my tears.
Ah! hope to its heaven sang nigher,
And freer from thought that profanes,
When I gathered a maiden sweetbriar
Adown in the dear Devon lanes.

THE SONG OF A REED.

A reed ran up on the bank of a rill,
And it made to my soul a sign;
I looked upon it with pain, until
Its life was woven with mine.
And when that its life with mine in the strife
Became as a woven part,
My pride was smote by a sweet, sad thought
That sang in a humbled heart.

I am as a reed the wild winds shake;
Who careth to hear my sound?
Can melody live in the song I make,
Or a charm in its tone be found?
While the giant trees in their strength and ease
Stand still on the mother sod,
I rock and moan in an undertone:
Can it ever be heard by God?

I am as a reed whose life is dried
By the breath of my burning fears;
I feed it, alone in a desert wide,
With a stream of my wild warm tears.
As dewdrops drip from the trembling tip
Of a blade in the meadow sod,
For me they must flow: does anyone know
If they ever are seen by God?

The tree will die as the reed, and I
Shall cease to make any sound,
When the rav'ling roots I am anchored by
Are rocked up out of the ground.
A little more pain, and each tender chain
Will be snapped as a broken rod.
If the world hath no need of a rocking reed,
Is it so by the will of God?

HENRY GRENFIELD (CIRCA 1686).

HENRY GREENFIELD OR GRENFIELD was the son of Henry Greenfield of Truro, gentleman, matriculated from Exeter College, Oxford, December 4, 1668, aged 16; B.A., 1672, and was Master of Truro Grammar School, September 9, 1685, to December, 1693. He wrote a poem entitled 'God in the Creature. Being a poem in three parts, viz., a song of praise in contemplation of the works of creation and providence in general; with a debate touching providence in particular, by way of dialogue. . . . With several other poems and odes' (1686). The work is dedicated 'To the Worshipful the Mayor, the Right Hon. the Recorder; with the Hon. and Worshipful Justices, Aldermen, and all the rest of the Worthy Capitol [*sic*] Burgesses of the Reformed and Legal Corporation of the Borough of Truro, in the County of Cornwall.' In the dedication occur the words, 'In this ancient Corporation I drew my first breath'; there appears to be no other clue to his history.

HYMNUS VESPERTINUS.

Thrice blest, my God and King,
The only Spring
Of every good and perfect thing.

Thou hast preserved my ways;
Accept my praise:
This and all other my past days.

And now the shades come on:
O living Sun,
Go not out of my horizon!

Stream forth Thy glorious light,
That I by night
May count my past days' sins aright.

But how shall I recall
These errors all,
Which under numbers will not fall?

Oh, hide them in that night
Which from our sight
Did take and hide the world's great light!

To Thy all-piercing sight
My darkest night
Is clearer than to us moonlight.

Oh, let this thought me bring
To keep within,
My heart and hand from secret sin!

When I my clay undress,
Do thou me bless
From rags of all unrighteousness.

Who knows when I may have
My bed for grave?
Oh, then, receive my soul, and save!

Great Watch, on whom no sleep
Doth ever creep,
In grateful rest I pray me keep—

From all malignant things
Which darkness brings—
Under the shadow of Thy wings;

Dart forth Thy healthful beams,
Dispel those streams
Which cause or cherish hurtful dreams.

Pitch round me angels' tent:
And from Thee sent,
Let them blest visions represent:

As on Thy Jacob's night—
A ladder bright,
Thee on the top, my Shield and Light;

Whilst they to Thee ascend,
And from Thee bend
By turns Thy jewels to defend.

So shall I in Thy arms,
Circled from harms,
Be lulled to bliss with sweetest charms;

Whilst gently from above
Thy favours prove
My safeguard and my bed of love.

When I awake, move me
To sing of Thee,
And meditate on Thy mercy,

And with the morning's wings,
As light begins,
To flie to Thee, great King of kings.

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE (DIED 1550).

THE late Mr. Walter H. Tregellas, in his 'Cornish Worthies' (Stock, 1884), vol ii., pp. 9-13, says: 'In Carew's "Survey of Cornwall" (pp. 111-112), under Trematon Castle, is a reference to Sir Richard Grenville, Sheriff of Devon and Marshal of Calais (grandsire of the more celebrated Grenville of that name), a man who interlaced his home magistracy with martial employments abroad; and was a great favourite with bluff King Hal. . . . Sir Richard, who married Matilda Bevill, died in 1550; and I have been fortunate enough to find two of his poetical effusions—apparently in his own handwriting, now very indistinct in places—amongst the "Additional MSS." in the British Museum. They appear to me to be well worth inserting, notwithstanding their queer versification and grammar, and their odd orthography.' We can find no further references to this Grenville, either in Boase and Courtney's 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis' or the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' so we must conclude that he was not a man of note, like his illustrious grandson. It appears that the poetical Sir Richard's son Roger, a captain in the navy, lost his life at the sinking of the *Mary Rose* (commanded by Sir George Carew, a Cornishman) at Spithead in 1545. 'Thus the ocean became a bedde of honour,' as Carew says, to more than one of the Grenvilles.

IN PRAISE OF SEAFARINGE MEN IN HOPES OF GOOD FORTUNE.

Who seekes the waie to win Renowne,
Or flies with wyinges of ye Desarte;
Whoe seekes to wear the Lawrell crowen,
Or hath the mind that would espire,
Tell him his native soyll eschew,
Tell him go rainge and seek anew.

Eche hawtie harte is well contente
With euerie chance that shalbe tyde.
No hap can hinder his entente:
He steadfast standes though fortune slide.
'The sun,' quoth he, 'doth shine as well
A brod as earst where I did dwell.'

In change of streames each fish can live,
Eche soule content with everie Ayre,
Eche hawtie hart remaineth still,
And not be Dround in depe Dispaire.
Wherfor I judg all landes a likes
To hawtie hartes whom fortune seekes.

Two pass the seaes som thinkes a toille;
Som thinkes it strange abrod to rome;
Som thinkes it agrefe to leave their soylle,
Their parentes, cynfolke, and their whome.
Thinke soe who list I like it nott;
I must abrod to try my lott.

Who list at whome at carte to drudge,
  And carke and care for worldlie trishe.
With buckled sheues let him go trudge,
  Instead of laureall, a whip, to slishe
A mynd that basse his hind will show
Of carome sweet to feed a crowe.

If fasonn of that mynd had bine
  The gresions when they came to troye,
Had never so the Trogians foyhte,
  Nor neuer put them to such Anoye.
Wherfore who lust to live at whome
To purchase fame; I will go Rome.

ANOTHER OF SEA FARDINGERS DISCRIBING EVILL FORTUNES.

What pen can well reporte the plighte
  Of those that travell on the seaes?
To pas the werie winters nighte
  With stormie cloudes, wisshinge for daie,
With waves that toss them to and fro,
Their pore estate is hard to show.

When boistering windes begins to blowe,
  And cruel costes from haven wee,
The foggie mysts soe dimes the shore,
  The rocks and sandes we maie not see;
Nor have no Rome on Seaes to trie,
But praie to God and yeld to Die.

When shouldes and sandie bankes Apears,
  What pillot can divert his course?
When foming tides draweth us so nere,
  A las! what fortenn can be worsse?
The Ankers hould must be our staie,
Or Ellse we fall into Decaye.

We wander still from Loffe to Lie,
  And findes no steadfast wind to blow:
We still remain in jeopardie—
  Each perelos poynt is hard to showe.
In time we hope to find Redresse,
That long have lived in Heavines.

O pinchinge werie lothsome Lyffe
  That Travell still in far Exsylle!
The dangers great on Sease be ryfe,
  Whose recompense doth yeld but toylle.
O fortune, graunte me my Desire—
A hapie end I do Require.

When freates and states have had their fill
  The gentill calm the cost will clere;
Then hawtie hartes shall have their will,
  That longe hast wept with morning chere,
And leave the Seaes with thair Anoy
At whome at Ease to live in Joy.

WALTER ERNEST GROGAN.

This young writer was born May 27, 1871, and is the youngest son of Walter Grogan, who for twenty years occupied the honourable position of president of the West of England Press Fund. He was educated at Brighton House School, Clifton. In the autumn of 1887 he left Clifton for Torquay, his father having undertaken the editorship and part proprietorship of the *Torquay Times*. Mr. W. E. Grogan now acts as dramatic and literary critic for that paper, has contributed verses occasionally to the *Ludgate Illustrated Magazine* and others; he has also written and produced several plays. Inasmuch as his poetical efforts have been chiefly brought to the notice of the public since he came into the West of England to reside, we feel justified in including one of his pieces in this collection, together with these few incidents of his life.

DOUBT.

One night, when earth to me seemed saddest,
One night, when passions raged the maddest,
When hope had died, as hope must ever die,
When life to me seemed ever weary,
And dimly long my path loomed dreary,
I wandered down to where the stream flowed by.
The stars o'erhead were calmly peaceful,
The stream beneath to me looked easeful,
And over all there hung an air of rest.
To rest! my heart was aching sadly,
To rest! my brain whirled madly, madly!
O God! look down and tell me which is best,
To live—and live a life of sorrow,
To die—and from death solace to borrow,
To drown my sorrow in the silent stream?
Oh, God! look down, Thy servant heareth!
Oh, God! look down, Thy servant feareth!
Teach me Thy will e'en though it be a dream!
My wild prayer rose swiftly up to Him,
My wild prayer rose through the night so dim,
And on His throne He heard His servant's cry.
The stars gazed down with kindly greeting,
They spoke to me of that glad meeting
That waits for all beyond the star-clad sky.
Sweetly I slept—a voice came stealing
Bringing to me a sense of healing,
That came as balm unto my weary mind;
Oh, voice, that told me all my madness!
Oh, voice, that told of all that gladness
That, far beyond the sky, the true shall find!
Speak yet again to one faint-hearted,
Speak yet again lest I be parted
From all that joy and gladness evermore;
Lest in the night dark doubt assaileth,
Lest in the night Thy servant faileth,
And through that failing hear Thee nevermore.

REV. A. T. GURNEY.

The Rev. Archer Thompson Gurney, son of Richard Gurney, Vice-Warden of the Stannaries of Devon, was a native of Tregony, in Cornwall, where he was born July 15, 1820. He was for some years, from 1846, a barrister of the Middle Temple. Having been ordained in 1849, he was for four years curate at Buckingham, and later officiated for twelve years as chaplain to an English congregation in the Cour des Coches, Paris. He resigned that charge in 1870. Mr. Gurney was evening lecturer of Holy Trinity, Westminster, 1872-74, and curate of Holy Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1874-75. He is the author of the following poetical and dramatic works: 'Faust, a Tragedy.' Part the Second. Rendered from the German of Goethe (1842). 'King Charles the First, a Dramatic Poem in Five Acts' (1846); with several subsequent additions. 'Love's Legends; Adhemar's Vow; Bertha; The Peri: Poems' (1845). 'Poems' (1853), and many other similar works, besides sermons and religious articles and pamphlets. Some of his hymns are included in 'Lyra Eucharistica' (1864), and several of his songs have been set to music. He was also the author of 'Gideon, a Sacred Lyrical Oratorio,' 1859, the music being by C. E. Horsley.

MARIA GURNEY (1802—1868).

THIS lady was the daughter of Coryndon Rowe, M.D., and wife of Charles Gurney, of Trebursye. She was born at Launceston, November 12, 1802, and died at Trebursye, South Petherwin, July 28, 1868. She wrote 'Rhymes for my Children, by a Mother' (1835 and 1840), and some fugitive verses which appeared in Blackwood's and other magazines.

One of her pieces was published anonymously in *Blackwood*, April, 1828. It is entitled 'Blue-stockings over the Border.'

BLUE-STOCKINGS OVER THE BORDER.

Read, quickly read for your honours, ye Oxford men!
Why don't you read Greek and Latin in order?
Pass o'er the Ass's Bridge, sons of the Cambridge Fen!
All the Blue-stockings are crossing the Border!
Their banner is flying,
They're 'Vict'ry!' crying,
They'll solve ev'ry problem in Euclid before ye.
Come from the rowing match,
Glee-club and merry catch,
Read for a class and the old college glory!
Ye dons and professors, arise from your slumbers,
Open your books, put your studies in order;
The danger is pressing in spite of your numbers,
For the Blue-stockings are crossing the Border!

Descend from your tilburies, gents of the long robe,
Read briefs—for their steps to the Woolsack they bend;
The depths of your science, ye doctors, they'll soon probe,
With old Esculapius the *Blues* would contend!
Their clack is resounding,
With hard words abounding;
Steam-guns are their weapons, which cause great disorder.
By gas they're enlighten'd,
By nothing they're frighten'd,
The dauntless Blue-stockings who pass o'er the Border!
Read for your honours, then, Oxford and Cambridge men!
Look, lawyers, look! are your green bags in order?
Oh, sons of Galen, you will not escape the ken
Of the Blue-stockings who pass o'er the Border!

Look well to your counsels, ye sage politicians,
They'll change all your projects and plans for the State;
Examine your arguments, metaphysicians,
In every department the blues are first-rate.
Famed craniologists!
Learned phrenologists!
You'll find, though each bump in their skulls is in order,
The organ of prying,
All others defying,
Stands first in the Blues who are crossing the Border:
Strain every nerve, then, all ye who have place and sway,
From Wellington down to the City Recorder;
Ye'll be found bunglers, in office unfit to stay,
If the Blue-stockings come over the Border!

Stand to your posts, ye adepts in astronomy,
A comet they'll see whilst your glass ye arrange,—
Find out some fault in Dame Nature's economy—
Spots in the moon, which betokens a change.
Quake, ye geologists!
Tremble, conchologists!
Put retorts and crucibles, chemists, in order!
Beware, antiquarians,
They're disciplinarians,
These *talented* Blues who are passing the Border!
Put on your spectacles, star-gazing gentlemen;
Steamboat inventors, avoid all disorder;
If there's a blunder committed by Englishmen,
Each Blue will see it who passes the Border!

'Tis said they've discover'd perpetual motion;
Attach'd to *their tongues*, 'twill be henceforth their own;
And, this job completed, some folks have a notion
They're all seeking now the philosopher's stone.
An enemy slanders
Their ablest commanders,
Their heads vacuum engines he calls ('tis a joke);
Says Watts' steamer teaches
The plan of their speeches,
Beginning in noise and concluding in smoke.
Believe not, my countrymen, this foolish story;
Come when they will, let them find you in order;
Delay not, I pray, till each Blue, crown'd with glory,
By paper kites drawn, shall pass o'er the [Border.

HERBERT HAILSTONE, M.A.

We have no direct evidence to connect this writer with the West Country; but inasmuch as he is the author of a book entitled 'Hesperia: Western Songs,' published at Cambridge in 1888, containing several poems relating to Devonshire, we venture to include his name, and to append one of his pieces which deals with a distinctly North Devon subject. Amongst his various poetical and other works are the following: Translation of Homer's 'Iliad,' books xiii-xv. and xxi., into English prose, 1880. 'Grantæ Imagines,' thirty-six sonnets, Cambridge, 1886. The 'Clouds' of Aristophanes, translated, 1888. The 'Prometheus Vinctus' of Æschylus, translated, 1892. 'Novæ Arundines; or, New Marsh Melodies,' 1885. 'Fasciculus, a Song Bundle,' Manchester, 1888, and many other books.

LEGEND OF THE VALLEY OF ROCKS.

The year is waning fast,
The fragile oak-leaves fall,
Now bloweth sad November's blast
About the castle wall.

Who knocketh at the gate
So huge and stern of mien?
'Beneath thy roof, the hour is late,
Protect me, lady-queen!'

So speaks the stranger grim,
And calls the Virgin's name;
Ah, marry! shall she welcome him,
This high-descended dame?

Alack! she sayeth nay;
And straight beneath the cowl,
As stalks the gloomy monk away,
Shoot forth the curses foul.

'All thine is in mine hand,
Until within the porch
A child and beckoning lady stand
Of thrice most holy Church.'

Long years have passed and gone:
From vessels all of gold,
A greedy Baron drinks till dawn
Within this castle old.

The stranger grim is here,
And seated at his side;
Lo, what a grisly troop appear!
What hideous phantoms glide!

To aid he crieth sore,
But, ah! 'tis all in vain:
The Baron's voice is heard no more—
Then let another reign.

But he, that luckless heir,
He long hath wandered far;
In Palestine 'tis his to bear
The burden of the war.

Yet e'en in that lone land,
The smiles of women gay,
And ruddy wine, hath lured his hand
From knightly deeds astray.

Returns he then, no saint,
To Devon's wave-washed goal,
Until the tongues of church-bells faint
Speak peace unto his soul.

Still lingers he awhile;
But in the distant porch
A child and beckoning mother smile
Of thrice most holy Church.

No more shall he delay;
Within the porch he bounds;
The stranger grim hath lost his prey
Amid angelic sounds.

Beneath the rent abyss
The black monk instant goes;
Bright flames of fire about him hiss,
The caverns o'er him close.

And yon great castle keep
That stood beside the sea—
Ah, say, what means this ruined heap
Where wall and court might be?

O pilgrim, lightly tread,
As through the vale you pass;
Provoke not on an impious head
This vast terrific mass.

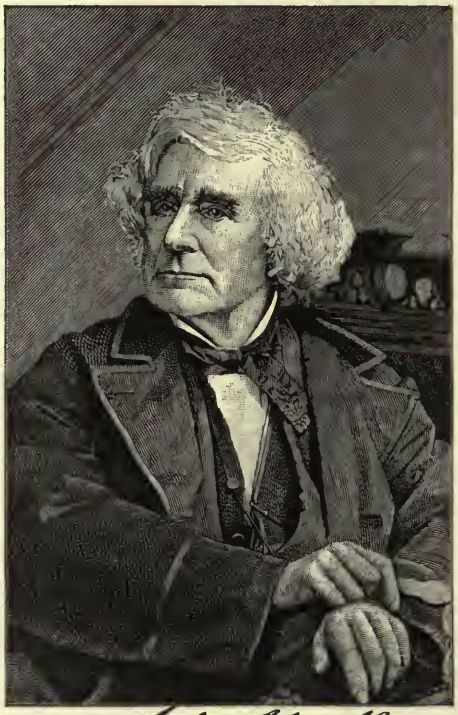
SAMUEL CARTER HALL (1800—1889).

'I WAS born in the year 1800: thus, when the bells rang for the victory at Trafalgar, I was a child of five years old; when tidings came of Waterloo, a boy of fifteen; and when George III. died, I was a young man. I have whispered tender confidences in the lonely fields where Eaton Square now stands, and gathered blackberries in a rustic lane through which a muddy stream meandered, the site of the South Kensington Museum.' Such are the opening sentences of a retrospect of the long life of the patriarchal old gentleman, Samuel Carter Hall, who passed away at Kensington on March 16, 1889, and who for the period of forty-two years edited the *Art Journal.*

Mr. Hall claimed to be a Devonshire man, but he was born at New Geneva Barracks, Waterford, on May 9, 1800, as the fourth son of Colonel Robert Hall. He was intended for the law, and he considered that it was a misfortune which led him from it, for had he toiled at law as he did for letters, he could hardly have failed to acquire for himself a larger substance than accrued to him during sixty years passed in the service of Art.

But fate willed otherwise, and a casual remark of Charles Landseer, R.A., in responding to a toast at a dinner, that there was no periodical publication to represent the Arts, led to the foundation of this journal, and to Mr. Hall's final severance from the Arts of the Forum.

Mr. Hall was always of opinion that editors 'are not born, but made,' that the calling demands a long apprenticeship, and that the qualities of mind required for the discharge of editorial duties are the opposite of genius. He certainly served an apprenticeship



himself, by being, between the years 1829 and 1838, successively editor of the *Morning Journal*, the *British Magazine*, the *Spirit and Manners of the Age*, the *New Monthly*, 1830-36, *John Bull*, the *Town*, *Britannia*, and the *Literary Observer*, 1823, whilst his wife was editor then and afterwards of various other publications.

It was upon February 15, 1829, that the first part of the *Art Journal*, or, as it was called for a short period, the *Art Union*, appeared; and for more than half a century the veteran originator has had the pleasure of seeing his offspring grow, mature, and prosper in its career of usefulness.

Mr. Hall took much pride in the magnitude of the list of celebrities with whom he had been brought into contact in connection with the *Art Journal*. He must have known every artist of note during the current century, and he was never tired of narrating his personal recollections of littérateurs, amongst whom may be named Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Tom Moore, Landor, Hannah Moore, Southey, Hood, and Mrs. Hemans. He seldom missed an opportunity of making the acquaintance of even the humblest apprentice to the art. The writer recollects being accosted by him at a press view, thus: 'May I ask your name, and with what paper you are connected? I am Samuel Carter Hall, editor of the *Art Journal;* will you accept a copy of a small volume of poems I am this day publishing?' His fine and handsome presence, made the more noticeable during his later years by a crown of silvery locks, attracted the attention of everybody at Art functions and private views, in the days when they were really such, and not scrambling crushes of nobodies.

In 1824 Mr. Hall married Anna Maria Fielding, a lady of Irish birth, who was admittedly his equal in the field of letters, and, as he was proud of saying, his constant helper and adviser in everything. Their married life extended over a span of nearly sixty years.

The later years of his life were characterized by tranquillity and repose. He was the recipient in 1880 of her Majesty's Bounty for 'long and great services to literature.'

One who knew him well has testified of Mr. Hall in the *Times*, as a 'man of large heart, utter unselfishness, and supreme modesty'; and all who have been brought into contact with him will endorse these sentiments. He was buried on March 23, 1889, in Addlestone Churchyard, Surrey.

Very little is needed to supplement the above; but it would be a great omission were we not to mention some of his contributions to contemporary literature, although to give a list of the works original and edited by Mr. and Mrs. Hall would occupy more space than we can spare, as it amounts to about four hundred volumes. One of Mr. Hall's earliest and most beautiful works was 'The Book of Gems,' 1836-38, three volumes, in which it is difficult to say which we admire most, the gems of poetry or the gems of art. Another finely-illustrated book is 'The Book of British Ballads,' 1842. His 'Baronial Halls,' 1848, is also another finely-executed work. In 1871 he published a handsome volume, descriptive of the literary celebrities he had known, entitled 'A Book of Memories of Great Men and Women of the Age.' In conjunction with Mrs. Hall, he issued a very beautiful book on Ireland, in three volumes, 1841-43, besides other smaller works on the same subject. He joined the late Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt in the production of a fine descriptive work, 'The Stately Homes of England,' 1874, and also wrote 'The Book of the Thames,' 1859. His contributions to poetical literature were not numerous, and they are chiefly of a religious and moral character, inculcating total abstinence, of which he was a great advocate. He was also a strong believer in spiritualism in its highest form. His anecdotes of his spiritualistic experiences were very striking, and being told with all the fervour of an ardent believer in the phenomena he was describing, produced a marked effect upon his auditors.

Mr. Hall's last work was the 'Retrospect of a Long Life: from 1815 to 1883'; during the completion of which (or, rather, whilst passing the sheets through the press) he visited Plymouth, and delivered an address on 'Men I have Known.'

In 1874, on the celebration of their 'golden wedding,' Mr. and Mrs. Hall were the recipients of a handsome testimonial presented, on behalf of a large number of subscribers, by Lord Shaftesbury.

The following poem is one of the latest which Mr. Hall penned:

FAREWELL!

Through mists that hide me from my God, I see [me:
A shapeless form: Death comes and beckons
I scent the odour of the spirit land;
And, with commingled joy and terror, hear
The far-off whispers of a white-robed band.
Nearer they come, yet nearer, yet more near;
Is it rehearsal of a 'Welcome' song
That will be in my heart and ear ere long?
Do these bright spirits wait till Death may give
The soul its franchise—and I die to live?

Does fancy send the breeze from yon green mountain?
(I am not dreaming when it cools my brow.)
Are they the sparkles of an actual fountain
That gladden and refresh my spirit now?
How beautiful the burst of holy light!
How beautiful the day that has no night!
Open, ye everlasting gates! I pray—
Waiting, but yearning—for that perfect day!
Hark, to these alleluias! 'Hail! all hail!'
Shall *they* be echoed by a sob and wail?
Friends, 'gone before,' these are your happy voices!
The old familiar sounds: my soul rejoices!

Ah! through the mist the great white throne I see;
And now a saint in glory beckons me.
Is Death a foe to dread? the Death who giveth
Life—the unburthened life that ever liveth!

Who shrinks from Death, come when he will or may?
The night he brings will bring the risen day;
His call—his touch—we neither seek nor shun;
His life is ended when his work is done.
Our spear and shield no cloud of Death can dim;
He triumphs not o'er us—we conquer him!

How long, O Lord, how long, ere I shall see
The myriad glories of a holier sphere,
And worship in Thy presence?—not as here,
In chains that keep the shackled soul from Thee!
My God, let that eternal home be near!

Master! I bring to Thee a soul opprest—
'Weary and heavy laden,' seeking rest;
Strengthen my faith, that with my latest breath
I greet Thy messenger of mercy—Death!

LAURENCE HYNES HALLORAN, D.D. (1764—1831).

This gentleman, though not a Devonian by birth, spent most of his early years, except when serving in the navy, at Exeter and Plymouth. He was the son of Lieutenant-Colonel

Halloran, and was born in Ireland in 1764. In 1774 he was admitted at Christ's Hospital, upon the gift of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Lanesboro', and left to enter the navy, where he served under Sir Hyde Parker, in H.M.SS. *Latona* and *Goliath*, and was in the action off the Dogger Bank, and in the engagement between the combined fleets under Lord Howe, October 19, 1783. In the following year he left the navy, married, and had a flourishing school at Alphington, Exeter, one of his pupils being the future Master of the Rolls, Lord Gifford. Here he published 'Odes, Poems, and Translations,' in 1790, and 'Poems on Various Occasions,' 1791. He was also the author of 'The Female Volunteer; or, the Dawning of Peace,' a drama in three acts, by 'Philo-Nauticus,' *i.e.*, L. H. Halloran, London, 1801. A few years later he was ordained, and appointed chaplain to H.M.S. *Pompee*, and afterwards to the *Britannia;* was secretary to Admiral Lord Northesk, third in command at the battle of Trafalgar. Having a very clear and loud voice, he stood by the side of his lordship throughout the battle, and repeated his orders through a speaking trumpet. He soon after published his 'Sermon delivered on board H.M.S. *Britannia* at Sea, November 3, 1805,' and 'The Battle of Trafalgar: a Poem,' 1806. He was afterwards appointed Rector of the Public Grammar School at Cape Town, and Chaplain to the Forces in South Africa. Here, in 1810, a duel took place between two officers, and a court-martial was held upon those engaged in the affair; Dr. Halloran warmly and ably espoused the cause of the accused, and wrote their defence. Lieutenant-General the Hon. G. Gray, considering that his interference was improper, ordered him to remove to Simon's Town; rather than do this, he resigned his chaplaincy, but revenged himself by publishing a satire—'Cap-abilities; or, South African Characteristics' (1811); thereupon the Governor, Lord Caledon, ordered a prosecution for libel to be commenced against him, and he was condemned in costs and banished the colony. Subsequently he became tutor to the Earl of Chesterfield, and afterwards head of the Grammar School at Sydney, New South Wales, dying there March 7, 1831.

His eldest son, Lawrence Boutcher Halloran, late of Tamerton, near Plymouth, was also present at the battle of Trafalgar, on board H.M.S. *Britannia*. He was the officer in charge of a gun which burst, and though nearly everyone around was either killed or injured, he escaped unhurt. He wrote 'Cabin Memorandums,' and many plays and poems, and died at Tamerton in 1835. Another son, Henry, was also a poet, and one of the most respected men of Sydney, being Permanent Secretary to the Treasury. He was nominated C.M.G. in 1878. He published 'Odes and Songs,' 1887.

A grandson (the Rev. Edward Halloran) was for many years the head of a large Grammar School at Plymouth.

RICHARD HAMBLY.

Mr. Richard Hambly is a native of Hayle, in Cornwall, where he was born in 1848, and where he still resides. He is cashier of the firm of Messrs. Harvey and Co., Limited, the well-known engineers and merchants of that town. He has written many short poems, and in 1883 published a little volume of verse, entitled 'Down in a Mine, and other Sketches in Verse,' these pieces being, as stated in the preface, 'the product simply of recreative hours, after a daily business routine.'

Mr. Hambly's descriptive power is good, and he has a strong imaginative faculty; his poetic efforts are, moreover, imbued with a healthy religious sentiment. His subjects are nearly all of local interest, and his descriptions of Cornish scenery are well done. We give one of his short pieces as a specimen of his versification :

THE LAND'S END.

O joy of youth, the pride of age,
Thyself prime entry on the page
Of time begun !
From headlands gray, from pearliest nooks,
What wildness, brightness, in the looks
That o'er thee come !

To see thee thus, or bright or wild,
To watch thy moods, or fierce or mild,
They come from far ;
They crowd thy lap, they climb thy knees,
And gaze entranced on rolling seas,
Thy gem-set car.

What joyous rides o'er hill and dale,
The ruddy glow on cheeks once pale,
Thy records show !
What gleams of wit, what thoughts of love,
As music, mirth, and laughter move
With ceaseless flow !

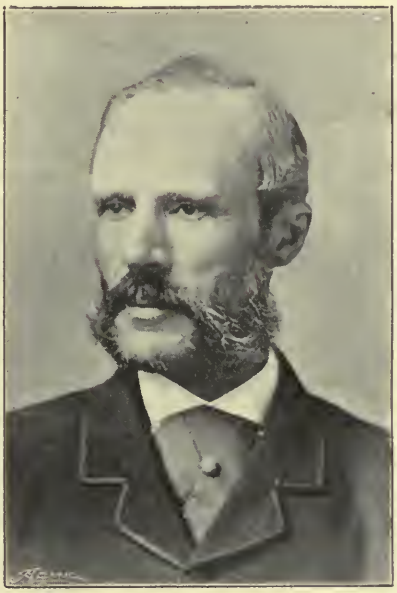
What forms of sea-birds hovering round,
Of white-winged ships on azure ground,
Delightful show !
How rise the hopes, how spreads the calm,
As thy grand presence breathes a psalm
O'er spirit woe !

O joy of youth, the pride of age,
Thyself prime entry on the page
Of time begun !
Thou praisest God. So too may we,
Where ends the land, where rolls the sea
Of life to come.

ALEXANDER HENRY ABERCROMBY HAMILTON.

This gentleman (second son of Alexander Hamilton of Topsham), although he makes no pretensions to be classed as a Devonshire poet, has written many acceptable pieces, and we have therefore no hesitation in including him and some specimens of his writings in our Western anthology. Mr. Hamilton was born in 1829 at his father's residence, The Retreat, in the parish of Topsham, Devon. He was educated at Exmouth, Eton, and Christ Church, Oxford, 1846, B.A., 1850. He was for several seasons in Italy, but has generally resided in Devonshire, and since 1870 in his own house, Fairfield Lodge,

Exeter. Mr. Hamilton has been a county magistrate since 1862, chairman of the St. Thomas Board of Guardians since 1888, and was elected a County Councillor in 1889. He is a Justice of the Peace for the county of Devon, a Deputy Lieutenant for Devon, and holds other important offices. He has been a considerable contributor to contemporary literature, many articles from his pen having appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, *Longman's*, *Household Words*, *Chambers' Journal*, etc. A series of very valuable articles on the county records were reprinted by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. in 1878, under the title of 'Quarter Sessions from Queen Elizabeth to Queen Anne.' Another exceedingly interesting work, 'The Notebook of Sir John Northcote,' was published by Murray in 1877.



His contributions to poetic literature have been limited to a little volume of 'Ballads from Hebrew History,' published in 1873, which have many fine touches.

Mr. Hamilton was President of the Exeter Natural History Society for some ten years, and in that capacity gave some excellent addresses. He has also delivered lectures at Exeter, Torquay, and elsewhere, chiefly on subjects connected with Italian and English history and literature, *e.g.*, Rome, Florence, Venice, Pompeii, Dante, Sixtus V., the Armada, the Third Poet of England, Pepys, Burke, the Volunteers of Devon in 1800, etc. Most of these were printed at length in the Exeter papers, but they have never been collected. Mr. Hamilton has also contributed several papers to the Transactions of the Devonshire Association, and was president of that association in 1892.

SIR GALAHAD (GORDON).

FEBRUARY, 1884.

Breathless we stand in Christian land,
Men watch and women weep;
Through heathen wilds our hero rides
Like Curtius to his leap.

Ride on in faith, to life or death,
Thou and thy comrades brave,
Alone, to meet a host in arms;
Ride on, O strong to save.

Thou bear'st a freight of fearful weight,
Thou rid'st a fateful race;
Save Egypt's men from massacre,
Save England from disgrace!

Our prayers, our cheers, reach not thine ears;
One voice thou still canst hear:
'O, just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on, the prize is near.'

DARTMOOR.

Too long have I dwelt
In the valley beneath;
Too long have I felt
The soft summer wind's breath;
Too long have I lingered
In evergreen bowers,
And drank the air laden
With fragrance of flowers.

Let me fly to the mountains,
The noble, the free,
Whence, sparkling, the fountains
Leap down to the sea.
Let me feel their fresh breezes
Blow full on my breast;
For toil better pleases
Than wearisome rest.

In haste, rapture-smitten,
I climb the steep Tor
Where the camp of the Briton
Looks over the moor.
Like the sea in its trouble
The granite hills rave,
Each hillock a bubble,
Each mountain a wave.

Oh! wise were the oak-priests
Of ancient renown,
Who chose for their temples
The mountain's gray crown;
Who loved the wild moorland,
And sought, not in vain,
On the hills for the wisdom
Denied to the plain.

They felt the gale smiting
Their brows in its motion;
They heard the stream fighting
Its way to the ocean.
They saw the rough granite
By thunderbolts riven,
And deemed that the mountains
Were nearest to heaven.

Still the old fire is burning
In fresh coruscations;
Their ancestors' yearning
Stirs new generations;
We dwell in the lowland
For toil and for wealth,
But fly to the highland
For freedom and health.

GEORGE HAMLYN.

THIS writer, who has been styled by some of his admirers the 'Dartmoor Bloomfield,' was born at Lower Leigh, Bickleigh, near Roborough, April 6, 1819. His father was a farmer,

and had a lease of that estate. His parents were much respected amongst the neighbouring farmers. George was one of a large family, having three brothers and a sister his seniors, and two sisters younger. He served an apprenticeship to a wheelwright, and afterwards travelled about the country working at his trade. On one occasion he walked from London to Plymouth encumbered with a basket of tools. In 1843 he was foreman of a coachmaker's shop at Soho Square, London. For many years he lived with his parents at Beer Ferris, taking the fruit to market in the old market-boat, and occasionally selling cattle. About thirty-five years ago Mr. W. Wood, the publisher, of Devonport, who has brought to light many budding literati, published a small volume entitled 'Rustic Poems by George Hamlyn, the Dartmoor Bloomfield,' in which we find the following introductory note:

'George Hamlyn is a native of Tamerton, and farms a small estate on the border of Dartmoor. Although occupied necessarily in laborious work, he has found time to compose the present volume. His numerous friends and acquaintances having frequently heard him recite the pieces, being solicitous of seeing them in print, the present little brochure is presented in its primitive state. Should the sale be commensurate with the cost of printing, another collection will be issued.' The pieces in this little volume are of varying order of merit: some are of a very ordinary character, while others possess real poetical touches; but considering that they are the productions of a man who had little or no education, a veritable 'son of the soil,' they are very creditable. In 1862 George Hamlyn went to Australia in company with two of his brothers. They penetrated into the Bush, and had adventures with bushrangers in Gippsland, where they eventually settled down near the lakes.

Hamlyn returned to Devonshire, not having made a fortune, as so many West-Country men have done before and since, and settled down as a small farmer, for some time residing at or near Plymouth. He has a high appreciation of the poet's mission; moreover, he has a firm belief in his own abilities, and invariably introduces himself to a stranger as the 'Dartmoor Bloomfield.' Apart from his pardonable egotism and a certain eccentricity of manner, he is a very worthy man, and a character well worthy of study. He possesses a good fund of humour, tells a capital story, and is very fond of relating his experiences both in going to and returning from the Antipodes, and while resident in the Australian Bush.

Hamlyn is now (1895) residing at Plymouth, but having suffered from two strokes of paralysis, it is feared that he will not live to see this publication. His latter days are, however, happy in the tender solicitude of a loving wife.

BICKLEIGH VALE.

As the beauty of nature extends through the earth,
I've lately composed on the place of my birth;
Its true matchless splendour has given it fame,
It is near Plymouth Sound—Bickleigh Vale is its name.

Beneath shading oaks there I often have stayed; [strayed,
Over green sod and flowers so often have
As wild birds' shrill voices, so sweet and so clear, [near.
Have echoed all round me, both distant and

Will you drink of the mist o'er this deep woody vale? [mountain gale;
It was brought from the hills by the pure
It was brought from the hills by the sweet mountain breeze;
Here it tarries awhile on its way to the seas.

Our ancient forefathers so bravely did stand
To protect it, together with their whole native land;
'Twas a place for their pleasure—they would not be slaves: [graves!
Oh, let me admire it as they sleep in their

The familiar old river has winded its way
A thousand long years through the valley so gay,
O'er rocks, stones, and sand-beds, through mud and through mire;
A thousand long years have not caused it to tire.

Should position enforce me to travel for gold,
To join in a ship, o'er the seas to be rolled,
In a dark stormy night, between ocean and sky,
A thought of this valley would moisten my eye.

Though I roam long and weary in far foreign climes,
I will not forget the old place and old times;
That place of enjoyment so many long years
Shall never be changed to a valley of tears.

JAMES HOWARD HARRIS.

James Howard Harris is the eldest and only surviving son of John Harris, the miner-poet of Cornwall.* He was born at Troon, Camborne, in 1857, and was educated at the Kimberley Grammar School, Falmouth, where he eventually became a junior master. Entering the training college at Exeter, he became a diligent student and earned a place near the top of the college list. For many years he has been the master of the Board School at Porthleven, Helston, Cornwall, and has identified himself with everything tending to the intellectual and moral elevation of the youth of the locality. He has devoted some of his leisure to literary matters, and has produced, not only many poems, but articles on various subjects, for magazines and local periodicals. He is author of a Memoir of his late father, and is joint author of a History of Porthleven. In 1892 he was appointed editor of the *Cornish Methodist Church Record*, and has recently been elected to a Fellowship of the Royal Historical Society. He is described, by one who knows him well, as a kind-hearted, intelligent, and well-read man, who has held offices in connection with the Wesleyan body. But having to attend to his school and science classes (in which his wife ably assists him), and having also passed through severe family bereavement, his verse-writing has been neither as extensive nor as continuous as could be wished; still, he has produced some pretty pieces, although not quite in the style of his father, the miner-poet. His younger brother, John Alfred, now deceased, was also a writer of verse. The following short piece will illustrate his style.

* See next page.

RESURGAM.

The wintry winds blow high, blow low,
  The upland heights are bare,
Gone is the skylark's joyous song,
  Gone are the flowerets fair.
A snowy mantle hides the dale
Where bloomed the heath and primrose pale.

The moaning gusts steal through the woods,
  And wail along the lea;
The dull clouds drift athwart the sky,
  And hide the heaving sea.
Soft snowflakes fall o'er hill and town,
Clothing the trees with whitest down.

We miss the cheering green-clad hills,
  We look in vain for flowers;
Sweet fancies fill the mind once more
  Of summer-sheltered bowers.

A murmur comes like spring-tide rain—
'Be not cast down: we'll bloom again.'

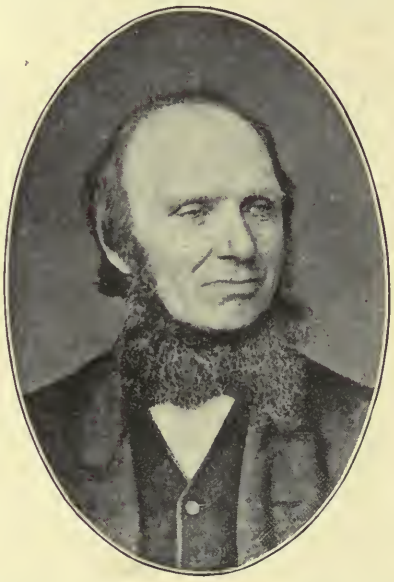
Each little blade, each hidden leaf,
  Joins in the welcome song;
Wild wintry winds and drifting snows
  But bear the strain along:
'Ere many moons shall wax and wane,
We'll bloom again, we'll bloom again.'

When life's too fleeting race is run,
  While fall the shadows dim,
The faithful heart is lifted up
  In loving trust to Him,
And cries with joy in grief and pain:
'I'll rise again! I'll rise again!'

JOHN HARRIS (1820—1884).

The 'Miner-Poet' of Cornwall was born at Bolennowe, near Camborne, on October 14, 1820. His father was a miner, and employed at the famous Dolcoath mine, where at the age of ten John commenced his labour. For more than twenty years he continued to toil underground. When very young he began to write rhymes on the leaves of his copybook at school, and on the tea-papers that his mother brought from the shop. He was always a thoughtful and meditative child, taking his lessons from Nature, on the moors or in the open fields, sometimes writing his thoughts on a scrap of paper with ink made from the juice of blackberries. For paper he sometimes substituted house-slate, roof-tile, iron wedges, and even his thumb-nails. He tells us in his autobiography that 'From first to last the majority of my poems have been written in the open air, in lanes and leas, by old stiles and farm-gates, by rocks and rivers and mossy moors.' One of his early poems, 'The First Primrose,' was inserted in a magazine, and attracted the notice, amongst others, of Dr. George Smith, of Camborne, who gave him encouragement and induced him to publish. His first book was published in 1853, soon after which he was appointed Scripture Reader at Falmouth. This gave him congenial occupation, and time to prosecute his favourite pursuit. Mr. Harris has rendered valuable aid in the promotion of the cause of peace and arbitration between nations, having written a series of tracts entitled 'Peace Pages,' of which some hundreds of thousands have been distributed. In the year 1864 a prize was offered for the best poem on the tercentenary anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare.

It was competed for by more than one hundred persons in Great Britain and America. Mr. Harris gained the prize, and was presented with a handsome gold watch of the value of £25. He was ever ready to embody striking local incidents in his poems, and had a high appreciation of chivalry and bravery. He published from first to last no less than sixteen volumes of poetry and prose, at a cost of about £1,000—no inconsiderable sum to be accounted for by a working man. His writings are very rhythmical; he was an ardent lover of Nature, and a thorough Cornishman. He died in the first week of the year 1884, and was buried in Treslothan churchyard, near Camborne.



One of his latest volumes was entitled 'My Autobiography,' 1882, a book which is full of interest, and a little work compiled by his son, James Howard Harris,* published soon after the death of the poet in 1884, gives a very clear and concise story of his life. Not long before his death Harris penned the following touching poem, in which it appears that he had a presentiment of his approaching end:

MY LAST LAY.

(RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MY PATRONS AND FRIENDS.)

I stand like one upon a reach of elms,
By the Great River's shore,
Listening for voices from untrodden realms,
Which thrill me evermore.

My staff is lying by a mound of flowers,
My weary feet at rest,
And echoes haunt me in song-ringing showers
From regions of the blest.

* See page 230.

A mystic hand comes through the fading light,
Which I but dimly see,
And takes my lyre, and bears it out of sight,
The hand that gave it me.

The sky-taught bird, and lesser shining shapes
That in the hedgerows dwell,
Or gather to the concert of the capes,
Breathe forth their sad farewell.

My Last Lay holds a benediction bright
For friends and patrons kind,
Who filled my hemisphere with purer light,
Which leaves a glow behind.

Mr. Harris gives an admirable picture of Falmouth and its beautiful harbour in the following poem :

FALMOUTH.

I saw it first when April shoots
Were shining on the tree,
And daisies, gladdened by the sun,
Looked up on lawn and lea.
I left my cot when but a boy,
And, crossing mead and moor,
I gazed upon its harbour waves
Which kissed the pleasant shore.

I never shall forget when first
It burst upon my view,
And from a neighbouring carn I saw
Its ships and waters blue,
And tower and terrace, ocean-girt,
Which met me from the hill:
Twas beautiful! 'twas beautiful!
And so is Falmouth still.

Like some old poem of the past
Imbued with Nature's fire,
The more we read, the more we love,
And wonder and admire:
So is this seaport of the South
Yet more and more endeared,
As years fill up the calendar,
Where now my home is reared.

Here barks from every nation meet,
With streaming flags unfurled;
Securely here in peace they ride,
Each ship a floating world.
Here come the fish in shining shoals,
The shelly creeks among;
And sweet it is across the tide
To hear the rowers' song.

Oft from the street I turn away,
As peals the solemn bell,
When eve, with glow-worms in the moss,
Sits musing down the dell.
And, oh, how sweet it is to stand
Upon the pebbly shore,
And hear across the gathering dusk
The dripping of the oar.

I've travelled where the waters roar,
And where the hills are high,
Whose lofty summits seem to soar
Into the distant sky.
But fairer scene, O Falmouth mine!
Has never met my view,
Than thy green fields and sloping heights
And waves and waters blue.

MISS E. H. HARRISON.

Miss Emma Halford Harrison is the youngest surviving daughter of the late G. Harrison, Esq., of Stanground, Huntingdon, and was born near Norwich. When young, owing to extreme delicacy, she was ordered by the family physician to the south of Devon, and came

to Torquay in 1866, where she has continued to reside. Her life has been uneventful, having been chiefly devoted to the care of an invalid mother, although her own health has, in the salubrious climate of Torquay, been completely restored. About two years ago she published a little book, entitled 'Poetic Rays,' and has contributed many charming pieces to the local press. The following may be regarded as one of her most successful efforts :

THE PRIMROSE.

Pristine blossom of the spring,
  Early come our hearts to cheer,
After winter's darksome days,
  Welcome to thee, Primrose dear!
Nodding in the gentle breeze,
Thou dost many a fond heart please.

Peeping through green moss and fern,
  Here and there, we see thou art;
Many lessons may we learn,
  If we be but quick of heart
To discern thy still, small voice,
Bidding saddened hearts rejoice.

Fragrant blossom, speak to us,
  As with list'ning ears we wait:
What hast thou to say to us
  Ere we pass yon open gate?
If thou hast a word to say,
Speak it, Primrose; we'll obey.

'Though my day at best is short,
  God has giv'n me work to do,
E'en to gladden weary hearts;
  Such-like work He gives to you.
And your day is short like mine,
Work, then, while the light doth shine.

'After months of storm and rain,
  Old and young alike I cheer,
As I tell them winter's past,
  With its sunless days and drear,
And the woodland glades do ring,
As the birds glad anthems sing.

'To the weary couch of pain
  Messages of love I bear,
Whisp'ring to the suff'ring ones
  Pledges of God's tender care.
As they see my blossoms pale,
Tell I them: His love won't fail.'

* * * * *

Thanks, O Primrose, sweet and fair,
  For the lessons thou hast taught!
May they ne'er forgotten be,
  But to mem'ry oft be brought.
As thy blossom frail we view,
Say to each: 'God cares for you.'

Not in vain wilt thou have spoken,
  Not in vain shall we have heard,
If we yield more faith in God,
  More reliance on His word.
Like thyself, we'll others cheer,
Taught by thee, loved Primrose dear.

*MR. HARROP.**

'In 1809, what was termed "The Jubilee," the commemoration of George III. having completed the fiftieth year of his reign, was celebrated throughout the kingdom, and by Barnstaple as loyally as is its wont. It gave rise to a variety of odes, songs, and literary

* This is probably Edward Atkins Harrop who published 'Original Miscellaneous Poems,' London, 1796.—G. C. Boase.

brochures. The best of them that has come to my notice was an ode by Mr. Harrop, a retired East India nabob, who lived many years in the town, and which is now interesting as recording in verse all that was done in Barnstaple on the occasion, with some very clever criticisms upon the inhabitants, particularly of the ladies who attended the ball. It is difficult to select a quotation giving any separate subject, but a few lines show the style:

'At two I'd the honour to dine with the Mayor;
Then we filled up our glasses and this toast was given,
"Here's health and long life to the King of Great Britain."
The dinner concluded, we rose one and all,
And walked in procession quite grand to the hall,
Where the Mayor took his seat in robes that were red,
And the Muse shall in candour relate what was said:
His worshipful arose, and then
He bowed and uttered "Gentlemen,
We are assembled in this hall
(A truth assented to by all);
But, gentlemen, I'm loth to say,
I've no address for this here day.
If any man has one to give,
I'm sure our thanks he will receive."'*

JOSHUA HATTON (GUY ROSLYN).

'GUY ROSLYN' is the *nom de plume* assumed for literary purposes by Joshua Hatton, and by this time it has no doubt become as familiar to him as his real name.

Joshua Hatton was born at Chesterfield on June 8, 1850. He is the youngest son of the late Francis Augustus Hatton, the founder of the *Derbyshire Times*, and also the founder of the penny press in Derbyshire. Although Mr. Hatton's connection with the West of England is merely professional, and was comparatively slight, it is sufficient to warrant our including him in this work.

From an early age he was associated with journalism, his first employment being in the office of the *Lincolnshire Chronicle*. Having made himself competent to act as reporter, he went to Dorchester as the chief reporter on the *Dorset County Chronicle*. He was afterwards engaged on newspapers in Leicester, Nottingham, the Isle of Man, South Wales and Birmingham.

For a short time he was connected with the *Western Telegraph*, a daily paper published at Bristol, and then came to Plymouth as editor of the *Western Daily Mercury*. In this capacity he wrote more than three hundred leading articles, besides contributing to other newspapers and magazines. He then became chief leader-writer on the *Sheffield Independent*, and afterwards proprietor and editor of *Colburn's New Monthly*. During his residence at Plymouth he published a volume of poems, entitled 'Village Verses' (1870), dedicated to Florence Marryat. He is a true poet, and many of his verses have a very lofty tone,

* Chanter's 'Sketches of the Literary History of Barnstaple.'

besides being musical and tender. Mr. Hatton, who is, we believe, a brother of the novelist, Joseph Hatton, has made numerous friends amongst the leading literary men of the day. One or two of his short pieces must suffice as an illustration of his writings.

GLOAMING.

Now Evening, daughter of the Day and Night,
  Spreads over meadow-land a dusky shroud;
The sun, retreating, floods the west with light,
  And hangs a golden lamp on every cloud.

The fairy butterflies have shut their wings;
  From secret places moths come out to flit,
Or wait in windows till the cricket sings,
  Till doors are closed and cottage candles lit.

Nan, in a pretty cap and simple frock,
  Takes in the snow-white linen from the hedge,
To damp and iron by the kitchen clock,
  And think of Ned who swings the smithy sledge.
The farmer over supper falls asleep,
And, snoring, dreams of turnip crops and sheep.

AFTERMATH.

Come whisper in this oak, west wind, and blow
  A breathing music in among the leaves
To soothe siesta, while haymakers throw
  The dying grass that fairy perfume weaves;
    And as the pail
    Of frothing ale
Is eagerly caressed by sunburnt arms,
I'll dream of country life and rustic charms.

Come, carol in this oak, clear-throated birds,
  And let your summer's love be in the lay;
Unto the droning tune of leaves give words,
  And in kind fellowship together play;
    And I will hearken
    Till shadows darken—
Till all the men go home, and cloudlets swim
In glowing amber at the western rim.

REV. THOMAS HAWEIS (1733—1820).

This well-known literary divine was born at Redruth, Cornwall, January 1, 1733. His father was a solicitor at Kenwyn. He was educated at the Truro Grammar School, where he was famous for his oratorical powers and his knowledge of Greek, and at the end of his school-days he was apprenticed to a surgeon. He matriculated from Christ Church, Oxford, in 1755, and was afterwards a member of Magdalen Hall, but he did not take any degrees at Oxford. He had several curacies, was at one time chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough, and was for a time assistant to the Rev. Martin Madan at the Lock Chapel, London. From February 25, 1764, till his death, February 11, 1820, he was Rector of Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire. In 1772 he received the degree of LL.B. at Cambridge, and from one of the Scotch Universities he obtained an M.D. degree. He was a very voluminous writer, upwards of forty works being recorded in the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis.' He was also an eloquent preacher of strictly evangelical views, and was very greatly interested

in foreign missions. His chief poetical work was 'Carmina Christo; or, Hymns to the Saviour,' first published in 1792, which went to numerous editions. His hymns are to be found in many collections.

REV. R. S. HAWKER (1803—1875).

Robert Stephen Hawker, for more than forty years Vicar of Morwenstow, Cornwall, was born at Stoke Damerel, December 3, 1804. His father, Jacob Stephen Hawker, then a medical man, subsequently took Holy Orders, and became successively curate and Vicar of Stratton, a town situated eight miles from Morwenstow. His grandfather was the Rev. Robert Hawker, D.D., the celebrated Calvinistic divine, Vicar of Charles Church, Plymouth, and author of numerous religious and theological treatises, who died in 1827.

Robert Stephen Hawker, as early as 1821, the year before he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, published anonymously, at Cheltenham, his first poems, 'Tendrils, by Reuben,' which have since been included in the collected editions of his works. In November, 1823, he married Charlotte Eliza, one of the four daughters of Colonel Wray I'Ans, of Whitstone House, near Bude Haven, Cornwall. The next year he returned to the University, and, in consequence of his marriage, removed his name from Pembroke College to Magdalen Hall. In 1827 Mr. Hawker gained the Newdigate Prize. This circumstance first brought him under the notice of the late Dr. Phillpotts, Bishop of

Exeter. In 1828 Mr. Hawker took his degree of B.A., and left Oxford. In 1829 he was ordained deacon, and appointed to the curacy of North Tamerton, Devon. In 1831 he received priest's orders. In 1832, while at North Tamerton, he published the first series of 'Records of the Western Shore,' simple legends connected with the wild and singular scenery of his own country, 'done into verse' (as he expresses it) during his walks and rides.

In December, 1834, he was offered by the Bishop the living of Morwenstow, which he accepted, and in January, 1835, he went to reside in the parish with which his name will always now be associated. Here he laboured indefatigably, turning a desolate wilderness, as he found the place, into a veritable garden. He built a bridge over a dangerous ford, raised a vicarage and a school-house, restored the church well, and finally rescued the ancient church itself from the state of dilapidation into which it had fallen—there had been no resident vicar in the place for a hundred years—and caused the name of the patron saint, Morwenna, to be known and venerated. In 1850 Mr. Hawker became curate of Welcombe, a little parish in the neighbourhood, which he continued to serve, with Morwenstow, until his death.

Mr. Hawker had some thrilling experiences in connection with wrecks along the coast, and the consequent snatching of the living and the dead from the all-devouring sea. He reserved a portion of the burial-ground for the poor drowned sailors, many of whom were cast away on that wreck-strewn coast.

Mr. Hawker's wife died February 2, 1863, and in the lonely time that immediately succeeded her death he wrote the first chant of the 'Quest of the Sangraal.' The plan of the poem had long been in his mind, and it was to have embraced three other chants. He, however, only wrote the opening lines of the second:

> 'Ho! for the Sangraal once again I cleave
> The dream of Echo with the shout of Song.
> Come, let us trace Lord Lancelot's northward way.'

In December, 1864, Mr. Hawker married a Polish lady, Pauline Ann, only daughter of Count Kuezynski, by whom he had three daughters—Morwenna, Rosalind, and Juliet. She died in 1893.

In 1873 his health began to fail. He visited London, and renewed his strength; but in February, 1875, he again failed. In June of the same year he was compelled to relinquish his active duties. He then visited Plymouth, where he expired on August 15, 1875.

The evening before his death Mr. Hawker was received into the Roman Catholic Church, an event which gave rise to a great deal of adverse comment and rancorous feeling, although, as says one of his biographers—an intimate friend, from whose work we extract these brief particulars—'to those best acquainted with the workings of his inner life, this step did not cause the least astonishment or surprise.'

Mr. Hawker was the author of numerous works, a list of which will be found in the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis.' His poetical works include, 'Records of the Western Shore' (1832); 'Ecclesia,' a volume of poems (1840); 'Reeds shaken with the Wind' (1843-

44); 'Echoes from Old Cornwall' (1846); 'The Quest of the Sangraal' (1864); 'Cornish Ballads, and other Poems' (1869). In 1879 his poetical works were issued in a collected form, with a prefatory notice by J. G. Godwin, from which the above information has been summarized.

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN.

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
'If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!

'We'll cross the Tamar land to land,
The Severn is no stay,
With "one and all," and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?

'And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all,
Here's men as good as you!

'Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!'*

THE SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAU.

Tintadgel bells ring o'er the tide,
The boy leans on his vessel side;
He hears that sound, and dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.
'Come to thy God in time!'
Thus saith their pealing chime;
Youth, manhood, old age past,
'Come to thy God at last!'

But why are Bottreau's echoes still?
Her tower stands proudly on the hill;
Yet the strange chough that home hath found,
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.
'Come to thy God in time!'
Should be her answering chime:
'Come to thy God at last!'
Should echo on the blast.

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* With the exception of the choral lines,

'And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!'

and which have been, ever since the imprisonment by James II. of the seven bishops—one of them Sir Jonathan Trelawny—a popular proverb throughout Cornwall, the whole of this song was composed by me in the year 1825. I wrote it under a stag-horned oak in Sir Beville's Walk in Stone Wood. It was sent by me anonymously to a Plymouth paper, and there it attracted the notice of Mr. Davies Gilbert, who reprinted it at his private press at Eastbourne under the avowed impression that it was the original ballad. It had the good fortune to win the eulogy of Sir Walter Scott, who also deemed it to be the ancient song. It was praised under the same persuasion by Lord Macaulay, and by Mr. Dickens, who inserted it at first as of genuine antiquity in his *Household Words*, but who afterwards acknowledged its actual paternity in the same publication.—*Mr. Hawker's note to 'The Song of the Western Men.'* [This poem appeared in the *Royal Devonport Telegraph and Plymouth Chronicle*, September 2, 1826, p. 4.]

The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea ;
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,
The merry Bottreau bells on board.
'Come to thy God in time !'
Rung out Tintadgel chime ;
Youth, manhood, old age past,
'Come to thy God at last !'

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells ;
'Thank God,' with reverent brow he cried,
'We make the shore with evening's tide.'
'Come to thy God in time !'
It was his marriage chime :
Youth, manhood, old age past,
His bell must ring at last.

'Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
But thank at sea the steersman's hand,'
The captain's voice above the gale :
'Thank the good ship and ready sail.'
'Come to thy God in time !'
Sad grew the boding chime :
'Come to thy God at last !'
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Uprose that sea ! as if it heard
The mighty Master's signal-word :
What thrills the captain's whitening lip ?
The death-groans of his sinking ship !
'Come to thy God in time !'
Swung deep the funeral chime :
Grace, mercy, kindness past,
'Come to thy God at last !'

Long did the rescued pilot tell—
When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell,
While those around would hear and weep—
That fearful judgment of the deep.
'Come to thy God in time !'
He read his native chime :
Youth, manhood, old age past,
His bell rung out at last.

Still when the storm of Bottreau's waves
Is wakening in his weedy caves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide :
'Come to thy God in time !'
Thus saith the ocean chime :
Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
'Come to thy God at last !'

CHARLOTTE HAWKEY (1799—1891).

This lady, the youngest daughter of Joseph Hawkey, was born at Liskeard, May 10, 1799. She was the author of 'Neota,' in prose and verse, which contains several legends of Cornwall, and much interesting matter relating to the Western counties and to West-Country families. This work was privately printed at Taunton in 1871, and is a volume of 256 pages. Besides this, Miss Hawkey has written a poem entitled 'Shakespeare Tapestry,' published by Messrs. Blackwood, Edinburgh, in 1881; 'A View in the Island of Tanna,' a poem with a commendatory notice by Professor John Wilson, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1837), and is reprinted in 'Neota'; 'A Day in Italy'—MS. sold at the sale of Rev. F. J. Stainforth's library, 1867—which also appears in 'Neota.'

Miss Hawkey resided for many years at Taunton, where she wrote some of her principal works. She was blind for several years, but retained all her other faculties, and was truly a remarkable woman. At the age of ninety-two she dictated a poem to a lady friend

who acted as her amanuensis, which poem met with the approbation of many literary critics.

She was a frequent contributor to the *Animal World*, and wrote a poem on 'Vivisection,' which was very much commended. She died at a good old age, November 5, 1891.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHAPELLE ROCK.

Lone stands the 'Chapelle of the Rock'
On the wild western shore;
The sweeping ocean seems to mock
The builder's toil, and the granite block,
As the crested breakers pour
Round the crumbling site, and their sullen swell
Bears burden to the chapelle bell.

Oft sounds that bell at dead of night,
And its echoes startle then
The wand'ring spirits that fain would fright
The fisher, who toils by the pale starlight;
But they glide to their caves again
When the solemn toll of that bell they hear,
For they know that they may not venture near.

One night is theirs in all the year
(Unhallowed is the hour),
And monk and friar, both far and near,
Use holy spells and penance drear
To curb their vengeful power;
But woe to the mortal who dares to tread
The fated beach till the dawning red.

Oh! who was loved through all the West
Like the beauteous Lady Blanche?
Each knight would lay his spear in rest,
And peril his life, at her least behest;
And her vassals stout and stanch,
To guard their orphan ladye's right,
With bow and bill to the death would fight.

She was the last of her lofty race,
Her knightly brothers twain
Were high in good King Richard's grace,
But the Syrian sands were their burial-place;
They slept on the battle-plain,
Where shouts of victory, bought too dear,
Pealed a deep requiem o'er their bier.

The Lady Blanche still loved to stray
Along the wild sea-shore,
Watching the sea-gull in the spray
Bathe her white wings, then soar away;
And her joy was evermore
To hear the music of the waves
Re-echoed from the rocks and caves.

One summer eve a barque appeared
Light floating o'er the wave;
No dashing of the oars was heard,
But soon the haunted spot was neared,
While the dim twilight gave
Its treacherous aid to the wayward race:
'Fair Lady Blanche, thy steps retrace.

'Why dost thou linger on the beach?
It is the spirits' eve!
Hasten the Chapelle Rock to reach!'
But vainly did that monk beseech,
And vainly did he grieve;
For she heard a strange wild melody,
And thus she sang as its tones swept by:

'Listen! I hear the billows swell;
There's music on the deep;
The spirits that in ocean dwell
Mix their wild melody full well
With those whose pinions sweep
To meet them from the upper sky
With strange unearthly harmony.

'Their voices make my bosom thrill,
And kindle with a new delight;
I would that they were nearer still,
Or I where I might hear at will,
Amid the calm of night,
The tones, which now too far remote,
O'er earth and ocean sweetly float.'

The shadows of the tall dark trees
  Were stretched across the bay ;
There, rocking to the murmuring breeze,
Her eager eye a shallop sees,
  The moonbeams on it play ;
The white sails, rustling, seem to hail
The quivering light and rising gale.

And deep sweet voices from that barque
  Are wafted on the blast ;
Again she bends attent, and hark !
They call her, and their influence dark
  O'er 'the devoted' passed :
'Sweet rests the moonlight on the sea ;
Come, maiden, come, we wait for thee !

'To-night the spirits of the air
  Revel with those who walk the deep ;
Daughter of earth ! 'tis thine to share
And brighten with thy beauty rare
  The vigil which we keep ;
To thee alone of human race
'Tis given our shadowy paths to trace.

'Fast, fast depart the fleeting hours,
  For thee alone is stay ;
We wait to bear thee hence to bowers
Sparkling with gems, and rich with flowers
  Fair as the dawn of day.'
Still as they sang the barque drew near,
But it threw no shade on the waters clear.

Fair gleamed the forms that from it bent
  As they bore the maid away,
But a sound of hollow merriment,
That seemed from the deep-sea caverns rent,
  Rang as they seized their prey :
She heard it not, for her eye was bright,
And her white brow flushed with a strange
    delight.

The Chapelle Rock stands firm and high
  The beating waves among ;
The shallop glided swiftly by,
And, softened to a murmuring sigh,
  Trembled the spirits' song ;
It could not mingle with the knell
Uttered by that lone chapelle bell.

But when it ceased, the wakened storm
  In its might and fury rose !
That barque seemed into fragments torn ;
And the monks of the Chapelle Rock next
  Prayed for the maid's repose : [morn
For the flowing tide at sunrise bore
Her pale and mangled corse on shore.

An ancient tomb of spotless stone,
  From the Parian quarries hewed,
In that dim chapelle stands alone ;
Gleams from the polished surface thrown
  Rest on its sculptures rude :
It only bears a severed rose ;
'Blanche' the sole word its legend shows.

J. N. HEARN.

John Newton Hearn, the writer of several acceptable poems, is a native of Plymouth, and is by profession a certificated teacher. He was born on January 6, 1866, and received a primary education at the Plymouth Public School ; he has since, by dint of much private reading and study, added considerably to the stock of knowledge acquired at that well-known scholastic establishment. Being always of a literary turn, the favourite occupation of his early days was scribbling verses on various subjects and individuals, and sometimes his compositions, in the shape of epitaphs on his teachers, gained for him more juvenile fame than adult reputation. Our author some time since printed a collection of his early productions, under the title of 'Saul, and other Poems' ; this little brochure was favourably noticed by the press, and contains several stirring pieces.

The Armada Ode was written in connection with the National Armada Commemoration, which took place at Plymouth, in July, 1888.

For two years Mr. Hearn held the office of chairman of the Plymouth Y.M.C.A. Literary and Debating Society, in the working of which he takes a deep interest, and to which he has devoted much of his leisure time. He is also an Associate of the College of Preceptors.

We are pleased to learn that he is now planning a drama, to be composed in blank verse, the subject of which will be drawn from Jewish history. We wish him success in his labours.

SONS OF DEVON: AN ARMADA ODE.

Sons of Devon, heirs of glory
Won upon the ocean hoary,
Celebrate in song the story
Of our fathers brave!
Sing with hearts elated,
When, with pride inflated,
Philip swore
To chain us sore
Beneath his sceptre hated;
How the men of Devon, sailing,
Met the foe with hearts unquailing,
And the boaster king assailing,
Triumphed on the wave.

Softly were the zephyrs breathing;
Softly were the wavelets heaving;
Peacefully the old world leaving,
Smiled that summer day,
When a sail appearing,
Nearing, ever nearing,
Brought the news
That Spanish crews
For British coasts were steering.
And a night of stir and motion
Filled the land with strange commotion,
And our sires in love's devotion
Panted for the fray.

From each mast, the foe defying,
Britain's flag was proudly flying;
And her guns in wrath replying
Spoke for liberty!
Ship with ship contending,
Freedom's cause defending,
By the roar
Along the shore
Bespoke the fate impending!
Thou shalt know, O haughty nation,
England suffers no dictation,
While she holds the domination
Of the mighty sea.

Hear ye not the direful raging,
Orphan tears and sigh presaging?
'Tis our heroes fiercely waging
Battle on the main.
Glory dieth never,
Honour liveth ever;
Deathless fame
Will speak their name,
And bless their great endeavour.
Bards will tell the thrilling story
Of that conflict fierce and gory,
And the lustre of its glory
Ever will remain.

Where no more the tempest rages,
Where no foe in strife engages,
In the dreamland of the ages,
Slumber on, ye brave,
Albion, grateful nation,
Bring a rich oblation;
Honour shed
Upon the dead
Who wrought thy great salvation.
For the men of Devon, sailing,
Met the foe with heart unquailing,
And the boaster king assailing,
Triumphed on the wave.

R. HENNAH (1765—1846).

The Rev. Richard Hennah, F.G.S., the eldest son of the Rev. Richard Hennah, Vicar of St. Austell and St. Blazey, was born at St. Austell, March 8, 1765. He became chaplain of the citadel at Plymouth, and died at Plymouth, March 26, 1846. His chief publications related to Geology, the geological remains at the Oreston Quarries and the other limestone deposits in the district offering him abundant materials for learned disquisitions. He contributed sundry poetical pieces to the *European Magazine*, chiefly in 1802 to 1804.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591—1674).

It seems almost superfluous to enter into any biographical details with reference to this charming poet, for his works are so well known, and his life has been so often written, that we should be but repeating an oft-told tale. A brief outline must therefore suffice. In the first place, Herrick was not a native Devonian; for he was born in London, August 24, 1591. His father dying in 1592, an uncle became guardian to the children. Robert was educated at Westminster School, and in 1607 was bound apprentice to his uncle for a term of ten years; but he did not serve out his apprenticeship, for in 1613 he was a fellow-commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1616 he migrated to Trinity Hall, where he took his B.A. degree in 1616-17, and M.A. in 1620. In 1629 he was appointed to the living of Dean Prior, near Ashburton, Devon, where, accustomed as he had been to much cheerful society, he found life lonely and irksome. Although much of his poetry was written before he settled in Devonshire, yet he frankly acknowledges that his best was written at Dean Prior. Wood says that he 'became much beloved by the gentry in those parts for his florid and witty discourses,' and he has in his poems many complimentary references to his Devonshire friends. On the other hand, several of his epigrams appear to be directed against obnoxious neighbours. In one of his poems he describes his parishioners as

> 'A people currish; churlish as the seas;
> And rude almost as rudest savages.'

In 1647, Herrick, a devoted Royalist, was ejected from his living, and retired to London. The poem on 'His returne to London' expresses his enthusiastic delight at being released from his 'long and dreary banishment.' He settled for a time in London, but was restored to his living in 1662, dying there October, 1674. A monument to his memory was erected in Dean Prior Church by a collateral descendant, in 1857. Herrick was the author of numerous poems, and some of them are of a high order of merit. 'Hesperides,' 'Noble Numbers,' and other principal titles, will immediately occur to the mind of the reader. Several editions of his poems exist, but the most recent, as probably the best, is that edited

by Dr. Grosart, 3 vols., 1876. An appreciative essay on Herrick by Mr. Edmund Gosse, was contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, August, 1875.

Herrick's verses are original and well finished. He was a consummate artist, and successfully attempted a variety of metrical experiments. But apart from its formal excellence, his poetry has a fresh natural charm that the simplest may appreciate. Though he professed a distaste for his Devonshire vicarage, no poet has described with equal gusto the delights of old English country life—the wakes and wassails, the May Day games and harvest homes.

TO DEAN-BOURN.

Dean-burn, farewell ; I never look to see
Deane or thy watry incivility.
Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streams,
And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames ;
To my content, I never sho'd behold,
Were thy streames silver, or thy rocks all gold.
Rockie thou art ; and rockie we discover
Thy men ; and rockie are thy wayes all over.
O men, O manners ; There and ever knowne
To be *A Rockie Generation!*
A people currish ; churlish as the seas ;
And rude (almost) as rudest Salvages :*
With whom I did, and may re-sojourne when
Rockes turn to Rivers, Rivers turn to Men.

TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES.

One night i' th' yeare, my dearest Beauties, come
And bring those *dew-drink-offerings* to my Tomb.
When thence ye see my reverend Ghost to rise,
And there to lick th' effusèd sacrifice :
Though palenes be the Livery that I weare,
Looke ye not wan, or colourlesse for feare.
Trust me, I will not hurt ye ; or once shew
The least grim looke or cast a frown on you,
Nor shall the Tapers when I'm there burn blew.
This I may do (perhaps) as I glide by,
Cast on my Girles a glance, and loving eye :
Or fold mine armes and sigh because I've lost
The world so soon, and in it, you the most.
Then† these, no feares more on your Fancies fall,
Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.

W. R. HICKS (1808—1868).

William Robert Hicks was a native of Bodmin, where he was born April 1, 1808, and where he died on September 5, 1868. He was the son of a schoolmaster, and was himself a schoolmaster early in life. Although we cannot claim for him that he was a writer of poetry, or even a versifier in the ordinary sense of the term, yet we think that

* Savages or uncivilized.

† Than.

no work dealing with the literati of the West of England would be complete did it not include some notice of Hicks, who was one of the wittiest men that Cornwall has seen for many a day. Mr. W. F. Collier in a little monograph on Hicks, published in 1888, has given a very good sketch of this Cornish humorist, and has added a few of the numberless anecdotes which are told respecting him.

'Hicks was a very useful public man, and carried great weight with the various public bodies which he served. But he was, above all things, a humorist, and it is for his wit and fun that he will be best remembered. He was a short, thick, fat man, much as Falstaff is represented. His face was large, he had small, bright, twinkling gray eyes; his nose was short, of the Socrates kind, the reverse of aquiline; and he had a small, expressive mouth, with a large, fat, double chin. Players pride themselves on their ability to change their countenance. Hicks could put any variety of expression into his very changeable face; and the alteration of all his features, from a frown to a smile, in telling a story, was both astonishing and ludicrous. He was witty, could make a witty speech, a witty remark, or a witty retort; but his chief fame lay in his telling a story. He was about the best story-teller of his day, was well known in the West of England, and established his reputation in London. He had an excellent memory of great accuracy, and could remember every small detail of what might be said to him, by an old woman, for example—the exact quaint mode of expression, the dialect, and the tone of voice, which he would mimic to perfection.

'Hicks's stories were far-famed, were wont to set the table in a roar, and amuse a large party the whole evening. He had the great merit of being good company in any society in which he found himself, of whatever rank in life it might be; and he picked up many of his best stories by being on intimate terms with men and women of the humbler classes. He was always alive to anything absurd, and any out-of-the-way expression, either grave or gay, falling from anyone, it mattered not who, was sure to take a hold on his memory, and to be reproduced for the amusement of the world.'

Hicks was governor of the county lunatic asylum for twenty years; he was also clerk to the Bodmin Board of Guardians, and clerk to the Highway Board. He was also a musician, so that he may be called a man of many parts. He was a short, round, fat man, as before said. Following the Mayor of Bodmin into the room on the occasion of a public dinner, he heard the Mayor announced in a voice of thunder, 'The Mayor of Bodmin.' The thing striking him as ludicrous, he followed immediately after, and had himself announced as 'The Corporation.' It was said of him by J. C. Young, 'It will be long before one will arise fit to tread in his shoes. In wit he was inferior to Theodore Hook, in humour he could not compare with Sydney Smith; but in the union of both qualities and in geniality of disposition, he was second to none. As a *raconteur* he was unrivalled.'

Mr. Hicks has left but little that can be called literary trifles, but the following epigrams, which are included in 'The West-Country Garland' (Worth, 1875), are worthy of a place in this collection :

ON THE MARRIAGE OF JOB WALL AND MARY BEST.

Job, wanting a partner, thought he'd be blest
If of all womankind he selected the Best ;
For, said he, of all evils that compass the globe,
A bad wife would try the patience of Job.
The Best then he chose, and made bone of his bone,
Though 'twas clear to his friends she'd be Best [left alone ;
For though best of her sex, she's the weakest of all,
If 'tis true that the weakest must go to the [Wall.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. LOT AND MISS SALTER.

Because on her way she chose to halt,
Lot's wife, in the Scriptures, was turned into salt ;
But though on her course she ne'er did falter,
This young Lot's wife, strange to say, was *Salter*.

AARON HILL (1684—1749).

THIS well-known poet and dramatist, although said to have been born elsewhere, resided in the county of Devon during a portion of his life, and received his early education at the Grammar School, Barnstaple; and here, his biographer (Davenport) informs us, under the care of Mr. Rayner, he imbibed the rudiments of learning; and of him it was said that no writer perhaps ever passed a life of greater mental activity. He was a school-fellow of Gay. His dramatic works obtained greater recognition than his poetry. He was satirized by Pope, in the 'Dunciad,' as one of the competitors for the prize offered by the goddess of dulness :

'Then Hill essayed ; scarce vanished out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light :
He bears no token of the abler stream,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thame.'

And in return he satirized Pope as

'The ladies' plaything and the muses' pride.'

Neither his reputation as a poet nor his connection with the county of Devon is sufficient to warrant more than a mere notice of his name.

REV. CHARLES HILL (1758—1822).

MR. J. R. CHANTER in his 'Sketches of the Literary History of Barnstaple,' says: 'In 1803, the Rev. Charles Hill, who resided here, and whose family were long connected

with the town, published a lengthy descriptive poem, called "The Banks of the Tawe." He addresses the poem to the worthy resident of the ancient family at Hall, and states 'that Mr. Badcock had incited him to proceed in poetry, and in defiance of diffidence to pursue those delightful regions of fancy, and if possible to glean some honey from the flowers which remained unexhausted by the soaring swarms of his lofty predecessors.' (Rather grand verbiage). The poem, which runs to many thousand lines, is entirely descriptive of the scenery, natural history, rural sports, and annual diversions of North Devon, and appears in its original form to have fallen still-born from the press, as I have never seen but one copy, but selections of the work, under the names of 'The Stag Hunt,'* 'Rules for Fly-fishing,' etc., were afterwards printed separately, obtained some notice, and may still be frequently met with.

[Charles Hill (son of Rev. Charles Hill of Tawstock, Devon), was born, 1758, matriculated from Exeter College, Oxford, on May 20, 1776; B.A., 1781; M.A., 1784. Rector of Trentishoe, Devon, 1782 to 1822, died, February, 1822. Author of 'The Annual Diversions of the Banks of the River Taw.'—G. C. Boase.]

P. G. HILL.

The Rev. Pascoe Grenfell Hill, B.A., R.N., the son of Major Thomas Hill, was born at Marazion, May 15, 1804. He became Rector of St. Edmund, the King and Martyr, and St. Nicholas Acons, Lombard Street, London, February 7, 1863. He was also chaplain of Westminster Hospital.

Amongst other works recorded in the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis,' we find 'Poems on Several Occasions' dedicated to Oliver Hill, by 'his affectionate nephew, the author.' He also wrote 'Modern British Poesy: a comparison between poets who flourished during the latter half of the eighteenth century and those of the nineteenth century,' 1856.

FRANCIS HINGESTON (1796—1841).

This author was born at St. Ives, in Cornwall, on November 27, 1796, and was educated at the Truro Grammar School. His literary productions are not numerous, and his poems were chiefly written for newspapers, or to grace the albums of his lady friends. In a letter to his brother, Dr. Hingeston, who was always anxious that he should publish his verses in permanent form, he wrote on one occasion: 'You know that I have never followed the Muse in her high flights; that I possess but a feeble wing and a weak voice; and

* 'Bib. Devon,' p. 129.

that all my glory has been to flutter for a moment upon a sunbeam, to sigh to the wild winds of my native hills, or to twine a simple garland of field-flowers for some of those sweet children of Nature to whom alone my lowly songs have owed their inspiration.

'"To pen a sonnet to my mistress' eyebrows"

has hitherto been all my pride and all my ambition; and that I could have done this well I could not have believed, if you had not taught me, more in kindness than in truth, to think so.' His poems, however, are characterized by that spontaneous flow of song and that freedom from effort which are the great charm of all true poetry.

Some of Mr. Hingeston's poems were printed by Mr. Polwhele in his 'Biographical Sketches in Cornwall,' published in 1831, and their appearance was hailed with so much satisfaction, and they were so highly praised for their elegance, pathos, and pleasantry, that after the death of the writer, which took place in 1841, his son was induced to collect all his father's scattered poems and present them to the public, with a brief memoir, in 1857. The volume was dedicated to the Earl of St. Germans.

SONNET WRITTEN AT THE LAND'S END.

How sweetly solemn from thy granite steep,
Bolerium, 'mid the calm of earth and heaven,
To gaze upon the blue unbounded deep,
What time with soften'd beam the orb of Even
Stoops as to kiss it sleeping, while in air
The sea-bird sails, and through the level ray
Beneath the gilded bark pursues her way
O'er buried realms,* awful, yet lovely fair.

Such was the scene to some glad hearts ere while
Their 'country's bourne' presented, when, to mock
Its feebler charms, unto that beacon-rock
Ianthe came: beside her living smile
Dread Nature's grace seem'd gracious then no more,
And softened hearts forgot the fame of yore.

THE GLOOMIEST DAY HATH GLEAMS OF LIGHT.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light;
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom;
The saddest heart is not all sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair;
Nor life nor death the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of Care
Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

* The great tract of land called Lyonesse, which, according to tradition, was overwhelmed by the sea at an early period.

PREBENDARY F. C. HINGESTON-RANDOLPH.

The Rector of Ringmore, South Devon, is one of the ripest scholars now living in the West of England. He is a man of active habits and manifold energies, an earnest priest, a stanch Churchman, and yet a man of wide sympathies. He is a native of Truro, where he was born March 31, 1833, and where his father held the post of Controller of H.M. Customs. He restored the ancient spelling of his name in 1854, and assumed that of Randolph in addition to his own on his marriage, July 26, 1860, with Martha Jane, only child and heiress of the Rev. Herbert Randolph, M.A.

He commenced his clerical life as curate of Holywell, Oxford, nearly forty years ago, and was Incumbent of Hampton-Gay 1859-60. In the latter year he was presented to the rectory of Ringmore, near Kingsbridge, which he still holds, and of which he is now the patron. He was domestic chaplain to the late Baroness Le Despencer (Viscountess Falmouth), 1858, and was collated to a prebendal stall in Exeter Cathedral, by Bishop Temple, in 1885; from 1879 to 1890 he filled the office of Dean Rural of Woodleigh, in which deanery Ringmore is situated. He is a great authority on Church architecture, and is the author of many antiquarian and historical works. When quite a lad he compiled a book on Cornish Crosses (1850), and early in life he edited and translated 'Capgrave's Chronicle,' the 'Book of the Illustrious Henries' (1858), and other historical works. But his great work is that of editing the Episcopal Registers of the Diocese of Exeter, a truly herculean task. Four volumes have already been issued, viz.: 'Bishop Stafford,' in 1886; 'Bronescombe, Quivil, and Bytton,' in 1889; 'Walter de Stapeldon,' in 1892; and 'John de Grandisson,' in 1894.

He edited, in 1857, the poems of his father, Francis Hingeston,* and has himself contributed many poetical pieces to contemporary periodicals, but has never published them in a collective form. Appended is a small sample of his poems, which has merits of a high order.

EVENING AT THE LAND'S END.

(A FRAGMENT.)

Slow sank the sun into the sapphire sea,
Tinging the dimpling waters with his last
And loveliest beams of light, as the soft breeze
Of evening kiss'd the sea-nymphs, and the wave
Rose gently, and as gently fell again,
Soft murmuring. I stood beside a rock
Whose rugged head look'd up into the sky,
Gray as the handle of the scythe of Time;
But lower down, between the martins' nests,
Rich ruby lichens in the sunset gleam'd,
Like golden fingers clasping them around,
Lest the rude winds should tear them; and beneath,
A dark cliff beetled coldly o'er the deep,
Fringed by the lacework of pearl-threaded foam
That mermaids weave and hang along the shore.

* See preceding sketch.

FROM 'SOPHRONIUS,' A POEM.

The first soft beam of morning light
Shone from Moriah's sacred height,
Like some clear fount. whose crystal streams,
  Forth o'er its pebbly channel gushing,
Grow wider, deeper, till it seems
  A mighty torrent onward rushing,
And mingles with the boundless sea,
Lost in its vast infinity !

Now from the canopy of heaven
The gloomy shades of night are driven,
As, in his meteor-car returning,
The sun, in morn's soft glory burning,
Pours o'er the earth his golden fires ;
  Yet, as the dark clouds melt away,
They hang around like seraph choirs,
  Ushering in the new-born day !
Nature wakes up, as when the deep,
With all its waters, rests in sleep,
Till o'er its wave the fierce winds roam,
  And rob it of its peaceful pillow,
Flinging aloft bright snowy foam
  From the dark ridge of every billow.

Where all before was calm and still,
Is felt again life's wondrous thrill !
High through the perfume-laden air
To flowery groves the birds repair,
Their bright wings flashing in the gleam
Of the broad sun's unclouded beam,—
Groves where, upon an emerald bed,
The lily rests its snow-white head,
Where aloes bloom, and citrons fling
  Their fragrance softly on the breeze,
And wreaths of blushing roses cling
  Around the branching algum-trees.
All hushed, as though Earth still had been
The empire of Night's silent Queen ;
No sound is heard in th' azure sky
Save the shrill buzzing fire-fly,
Or the winged minstrel's joyous song
Borne on the zephyr's breath along,
Or the glad turtle's voice once more,
Telling of icy winter o'er,
And with her soft note heralding
The flowery sweets of balmy spring !

FORTESCUE HITCHINS (1784—1814).

This gentleman was a solicitor of St. Ives, in Cornwall, and was the fourth son of the Rev. Malachy Hitchins, M.A., Vicar of St. Hilary, afterwards Vicar of Gwinear. He was born at St. Hilary, February 22, 1784, and died at Marazion, April 1, 1814. Mr. Fortescue Hitchins was the author of a work entitled the 'Vision of Memory, and other Poems (by a Young Gentleman),' which was published at Plymouth Dock in 1803 ; also 'The Sea-shore, with other Poems' published at Sherborne, 1810, and 'The Tears of Cornubia,' a poem occasioned by the loss of H.M.S. *St. George*, 1812. He was also associated with Samuel Drew in compiling 'The History of Cornwall' (1824). Mr. Hitchins printed various fugitive poems in the *Royal Cornwall Gazette* in 1811-12.

DERWIN AND MORA.

(FROM THE ANCIENT CORNISH.)

Derwin, the bold, awakes my plaintive song,
Derwin from Goran's brave descendants sprung ;
Like some brown mountain oak, that crowns the height,
The stately warrior aw'd th' astonish'd sight,
Whilst his big heart the shafts of fear withstood
Stanch as the generous monarch of the wood.
The beauteous Mora, from Penlerron's line,
His bosom fir'd with ecstasy divine ;

O'er her lov'd form rich auburn tresses hung,
And melting music dwelt upon her tongue.
Her blushing cheeks the rose of health possess'd,
And snowy whiteness grac'd her virgin breast—
Her virgin breast, more sweet than blossom'd spring,
More soft than down that plumes the cygnet's wing.

When balmy morn its orient hues display'd,
Oft from the hamlet's lowland shades they stray'd, [height,
To climb the steep Tregare, and from its
Transported, view th' expansive fields of light;
And oft when eve bedew'd the village green,
And Cynthia chear'd the solitary scene,
Allur'd by love, they told their tender tale,
Far 'mid the windings of Penervin's vale,
While from the twilight umbrage of Rosemeer,
The last sweet warbler charm'd the attentive ear.

'Daughter of innocence!' the lover cry'd,
'Pride of my faithful soul! and beauty's pride!
When shall I lead thee to the hallow'd shrine,
And call (blest thought!) those matchless graces mine?
As on thy form I bend my ardent eye,
Hope lights afresh the glowing torch of joy;
Then tell me, Mora! tell me, ere we part,
When wilt thou calm the throbbings of my heart?'

The blush of innocence the virgin felt,
And on her lips consenting silence dwelt;
But fate, alas! doom'd all their hopes to die,
And sudden languor veil'd her azure eye;
Swift from her cheeks the rose of beauty fled,
And the pale primrose blossom'd in its stead.
Her Derwin's hand while tenderly she press'd,
Like billowy ocean hove her lily breast;
Till Death, grim Death, o'erwhelm'd her sinking frame, [flame!
Closed her blue eyes, and quench'd the vital
Softly, in sighs, her last sad moments pass'd,
And 'Derwin!' 'Oh, my Derwin!' was her last.

'O, pillar of my life!' the lover said,
As still he grasp'd the cold hand of the dead,
'O pillar of my life! I soon will free
This captive soul from earth, and follow thee.

Though as the lion bold, that roams the wild,
He wept with all the softness of a child;
Though oft he put invading wolves to flight,
And many a giant fell beneath his might,
Yet down his cheeks a tearful torrent stole,
Like wintry floods that from the mountains roll;
And, as a moonbeam through the hazy sky,
Dimm'd was the lustre of his piercing eye,
Whilst his stout heart, in silent grief involv'd,
Like snow before the rising sun dissolv'd.
To weep he blush'd not! Well it suits his woes,
For pity's tear from valour's fountain flows.

In Death's drear arms the faded fair one lies,
Whilst midnight storms pervade the lurid skies,
And o'er her form (alas! how swift the change!)
Voracious worms in busy volume range.
Her dull, cold ear no more her Derwin heeds;
No more her heart with kindred sorrow bleeds;
Clos'd are those eyes that beam'd so bright before,
To weep at Derwin's misery no more.
Lo! the wild youth his sad existence spurns,
And o'er her grave, in suppliant sorrow, mourns;
From morn's first blush, till night's cimmerian reign, [vain.
He sighs and weeps, but weeps and sighs in
Though oft around him sheeted spectres glide,
Still droops he there, still flows the tear-swoln tide. [shades,
O'er his pale brow Grief spreads its tenfold
And grim Despair his hollow eye invades,
Till, sunk in woe, on Mora's grave he lies,
And calling on her gentle spirit—dies.

When village youths their lovelorn story hear,
Compassion sheds a tributary tear;
Around their turf, in mournful groups, they rove,
Lament their fate, and emulate their love.

ANNE MARGARET HOBLYN.

This lady (the second daughter of the Rev. E. Hoblyn) was born at Lamerton Vicarage, Devon, October 16, 1811. She was the author of numerous poems, including the following: 'Time's Changes: Pilgrims' Poems and Hymns' (1863), of which one thousand copies were printed; 'God's Omnipresence; The Gospel Plan of Salvation, and other Poems' (1870); 'The Christian Soldier: a Pilgrim Song' (1850), besides several patriotic songs, which she set to music.

REV. ROBERT HOBLYN (1751—1839).

This gentleman was the eldest son of Samuel Hoblyn, of Perranzabuloe, in Cornwall, and was born December 27, 1751. He matriculated from Christ Church, Oxford, March, 1768, was student, July, 1770; B.A., 1771; M.A., 1774; was appointed curate of Gwennap, in his native county, in 1776, a position which he held till 1784; he was afterwards curate of Kenwyn and Kea, and was perpetual curate of West Molesey, Surrey, from 1830 to the date of his death, at Bath, January 20, 1839. His chief work was 'A Translation of the First Book of the "Georgics" of Virgil, in blank verse; with notes critical and explanatory,' published in 1825. In this work the author describes himself as of 'Nanswhyden, in Cornwall.'

HUMPHREY S. HOCKING.

The above is a very familiar name to the readers of Cornish periodicals, particularly in Newquay and district. Mr. Hocking is a self-educated man, who has had to struggle against adverse circumstances, and has achieved some distinction amongst the minor poets of Cornwall.

He was born at St. Columb Minor in 1862, his father being a carpenter and joiner. He was the youngest of eight children, and, owing to the death of his father while yet a child, his education was sadly neglected. At an early age he was working as a farmer's boy, and when only thirteen he was sent to sea, where he nearly lost his life. He then was put apprentice to a painter, and on the expiration of his time he went to Mexico and the United States, being absent four years. About five years ago he returned and settled down at Newquay, where he has started a business on his own account. Being hampered by a want of early education, he felt at a great disadvantage in his early poetical efforts; but, ignorant and unlearned as he was, he persevered, and gave up what little spare time he had to the cultivation of his poetic gifts. In spite of all sorts of difficulties, and in the

midst of a hard working life, he has been able to pen a large number of poetic trifles, and he is still hopeful that by persistent effort he may master the difficulties by which he is surrounded, and do something worthy of preservation. His effusions may frequently be found in the *Newquay Guardian*, and in other Cornish papers. The most of his pieces are 'Rustic Songs,' but he has written tales and sketches, some of which have been very well received.

THE SONGSTER.

One eve, when worn and sad and lone,
I sat outside our cottage door,
And watched the children in their play,
As I had often done before.
It was a lovely summer eve,
The country round was full of glee ;
And soft and balmy was the breeze
That kissed each flower, and bush, and tree.
It was a time when dreamers dream,
And lovers seek the pleasant lanes ;
When hearts are moved to whisper words
That open up life's joys and pains.
The evening shadows paced the earth,
The twilight lingered, loath to go,
The stars came forth and gently smiled
As they peeped on the world below ;
When, lo ! I heard a songbird's song—
A song I never heard before.
The notes were beautiful and sweet,
As she sang carols o'er and o'er.
I sat and listened while my soul
Drank in a stream of joy and love ;
For the sweet notes were full of power,
And all my sad reflections drove.
I lingered till her song was o'er,
And then returnèd to my room,
And felt that little birds were sent
Into this world to cheer life's gloom.
And oft at twilight have I stole
Near to the songster's favourite tree ;
And, oh ! my very heart and soul
Were filled with joyous ecstasy.
There, as she poured her thrilling notes,
So sweet, and musical, and clear,
My soul within said 'twas a boon
To have a taste of heaven so near.

SYDNEY HODGES.

This well-known portrait-painter, though not a native of either of the western counties, was for a long time resident in the locality, and was a large contributor to west-country periodicals. He was born at Worthing April 4, 1829, was secretary of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society from 1857 to 1865, and was for some time resident at Plymouth and Torquay, in connection with his profession as a portrait-painter. He contributed to the 'Burns Centenary Poems' (1859), and wrote a tale—'Budock Grange: a Tale of the Western Counties'—for *Clack*, a Plymouth magazine (1865). The following poem is from a work entitled, 'The Battle of Hastings, and other Poems,' 1853:

THE RIVER DART.

The quiet of the moonlight hour
Is stealing softly o'er my heart ;
It has a deep yet nameless power
That language cannot all impart.
I turn my steed upon the hill ;
The silver Dart glides on below ;
And all the vale so lone and still
Is bathed in one broad moonlight glow.

Beneath the garish beam of day
I've often marked this scene before,
When field, and hill, and moorland gray
One aspect broad of beauty wore.
I've seen the hills' majestic sweep
Reflected from the waters clear,
But never felt a charm so deep
As this which now enchains me here.

It is the solemn, silent thought,
Evoked by this impressive scene,
That makes it more with beauty fraught,
And dearer than it erst has been.
There's such a silence o'er the hills,
Such softness o'er the stream below,
My heart with so much rapture fills,
I pause, and cannot turn to go.

I've never known a fairer scene,
A beauty matched with thine, sweet Dart!
Thou leav'st, like some soft passing dream,
An endless memory on the heart.
Like gems upon the brow of sleep
The moonbeams on thy waters rest ;
And I could almost turn and weep,
So strangely do they move my breast.

'Tis strange, but I have ever found
Excess of beauty makes us sad ;
The heart when stirred by sweetest sound
Will weep when most it should be glad.
We never gaze upon the moon,
The eve, the golden stars of night,
But o'er the spirit comes full soon
This very sadness of delight.

It is that such calm scenes are fraught
With such a blessed sense of rest,
So far beyond the brightest thought
That fills the purest human breast ;
That, with the consciousness of sin,
When Nature speaks, in vain we try
To find a single thought within
To meet her matchless purity.

I would my life were like thy stream,
Oh ! silent and majestic Dart !
Of what wild beauties should I dream,
What visions sweet would throng the heart!
Eternal pleasures round my way
Would never cease to rise and shine ;
And girt with beauty day by day,
Oh ! what a matchless course were mine!

I linger still, and still I gaze,
And deeper grows my heart's delight ;
My spirit swells to silent praise,
And mingles with the infinite.
O beauteous night ! O starry skies !
O stream below ! O moon above !
Such mingled glories round me rise,
I have no words to speak my love.

Across my spirit as I gaze
There comes a calmer sense of life,
Whose influence seems my soul to raise
Above the common toil and strife.
A pensive calm, an inward glow
Of holy thoughts too seldom given,
That seem to bless me as I go,
And whisper like a voice from heaven.

THOMAS HOGG (1777—1835).

Mr. Thomas Hogg, Master of Truro Grammar School from May 23, 1805, to his resignation in 1829, was born at Kelso, March, 1777, and died in London, August, 1835. In addition to some professional works, he published the following:

'St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall: a Poem.' (Truro, 1811.) Dedicated to Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart., M.P.

'The Influence of the Holy Bible: a Poem.' (Truro, 1811.)

'The Fabulous History of the Ancient Kingdom of Cornwall.' (Truro, 1827.)

The latter work was dedicated to Sir Christopher Hawkins. Prefixed to the copy in the British Museum is a note, signed H., stating that 'this work is a satire on the Cornish historians, notwithstanding his assumed adherence to veracity.'

GODOLPHIN.

Glows not each Cornish bosom at the name
Of brave Godolphin with a patriot's flame?

Relate, O Muse! how once his victor-band
With Spanish gore distain'd the humid strand.

Sweet morn arose and chas'd the shades of night;
The heath-clad hills were tipp'd with golden light;
Ungurth'd the fiery steeds enjoyed the stall;
The bows unbent; the trumpets in the hall;
When, white with dust, upon a horse of foam,
A breathless herald reach'd his ancient dome.

Anxious to hear the tidings that he bore,
Godolphin quick unbarred the massive door.

'Most valiant knight!' he said, 'a hostile train,
In painted vessels, plow the southern main;
St. Michael's banner waves, conspicuous far,
And bids me hasten to announce the war!'

Down many a dewy vale, on zephyrs borne,
Shrill blasts flew, echoing, from Godolphin's horn.

The martial race the sounds no sooner hear,
Than seizes each his bow and glittering spear.

Along the avenues they speed their way;
Ranks close on ranks, and form in bright array.

The chieftain then: 'My friends! a hostile train,
In painted vessels, plows the southern main;
St. Michael's banner waves, conspicuous far,
And bids us hasten to repel the war.
Ne'er be it said old Cornwall fear'd a blow,
Whilst, listless, we declin'd to meet the foe!'

Up the brown hill, array'd in radiant pride,
With dauntless minds, now all the warriors ride;
The summit gain'd, Godolphin's rapid view
O'er sea and land, o'er town and cottage flew.
Beyond St. Michael's towers the darken'd skies
Show where thick clouds from burning hamlets rise.

A thirst for glory every bosom fills;
As arrows swift, they fly adown the hills;
From 'midst the dust that hovers o'er their way,
Their glitt'ring arms emit a transient ray.

Meanwhile, the foe pursue their fierce career,
And on St. Paul's high tower their standard rear;
Then march, relentless, down the steep hill-side
To where calm Mousehole overlooks the tide.
They it, alas! doom to destructive fires;
The wreathing smoke from different parts aspires;
Th' affrighted victims of their wrath deplore
Their mournful fate along the desert shore;
With shrieks shrieks mingle as their dwellings burn,
And the sad sounds the sorrowing waves return.

On, brave Godolphin! Soon Penzance must fall.
See! they approach, with thundering tread, her wall.

Through Marghasiowe he pursues his way,
To try the fortune of th' eventful day.
The foaming steeds, impatient for the war,
Surpass the winds, and smell it from afar.

The castle-archers on the ramparts stand ;
Their acclamations run along the strand.

On, brave Godolphin ! O'er the verge of fate
Penzance now hangs ; the foes are at her gate.

Soon through her streets the snorting horses prance,
And every yeoman aims his mortal lance ;
'The forlorne hope,' sent on the town to fire,
From their approach like timid deer retire ;
Th' unerring archers scatter death around ;
And foes o'er foes fall gasping on the ground,
With dying groans ; and with the horrid clang
Of clashing arms thy shores, old Ocean, rang.
Hot was the conflict ; o'er the yellow strand
The barbarous crew fled from the patriot band ;
Such as escap'd to tell the fatal tale
Sought refuge in their ships, and quickly hoisted sail.

The victor-hero by the azure flood,
Hail'd with loud shouts of joy, triumphant stood ;
St. Michael's bells full merrily were rung ;
While he became the theme of every tongue.
Their children fathers still exulting tell,
How brave Godolphin fought, and how the Spaniards fell.*

REV. RICHARD HOLE, LL.B. (1746—1803).

This eminent poet and essayist was the son of William Hole, Archdeacon of Barnstaple, and Canon of Exeter Cathedral, who died in 1791. He was born at Exeter in 1746, and was educated at the Grammar School in that city. In his eighteenth year he entered Exeter College, Oxford, and matriculated 1764 ; graduating B.C.L. in 1771.

While at the university he wrote humorous pieces, and proposed entering the army ; but after taking his degree he was ordained. For some time he officiated as curate of Sowton, near Exeter, but in 1777 he was presented to the vicarage of Buckerell. In 1792 he was promoted by the Bishop of Exeter to the rectory of Faringdon, in the same district, and retained it together with the benefice of Buckerell.

He afterwards became Rector of Inwardleigh, near Okehampton, which he retained until his death, which took place at Exmouth, May 28, 1803. Hole married, in 1776, Matilda Katencamp, daughter of a merchant at Exeter, who survived him.

A mural tablet is erected to his memory in the choir of Exeter Cathedral.

Hole dabbled in literature from his youth. Among the productions of his pen we may notice—

'A Poetical Version of Ossian' (1781).

'Arthur ; or, the Northern Inchantment : a Poetical Romance' (1789).

'Translation of Homer's Hymn to Ceres' (1781).

'Remarks on the Arabian Nights Entertainments' (1797).

* This event happened in July, 1595. A circumstantial account is given in Carew's 'Survey of Cornwall,' pp. 156-160.

Hole was one of the first members of the Exeter Literary Society. He wrote many other works.

Polwhele includes this writer in his collection of 'Poems, chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall' (Bath, 1792), and says of him: 'In the meantime it was an honour for which the editor could scarcely hope, in moments of the most sanguine expectation, to have the "Poet of Arthur" for his associate in this work. But to be favoured with such fine original pieces as his odes to Terror and to Melancholy, was a mark of attention to the editor, which checked, in silent gratitude, every effort to acknowledge it.'

The poems by this writer included in Polwhele's volumes were, 'The Tomb of Gunnar,' 'An Ode prefixed to a Version of Fingal,' the 'Ode to Melancholy,' an 'Ode to Terror,' and 'An Ode to Stupidity.' We give the first, as an example of Mr Hole's style:

THE TOMB OF GUNNAR.

(IMITATED FROM AN ANCIENT ICELANDIC FRAGMENT PRESERVED IN BARTHOLINE'S 'DANISH ANTIQUITIES.')

'What mean those dreadful sounds that rise
From the tomb where Gunnar lies?'
Exclaims the shepherd in affright,
As by the moon's uncertain light,
Athwart the solitary plain,
He homeward drives his fleecy train.

Sarpedine, *Hogner*, mark the tale,
And fearless cross the lonely vale;
They stand the stately tomb beside;
Whilst slowly-sailing vapours hide
In their dun veil night's glittering pride.

A moonbeam, on the cave of death,
Sudden glanc'd athwart the heath:
Its line of splendour full oppos'd
The deep recess to view disclos'd.
The cell four blazing tapers crown'd,
And spread a flood of light around.
Fronting the beam, in arms array'd,
Majestic sat the hero's shade.
He wakes the loud-resounding song,
And echoing rocks his strains prolong.
'Ignoble flight the brave despise—
Conquest or death is honour's prize!
The strife of spears disdain to shun,
Nor blast the fame by Gunnar won.'

Sudden clos'd the gates of death,
And silence brooded o'r the heath.

'For no mean cause,' Sarpedine cries,
'Our father's image met our eyes.
To arms! to arms! the presage hail,
Grasp the sword, and gird the mail!
Disdain alike to yield or fly,
And fixed to conquer or to die,
A banquet for the wolf prepare,
And glut the ravenous birds of air!'

EMRA HOLMES.

This writer, though not a native of these Western shires, yet lived so long in Cornwall (as Collector of Customs at Fowey) that he had come to be identified with the literature of that county. He hails, however, from a neighbouring county, for he was born

at Cleeve, in Somerset, July 4, 1839. His father, Marcus Holmes, was a popular Bristol artist, and his mother was the daughter of the Rev. John Emra, vicar of St. George's, near Bristol, very much admired in her day as the authoress of 'Scenes in our Parish,' and other works.

Emra Holmes was, by the presentation of a lady, who greatly admired his mother's work, sent to Christ's Hospital, where he remained from 1846 to 1854. After leaving that school he went to Shepton Mallett Grammar School; and in 1857 obtained a clerkship in the Customs at Liverpool. He was then transferred to Hartlepool, where he remained till 1869, and was afterwards for short periods at Ipswich, Woodbridge in Suffolk, and Fowey, where he was appointed in 1877.

During the intervals of a very busy life he has never failed to cultivate the Muses, and whilst resident in Cornwall was frequently to be found taking part in public meetings and giving lectures, mostly for charitable objects. Wherever he was located he contributed to the journals of the place, and published several collections of his Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers, amongst which 'Amabel Vaughan' (1879) occupies a foremost place. Mr. Holmes was never tired of praising his Cornish home, and, under the title of 'An Unknown Watering Place' (1881), he published a pamphlet on Fowey, which has done much to increase the popularity of that charming little Cornish town.

Mr. Holmes is a leading Freemason, and his initiation dates from 1861.

There is a grace about Mr. Holmes' verses, and he writes with great ease. His poems continue to appear in the West Cornwall papers, although, we believe, he has ceased to reside in the district. We have only room for one selection.

DESOLATE: THE CRY OF THE MAIDEN.

The dew lies thick on the glistening grass;
To-day is the morn of St. Martinmas;
The summer's gone by, and the sweet-mown hay,
And the autumn has come with its sigh of decay;
And I sigh for the breath of the country air
As I lie in my little room cold and bare.

And it's oh! for a sight of the sounding sea
For its distant murmur of melody;
And a curse on the city, its sorrow and care,
Which fills me now with a blank despair.
I lie, and I throb with fevered pain,
In wonderment whether I rise again.

Oh! the bread of poverty's hard to eat.
I look out wearily into the street,
And wonder if Death is coming to me,
And whether he'll come quite tranquilly,
To shadow me over with ebon wing,
While angel voices my requiem sing.

Sometimes I dream and am comforted,
For the angels hover about my bed,
And tell me of lands that are fair and bright,
Where the scarlet sins shall be washed as white
As the fleecy clouds, which on summer's day
Float over the azure sky at play.

But I am young and 'tis hard to die,
And I send up to heaven a bitter cry.
I pray that I may be spared awhile
To see my mother but once more smile,
To crave forgiveness of her, and then
Win back from her lips sweet love again.

Twas a year ago, I mind me well,
The sabbath bells ringing adown the dell;
And Robert came speaking soft to me,
So I fled with him away from the sea;
And I came to the city so great and gay,
Where heaven at night seems so far away.

The story is short: he brought me here,
And left me when poverty came and care;
Then fever followed, and I was alone—
Had sinned a sin and could not atone;
But a messenger came, and good words were spoken,
When the hardened heart was well-nigh broken.
Oh! take me back to my sunny home,
And tell me now that the day has come;
For I have suffered, and I repent;
And, Robert, I know not the way he went.
So bury me 'neath the green peaceful sod,
And my soul shall ascend to a merciful God.

CHARLES HOPKINS (1664).

This dramatic writer and poet, well known in his day, was born at Exeter about 1664, and was the son of Dr. Ezekiel Hopkins, afterwards Bishop of Derry. Charles Hopkins was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards at Queen's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1688. Returning to Ireland, he engaged in military service. He subsequently settled in England and gained some credit as a writer of poems and plays. He was a friend of Dryden, Congreve, Dorset, Southern, and Wycherley. He died about the beginning of 1700, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. His life is written in the 'Biographica Dramatica,' which states that he died young, and 'that he had a promising genius, of which his poetical writings bear strong testimony, from the ease of the thoughts and the harmony of the numbers, that the author must have been born a poet.' His three principal productions were: 'Boadicea, Queen of Britain: a Tragedy,' 1697; 'Friendship Improv'd; or, The Female Warriour': a Tragedy, 1700; 'Pyrrhus, King of Epirus': a Tragedy, 1695.*

JAMES DRYDEN HOSKEN.

This clever and promising young poet is a native of Helston, in Cornwall, where he was born on June 14, 1861. His father, Henry Hosken, was an iron-founder, and a man of unusual attainments, possessing a considerable knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, and was also a good mathematician. He died in 1870, when the boy was but nine years old, and weakly. Straitened circumstances prevented him having a good education; he was therefore compelled to be content with such as was offered by the Helston National School.

Helston is at best a sleepy little town; but it is placed amidst surroundings of exceptional beauty; in fact, it may be said that life in the ancient borough of Helston has an old-world colour of its own, not to be found in any other Cornish town. Hence young Hosken early in life acquired a poetic taste and a desire at the same time to move into a

* See Lysons, p. 592; 'Biographica Dramatica.'

more active world. Following the bent of his inclinations, he went to London in 1880. He lived for about five years in London and elsewhere, having a varied and not by any means pleasant experience of life; but by a lucky accident he procured an introduction which led to his being employed as an 'extra man,' in connection with H.M. Customs, at the Royal Albert Docks. For two years he lived amidst the 'lawless, lewd, tumultuous, and abominably vicious' people who frequent that part of London near the Docks; but in spite of all the contaminating influences he maintained an exemplary life. His health, however, broke down, and he was compelled to abandon this means of livelihood. For a time he was employed as an actor of small parts in a provincial theatre; at another time he acted as librarian and secretary to a small religious establishment in Cornwall;

but, in 1885, he returned to his native town, and found employment as an auxiliary postman. In 1889 he was transferred to the General Post-Office, London, on the indoor staff; but his weak state of health compelled him to leave London and return again to Helston, taking up his old position in the post-office of his native town. For seven years he continued to act in this capacity. During this period his writings (he had begun to write during his residence in London) became known to Mr. R. G. Rows, a County Councillor, and a man of weight, in Cornwall, and this gentleman at once detecting the ability of the young poet, encouraged him to persevere, and the result was that, in 1891, he published his first book, containing a poetic drama, 'Phaon and Sappho,' a play, with a selection of poems and a number of shorter pieces. Copies of this book found their way to London, and evoked praise from the critics Soon after, at the recommendation

of Mr. Andrew Lang, his lyrics found a place in *Longman's Magazine*, and it was not long before he received an offer from Messrs. Macmillan to republish 'Phaon and Sappho,' an offer that it is needless to say was cheerfully accepted. The volume also included 'Nimrod,' another poetical drama, and was published in 1892. Great success attended this venture, and the critics at once proclaimed that a new poet had arisen. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, and one of his warmest admirers, sanctioned a grant of £100 to Mr. Hosken, and more recently a post was offered him in the Art Library of the Science and Art Department of South Kensington Museum, which he at present fills.

In the summer of 1894 there appeared another volume from the pen of this gifted poet, entitled 'Verses by the Way' (Methuen and Co.), and this contained a critical and biographical introduction by 'Q.' (A. T. Quiller-Couch), which has tended greatly to popularize Mr. Hosken's works. The writer of this introduction has the greatest admiration for the work of his brother Cornishman, and, after examining his poems in detail and commenting upon some of the extracts quoted for that purpose, winds up with these words: 'I may be wrong, but when a man can handle language in this fashion, I am ready to salute him for a true poet.'

The short examples we here append will be sufficient to convince our critical readers of the truth of 'Q.'s' remarks, and we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Hosken will ere long make his voice heard to a still larger audience than has yet listened to his muse.

MY MASTERS.

I saw the shadows that make up our story,
Our little tale of life, before me pass,
And the strange pageant hid the summer glory
That lay on leaf and grass.
I knew them for my masters as they came,
And one by one look'd through this soul of mine,
Whose every hope and fear they could divine,
Each hidden passion name;
And to each one I answer'd 'I am thine.'

My Master Hope, with eager eyes intent
Upon the unborn morrows, spread his wings;
His presence to the lonely region lent
Such rapture as late springs
Give to the reawakening world; the eyes
Of dying men, of lovers, and of sages
Look'd after him, as they had done for ages,
As waiting his replies,
Upon that shore where still the tempest rages.

My Master Love came next, and all the air
Was fill'd with music and with poets' songs;
It seemed as though the earth forgot its care,
Its struggles and its wrongs;
Then in a higher mood than selfish man
Is apt to feel, my heart embraced the world,
And the sad generations long since hurl'd
Out of Time's little span;
My eyes were open'd to the mazy plan.

My Master Thought, that scales the universe,
Came after him, and silence fell from heaven
To aid my mood, and still the babbling curse
Man's ignorance had given.
There was the far-off sound of rapt'rous strains;
Time was a lyre within the hands of Truth,
And the gray world regain'd its vanish'd youth,
While error wore those chains
Which it impos'd in days of olden ruth.

My Master Death came last, and all around
From mystic voices and sad instruments
There stole a wild and fascinating sound
Fill'd with old-time events—
Of wretched kings, and vacant golden thrones,
Of youths by thought or passion madden'd, men
Who perish'd with a cause or purpose, when
War shook the air with groans,
And forlorn queens who died forgotten then.

Then did I cry, 'O tell me what you know,
My Master Death! what does thy kingdom keep
Within its silence, whereto all things flow?
Is it a vision'd sleep,
A place wherein these shadows of the world
Are laid aside and truth alone is found?
Is it a vacant dream where all around
The ranged years are hurl'd?
Do you hold mem'ries of past sight or sound?'

And then methought an easeful song I heard,
A broken heart was in the voice that sung,
And overhead the list'ning ravish'd bird
Upon that music hung.
So pass'd those shadows, masters now no more,
For I am free henceforth from their control
As one who sits, to watch the billows roll,
On some defiant shore, [whole.
Having learn'd to fear no part, but love the

SONG.

Sink gently in the silent sea,
Die slowly, slowly in the west;
Lulled by the wind's sweet minstrelsy
To golden rest.
Thy wak'ning I shall view no more
Behind the east's pale shimmering hills;
Ere thou arise the tale is o'er
Of earthly ills.

J. J. HOWARD.

John Jarrad Howard was a surgeon at Berbice, who died at sea off Tobago, July 13, 1810, whilst on his passage from Berbice to Barbadoes. Nothing is known of his antecedents. He published in 1809 'The Metamorphoses of Publius Ovidius Naso,' in English blank verse, the dedication being dated Pimlico, August 22, 1807, 2 vols. A volume of 'Poems on Different Subjects' was issued by his widow in 1816, printed and published at Falmouth, and 'dedicated by permission to Lieut.-General Dalrymple, Commander-in-Chief of the colonies at Demerara and Berbice in 1810.' His parody on Hamlet's soliloquy was reprinted in the 'South Devon Literary Museum,' vol. iv., 154 (1834).

PARODY ON HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

(BY A DRUNKARD.)

To drink or not to drink—that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The taunts and scoffs of hearty roaring fellows,
Or take my glass again amidst their noise,
And so, by joining, end them? I'll drink; I will;
I've done; and by that draught I'll surely end
Shamefac'dness, and the thousand cutting jests

Milksops are heirs to ; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd—to drink—next morn ;
Next morn perchance be sick. Aye, there's
the rub ;
What heavy deadly heart-sickness may come,
When I'm awak'd from unrefreshing sleep,
Must give me pause : There's the respect,
That makes calamity after debauch :
For who would bear the girds and grips of
fools,
The laughter of the buck half-over seas,
The tempting glass that sparkles to the brim,
Courting the longing lip, and troublous cares,
That vex with sad anxiety the mind,
When he himself might his quietus make
With one poor bottle? Who would water
swill,
And groan and sweat under a sober life ;
But that the dread of something after wine—
That fascinating liquid from whose draught,
None ever returns unhurt—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others which we dread yet more?
Thus illness doth makes cowards of us all ;
And thus the native thought of drinking deep
Is dash'd at once with the pale dread of sick
ness,
And jolly souls of noble heart and spirit,
With this regard from taverns turn away,
And lose the name of topers.

NATHANIEL HOWARD.

Nathaniel Howard was a native of Plymouth, and for many years a schoolmaster at Tamerton Foliot near his native town, in the early part of the present century. He was skilled in languages, and published translations from the Latin, Greek and Persian, chiefly the latter. He published numerous works, the better known being 'Bickleigh Vale, and other Poems' (1804); this was reprinted in 1856. Amongst his other works may be mentioned a translation of Dante's 'Inferno,' 1807, with a life of the poet. He delivered a scholarly address on 'Persian Poetry' before the members of the Plymouth Institution, which was printed in the Transactions, 1830. He also published several elementary and scholastic works. His powers of description were exceptionally good, and his knowledge of eastern poets very extensive. We append one or two short selections :

FROM 'BICKLEIGH VALE.'

Hence Bickleigh lifts its lichen-gilded
tower ;
The fretted cross, where kneeling saints
ador'd,
Fronts the dim dome. Along the shadowy
aisles,
With startling steps, we walk, and calmly read
The rustic records on the mouldering walls.
But who can mark without the sacred tear
Where rests the pious priest, cut off from life,
From youth's full lustre snatch'd, to whose
high worth
The swains have rear'd the sculptur'd stone?
Too brief
He liv'd with man, and dealt persuasive truths
From lips of hallow'd fire. We trace with awe
The last retreat of mortals : Friendship here,
Departed Virtue, Science, mingling lie.
Dark-mantling nettles and the nightshades knit
The baneful verdure o'er their grassy tombs.

Hence, let us climb where Ham's soft green-
sward breathes
Wild thymy fragrance ; let the roving eye
Shoot from dun granite rocks, to cultur'd
slopes,
To emerald vales, to black-descending woods,
To crowding fields, to brown broad moors, to
streams
Bright-bursting headlong from the dusky cliffs!
Whilst opening on the skies, the mighty roar
Of rough cascades deafens the listening ear,
And swells the grandeur of the rugged scene!
Immensely rising from the cataract-foam
How frowns yon craggy mass!* where shriek-
ing birds
Plant their bleak aeries in its shrubby clefts;
High sails the hawk, and harsh the heron
screams.
Below, among the rustling sedge conceal'd,
The venomous viper breeds ; in thicket haunts,
The quick-ey'd martin on the feathery game
With fierce destruction leaps. With ravenous
rage
The otter banquets on the silvery fry.
Here, dark, the cavern'd badger skulks from
day.
Here, stung with famine from his lurking
shades,
Nightly the fox o'erlooks the nodding crags,
While dread and devastation mark his course.

MISS LINA HOWELL.

THIS young lady is a native of Truro, and has contributed numerous short poems to the *West Briton* and other West of England newspapers. She is a writer of graceful and musical verses, with a pleasant fancy, a poetic knowledge of flowers, although a very varied range of moods. Her verses have a wild-rose odour. She also paints pictures well, and seems to have a refined and artistic nature. Her father is a well-known travelling draper.

CANZONET.

'Marguerite! Marguerite!' call the lilies
Across the dewy lawn ;
'Come with thy smile to welcome
The flush of laughing Dawn.

'Come ; we are weary waiting.
Already Dawn has passed,
And o'er our sleeping petals
A flood of dewdrops cast.

'We were dreaming when she woke us,
As she cried, "Awake ! 'tis day !"
And we heard her call the songbirds
As she passed along her way.'

'Marguerite! Marguerite!' call the roses;
'Come, with thy face so fair—
Come, with the golden sun-rays
A-gleaming on thy hair.'

The clematis bells are ringing
Beneath the sheltered eaves :
'Come, with thine eyes like violets
Dew-steeped beneath their leaves.

'Come, with thy fairy footsteps;
O'er the modest daisies trip ;
Come, with thy sweet face blushing,
Tinged like each daisy lip.'

'Marguerite! Marguerite!' calls the streamlet,
As it runs towards the sea ;
'In the mirror of my shining depths
The Nereides wait for thee.'

* The Dewerstone.

The song-birds sing: 'She is coming
  Over the meadow way;
We can hear her fresh voice singing
  Some chanson bright and gay.'

'We can see her,' sing the roses—
  'Her head with its sunny sheen;
And one tall lily murmurs:
  'She is coming—my queen, my queen!'

ALEXANDER HOPE HUME.

THE name 'Hope Hume' is frequently to be found in the Poet's Corner of Exeter and North Devon papers. The writer is a well-known man in the cathedral city, where he has resided for many years. He is a native of London, having been born at Holloway (then a village), on February 7, 1840, and married at St. John's Church, Holloway, in 1875. He is a compositor by trade, but has dabbled in poetry for many years, and his contributions to local newspapers are legion. His acquaintance with Devonshire began forty-seven years ago, but he has only been a resident in the county since 1880. He has published several volumes of poems: 'Green Leaves, Poems of Sylvan Life,' 1873, published by Sampson Low and Co., and 'The Christian Hour,' by Skeffington, 1875. He has written a great deal for magazines, chiefly poetry, and has produced (amidst a vast amount of mediocre rhymes) many pieces of good verse. His 'Ode to the Memory of Charles Dickens' (1890) is a very creditable performance. His latest effort, 'Devonshire Leaves and other Poems,' contains some very pretty pieces.

SUNSET AT EXMOUTH.

'The heavens declare the glory of God.'—PSALM xix. 1.

O, glory of the skies unspeakable,
What must the glory of your Author be?
As on those heav'ns I gaze with wond'ring awe,
Sickness, bereavement, suff'ring are forgot;
And faith is lent anew to battle on
Against a thousand evils. Shame on thee,
Thou easy troubled soul! to harbour doubts
Against the providence of such a God
As He who clothes the very mists of earth
In beauty so unutterably grand:
Each cloud of golden fleece that rolls across
Yon azure vault, arched over by a bow
Of nameless loveliness—each fiery fringe
That burns before the portals of the sun,
Attests the power that all the splendour plann'd:
And shall we deem He educates our eyes
To take delight in His designs in vain?
It is not so; no tantalizing God
Is thine, my soul; each glimpse of beauty here
Is an instalment of the heritage
That waits for thee in an eternal sphere!

MISS HUNT.

THE following descriptive poem is given in 'Poems, chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall,' vol. i. (1792). The editor says it is the production of Miss Hunt, daughter of the late Dr. Hunt, Rector of Stoke-Doyle in Northamptonshire.

WRITTEN ON VISITING THE RUINS OF DUNKESWELL ABBEY IN DEVONSHIRE, SEPTEMBER, 1786.

Blest be the power, by heaven's own flame inspir'd,
That first through shades monastic pour'd the light;
Where, with unsocial indolence retir'd,
Fell Superstition reign'd in tenfold night;
Where, long sequester'd from the vulgar sight,
Religion fetter'd lay, her form unknown
'Mid direful gloom and many a secret rite;
Till now releas'd she claims her native throne,
And gilds the awakening world with radiance all her own.

O sacred source of sweet celestial peace,
From age to age in darksome cells confin'd!
Blest be the voice that bade thy bondage cease,
And sent thee forth to illuminate the blind,
Support the weak, and raise the sinking mind:
By thee the soul her native strength explores,
Pursues the plan by favouring Heaven assign'd,
Through Truth's fair path the enlighten'd spirit soars,
And the Great Cause of all with purer rites adores.

How oft confin'd within this narrow grate,
With souls aspiring to a world's applause,
Have free-born spirits mourn'd their hapless fate!
Some hero ardent in his country's cause,
Some patriot formed to give a nation laws,
Or in life's milder scenes with honour shine;
When each bright hope a father's hand withdraws,
And dooms his child, from every prospect fair,
To long unvarying years of lonely deep despair.

When darkness now with silence reigns around,
As the faint sun withdraws his glimmering beams
(Save when, to render horror more profound,
On the rough grate the pale moon quivering gleams,
And through the lengthening aisle the owlet screams),
Then, lull'd by Fancy's visionary train,
His long-lost friends frequent his blissful dreams;
He spends his days of childhood o'er again,
Till sounds the midnight bell and proves the vision vain.

Yet let the hand of desolating Time
These sinking towers and mouldering walls revere;
For not with useless pride they rose sublime:
Fair Science stor'd her choicest treasures here,
When Rapine whirl'd aloft her threatening spear,
When Murder reign'd by Gothic ignorance crown'd:
On every plain the barbarous bands appear;
Fierce Discord bids her hostile trumpet sound,
And War, in crimson robe, tremendous stalks around.

Though now in ruin'd majesty they lie,
The fading reliques of departed days,
Yet shall their change no useless theme supply,
No trivial subject for the poet's lays:
For as the thoughtful mind these scenes surveys,
Whose solemn shades reflection's powers invite,
Their fading pomp that awful hand displays
Which can from transient ill and mental night
Educe eternal good and intellectual light.

ANNE IRWIN.

This writer was born at Ilfracombe, November 12, 1835, of poor parents, but honest, respectable and industrious folk, and she has lived a quiet, uneventful life in the same town, where she still resides. From the 'Introductory Notice' attached to one of her volumes of poems, 'Combe Flowers,' second edition revised (1879), we glean the following interesting particulars of her life and struggles:

'The writer of the following poems, a native of the little hamlet of Slade, near Ilfracombe, belongs, as implied in her dedication, to the working class of society.* She has had no education beyond that afforded by an exceptionally good village school in childhood, and in later years by such indulgence of a strong natural taste for reading as the scant leisure of domestic service would allow. This, however, was in Anne Irwin's case made the most of by the fostering care of the family with whom the larger portion of her early years was passed. To the mental culture received under the roof of the late Mrs. General Elrington, she gratefully attributes some of the happiest hours of her life.

'The poems themselves are, for the most part, the fruit of later years, and have all been written in intervals snatched from household work, as simply, diligently, and effectively performed as though the writer had not a thought beyond it. With a few trivial exceptions, the verses are printed precisely as she herself wrote, or, under friendly criticism, has subsequently revised them.

* * * * * * *

'As a wreath, then, of flowers from a West-Country combe, we offer these poems to our friends, and to those visitors to Ilfracombe who may desire to carry away with them some memorial of a place which has afforded them health and refreshment.'

This appreciative notice is signed 'Elizabeth Marriott,' a lady who did much to encourage the writer in her charming pursuits, and was one of her best friends in thus bringing these 'Combe Flowers' to the notice of the public. Miss Irwin's poems are full of genuine sentiment and high poetic aspirations; of course they are not without imperfections in their mechanism and grammar, but, given a liberal education, there is no doubt that the writer would have made a mark in the literary world. She is now in business in Ilfracombe, and fairly prosperous. The following short selections are taken almost at random from amongst many equally pretty and graceful pieces. It may be added that so recently as October, 1889, Miss Irwin issued another little volume, appropriately entitled 'Autumn Berries,' in which, as well as in 'Combe Flowers,' there are many local subjects admirably treated.

ANGEL VISITS.

They come, blest visitants from other spheres,
Compassed by airs of heaven, that softly greet
Our exiled spirits till they throb and beat
With thoughts unutterable, that melt in tears.
The brother who laid down his ruddy years
'Neath dark Canadian pines; the loved ones, too,

* The volume is dedicated 'To her former mistress and ever kind friend, Mrs. Anne Elinor Prevost, by her faithfully attached servant, Anne Irwin.'

Who sleep beneath the sunshine and the dew ;
And the old friendly hills—when night appears
Have ye not strangely felt the mystic sway
Of their bright presence, ev'n as a captive bird,
That from some distant bower has faintly heard
The loving notes that woo her far away ?
Come oft, blest spirits ! lest our shortened sight
See but these barriers that stay our flight.

AUTUMN.

Oh, Autumn ! thou art cruel : thy wild blast
Sweeps o'er the hills, through the thin hedges rushing,
Shaking the naked boughs, and whirling fast
The trembling leaves. Oh, cease ; thou art but crushing
An unresisting thing ; for earth lies bared.
Come thou as some fair matron, silver-haired,
That calls the children round her ere they sleep,
And bids them tell her of their little day ;
And we will speak—almost as tired as they—
Of changes that our short days o'ersweep ;
Of hopes that faded with the sweet spring flowers,
And fleeting joys with summer days removed,
Until we welcome winter's closing hours,
And the sweet sleep God gives to His beloved.

G. F. JACKSON (1836—1869).

George Frederick Jackson, the second son and fourth child of a merchant and alderman of Plymouth, was born in that town on May 17, 1836. When quite a boy he lost his mother, and this loss affected him considerably ; he became shy and awkward, withal he was a clever lad. His chief delight was in exploring the caves beneath the Hoe, or in observing the motions of the sea-anemones in the rock-pools left by the receding tide. He was a great student of the poets, having an intimate knowledge of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Southey, and Scott, and at a later period of his life he went through an extensive course of English literature from Chaucer to Tennyson. In the year 1846 he entered the old Grammar School at Plymouth, where he made rapid progress, and gained, amongst other honours, the Corporation prize. He had deep religious convictions, which are clearly manifest in his poems. In 1853 he was articled to a solicitor in his native town ; and in 1857 he went to London, to complete his professional studies. Besides his poetical tastes, he had a great love for art, and was a disciple of Mr. Ruskin, as well as an enthusiastic admirer of Turner. In a letter from London to a friend in the country on a summer's day, he says : 'This is the very weather to enjoy art. Oh, how I wish I painted—that I were an artist ! What a glorious life it is, bringing a man face to face with all of beautiful or good, yet leaving him free and unrestrained as to conventional ways of doing so ; the very object of his wanderings, the very help by which he is enabled to wander ! Ah me ! shall I ever see Mont Blanc, or sunrise from the Righi,

or the grand old Rhine? ever stand on Libyan deserts or the shores of old Greece, home of that beautiful mythology which Turner so loved and so appreciated?'

In the spring of 1859 he went to reside at Ore House, near Hastings, an establishment for the cure of stammering (from which he had suffered all his life), then managed by Dr. Hunt. Here he derived much benefit. In May of that year he passed his examination, and was admitted an attorney and solicitor of the Courts of Common Law and Equity; and in the July following he returned to Devonshire. Early in 1860, not finding encouragement for the practice of a profession for which he had little liking, and hoping through journalism to work his way to another vocation for which he had a strong predilection, he joined the editorial staff of the chief Plymouth daily paper, the *Western Morning News*. Besides acting as reader, he contributed articles. The work was most trying, occupying his time from ten at night to five in the morning. His health suffered in consequence. During a portion of the time that he was working on the paper he resided at Plympton, four miles from Plymouth, and used frequently to walk home in the small hours, the lovely neighbourhood giving him constant inspirations, despite his excessive weariness.

In June, 1861, he commenced practice as a solicitor at Plymouth, and in August of the same year he married the sister of an early schoolboy friend, George Brucks. Three children were born to him, of whom a son and a daughter survive. He now took a prominent place amongst his fellow-citizens, and gave his time and his energies to the promotion of social and religious objects. In 1866 Mr. Jackson was able to gratify the dream of his early years by a visit to Italy and Switzerland in the company of his brother, and the following year he paid another visit to Switzerland. In the winter of 1867, he being then resident at Plympton, he was taken seriously ill, and his lungs became affected. He rallied, and the following autumn took up his residence at Plymouth, and was able to discharge his professional engagements. But his strength was gradually lessening, and in the spring of 1869 he lost his youngest child, a bright and charming boy, a severe blow from which he never recovered. Up to this time he had employed his leisure moments in writing prose or verse. Some of his pieces had appeared in a local periodical, styled *Clack*, which had but a short life, and subsequently he contributed to the *Mannamead School Magazine*, particularly a series of papers, entitled 'The Prosings of an Old Boy,' which deserved a wider circulation. In the following summer he removed to a charmingly situated house, called Moortown, on the verge of Dartmoor, with the heathery and gorse-clad slopes of Pew Tor rising up almost in front of his bedroom window. His death took place on December 28, 1869, and he was buried at Plympton St. Maurice on January 4 following. He was an extreme Churchman, a ritualist of the most advanced type, and a member of a large number of orders and brotherhoods; but he was a deeply religious man, and his religious practices were the outcome of a conscientious belief in what he considered the highest form of Christianity. As a man he was universally respected, and by his own family and friends he was ardently loved. A small volume of poems, entitled 'Resurgam, and other Verses,' with a short biography, from which the foregoing memoir is

culled, was published in 1871 by his brother, the Rev. H. M. Jackson, from which we make the following selections :

A RIVULET.

Adown a dim ravine,
As a young child runs homeward through the dusk,
Just pausing here and there when first it starts
To pluck a flower, and singing as its goes,
A brook came bounding on from pool to pool
Until it reached the forest, where it ran
Through the green twilight, silent evermore,
Toward an ocean that far off was laid,
All light and gleaming like a smile from God.

SONNET.

'I go hence like the shadow that departeth.'—PSALM cix. 22.

In the old days how often did I sit
On some gray tor 'midst the wild sweeps of moor,
And watch the grave cloud-shadows slowly flit
From hill to hill the distant prospect o'er !
Never again my happy feet shall range
Those heathery slopes ; the past is past and gone.
Only if then youth's heart as with some strange
Perplexing thought and sense of looking-on
Was touch'd, as each soft shadow passed from sight,
Soon shall I read and know the mystery right ;
This vague unrest, these questionings of heart,
Will soon be over. From the fair wide scene
My life dies out as shadows that depart ;
Whither He knows, but they no more are seen.

RICHARD JAGO (1715—1781).

'RICHARD JAGO, Vicar of Snittersfield in Warwickshire, and Rector of Kimcote in Leicestershire, was the intimate friend and correspondent of William Shenstone, with whom he became acquainted at school. He finished his education at University College, Oxford, and took his degree of M.A. July 9, 1738. His death happened May 28, 1781.'

The above extract is from a footnote to p. 334, vol. iv., of Dodsley's 'Collection of Poems,' 1782, and this we are able to supplement by some further particulars given in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' vol. xxix. The writer (Mr. W. P. Courtney) states that Richard Jago was the third son of the Rev. Richard Jago (born at St. Mawes in Cornwall in 1679, and Rector of Beaudesert, Warwickshire, from 1709 until his death in 1741), who married in 1711 Margaret, daughter of William Parker, of Henley-in-Arden. He was born at Beaudesert on October 1, 1715, and educated at Solihull under the Rev. Mr. Crumpton, whom he afterwards described as a 'merose pedagogue.' Shenstone was at the same school, and their friendship lasted unimpaired for life. He also made the acquaintance of Somerville, the author of 'The Chase.' In 1739 he was appointed to the

curacy of Snittersfield, and in 1746 to the small livings of Harbury and Chesterton, in the same county. In 1754 he became Vicar of Snittersfield, and retained all three benefices until 1771, when he resigned the former two on his preferment to the more valuable rectory of Kimcote in Leicestershire. He continued, however, to reside at Snittersfield until his death. He was married twice.

One of his most pleasing pieces was 'The Blackbirds,' which is given in Dodsley's collection, from which we reprint it. He also wrote, in 1767, a topographical poem, 'Edge Hill; or, the Rural Prospect delineated and moralized,' a subject which did not present sufficient variety for a poem of that length, but it has been praised for the ease of its diction. He wrote and published sermons, essays and poems, and his poems have appeared in many collections of English poetry, including Chalmers, Anderson, Park, and Davenport. Some time before his death he revised his poems, which were published in 1784 with some additional pieces, the most important of which was 'Adam: an Oratorio, compiled from "Paradise Lost,"' and with some account of his life and writings by John Scott Hylton, of Lapal House, near Halesowen. Many of his letters, essays, and several curiosities which were formerly his property, have passed into the possession of the Rev. W. Jago, of Bodmin.

THE BLACKBIRDS—AN ELEGY.

The sun had chas'd the mountain snow,
And kindly loos'd the frozen soil;
The mountain streams began to flow,
And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amid the vocal throng
Whom Nature wakes to mirth and love,
A blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
And thus it echo'd through the grove:

'O fairest of the feather'd train!
For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my strain,
And grant my love a kind return.

'For see the wintry storms are flown,
And gentle zephyrs fan the air;
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal pastime share.

'The raven plumes his jetty wing
To please his croaking paramour;
The larks responsive ditties sing,
And tell their passion as they soar.

'But trust me, love, the raven's wing
Is not to be compar'd with mine;
Nor can the lark so sweetly sing
As I, who strength with sweetness join.

'Oh, let me all thy steps attend;
I'll point new treasures to thy sight,
Whether the grove thy wish befriend,
Or hedgerows green, or meadows bright.

'I'll show my love the clearest rill
Whose streams among the pebbles stray;
These will we sip, and sip our fill,
Or on the flowery margin play.

'I'll lead her to the thickest brake,
Impervious to the schoolboy's eye;
For her the plaister'd nest I'll make,
And on her downy pinions lie

'When, prompted by a mother's care,
Her warmth shall form th' imprison'd young;
The pleasing task I'll gladly share,
Or cheer her labours with my song.

'To bring her food I'll range the fields,
And cull the best of every kind;
Whatever Nature's bounty yields,
And love's assiduous care can find.

'And when my lovely mate would stray
To taste the summer sweets at large,
I'll wait at home the livelong day,
And tend with care our little charge.

'Then prove with me the sweets of love,
With me divide the cares of life;
No bush shall boast in all the grove
So fond a mate, so blest a wife.'

He ceas'd his song. The melting dame
With soft indulgence heard the strain;
She felt she own'd a mutual flame,
And hasted to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bower,
And nestled closely to her side—
The fondest bridegroom of that hour,
And she the most delighted bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song;
'Behold,' he said, 'the new-born day!
The lark his matin peal has rung;
Arise, my love, and come away.'

Together through the fields they stray'd,
And to the murm'ring riv'let's side;
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd
With honest joy and decent pride.

When, oh! with grief the Muse relates
The mournful sequel of my tale;
Sent by an order from the Fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, 'My dear,
Haste, haste away, from danger fly;
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here;
O spare my love and let me die.'

At him the gunner took his aim;
His aim, alas! was all too true:
Oh, had he chose some other game,
Or shot as he was wont to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearse;
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.

EDWARD JESTY.

AMONGST the many minor verse-writers whose names are included in these pages, we must assign a place to this gentleman, although he is not a native of either Devon or Cornwall. But it is difficult to draw the line under these circumstances.

Mr. Edward Jesty was born at Yeovil, in Somersetshire, in 1857, and was educated at one of the commercial schools in that town. After writing some shorter poems, at the age of sixteen he wrote a poem in blank verse entitled 'The Wanderer.' He was apprenticed to a jeweller, and it was his practice after business hours to take a walk of six miles, during which he would compose lines, which were committed to paper in his bedroom. In this way he wrote his 'Maid of the Mountain,' an epic poem, which took some years to complete. He contributed various short poems upon passing events and social topics to the Exeter and other Devon and Somerset papers, and in 1885 produced a small volume of his poems, and another subsequently. His elegies on Edward Ladell, a Devonshire artist, and Lord Iddesleigh brought him before the Exeter public, and he has since contributed various short poems upon different occasions under the *nom de plume* of 'Miles' Boy.' As most of his efforts were for his own amusement, they have never been offered to the public, and though he is constantly writing, as far as his spare time will permit, his productions for the most part remain unseen, other than those which

deal with passing events and appear in the columns of the weekly press. He was for some time resident in Exeter.

SPRING MEMORIES.

The soft gray light one morn in early spring
Burst on me, as I gazed in idle mood
On lifeless marble, and enwrapt my soul
With flooding radiance of a presence near.

The unheard rhythm of the pulsing throb
Of silent life, perpetual, in things
Bade heart respond to the great harmony
Of influence divine.
It could not bear
Such sudden inrush, but must overflow ;
And on the altar of green grass blades pour
The lowly sacrifice of human tears.
They came unasked ! Heart was too full for sound !

Sound is for pencilled lines of light and shade,
Which gentle rubbing by Time, unperceived,
At length erases and leaves heart-page clear
For deep-cut outlines of great griefs and joys
Which speak no word, but breathe in eloquence
Of silence and hot tears.
Deep hush of awe
At worship at the feet of thronèd Spring
Brought back the holy thoughts from youth's domain
When life was young, and atmosphere of love,
Of honeyed fragrance hung upon my lips
In April freshness. When my trembling heart,
At such a gift amazed, bade e'en my limbs
In happy unison to shake for joy.

Oh, reverent Love ! Oh, happy trembling heart !
The world grows gray, and fiercer suns have shone
Since that warm blush of springtime, long ago,
From out the depths of the profound Unknown
The recreated drew.

Love, Flowers, Life—
Children of Spring, who at your triple birth
Formed perfect universe of sweet accord—
Be my blest trinity in searer age,
Which brings my winter as you brought my spring,
And let your unison of mellowed tones
With cadence melt my heart. Bid eyes drop tears,
As maiden weeps when she avows her love,
That by such advents and such exodus
My nature may remain keenly alive
Until the end. Each season of first flowers
Will come as friend, whose absence but delayed
The sweet communion I would fain renew.

'Twas thus I mused. These bright, fantastic forms
I thought were buried when they did but hide
Their winsome smiles beneath a passing cloud,
Peeped from behind a tablet thus inscribed :
'Here rest what were !' The same old loves (save that
They seemed less of the ideal and more real),
That I would fain have brought them to my side
To rest beneath the tall trees, where birds build
Their nests with such a business-like concern ;
But when I made advance, they backward drew
And disappeared. This was my vision, seen
In sunbeam lighting marble monument.*

* Marble statue.

HENRY INCLEDON JOHNS (1780—).

THIS gentleman was born at Helston, in Cornwall, in 1780, but came to Devonport, and there, at the age of seventeen, he was engaged as junior clerk in a bank, and eventually became its manager. At a very early age he evinced a fondness for drawing, and later in life this proved of great service to him.

In October, 1825, the bank stopped payment, and utter ruin menaced him. It was then that he took to teaching drawing, as a means of livelihood, and accepted the position of professor of drawing to the Plymouth New Grammar School.

He was as fond of poetry as of painting and drawing, and while quite a lad he had committed to memory nearly the whole of Thomson's 'Seasons,' together with large portions of Pope, Goldsmith, and Gray; but Thomson was his idol, and to his impassioned and glowing descriptions of Nature he ascribed, in no small degree, his love of the country and his taste for elevating studies. He married in 1803. His son was the well-known writer, the author of 'A Week at the Lizard,' and other popular books, who died at Winchester in 1874.

His chief work was 'Poems addressed by a Father to his Children; with Extracts from the Diary of a Pedestrian' (1832). He also assisted Mr. T. H. Williams with 'Picturesque Excursions in Devonshire and Cornwall' (1804).

His poems were not of a high order of merit, but we give a short piece as a representative of his Muse:

SONNET

ON HUMAN LIFE.

When we survey this scene of mortal coil—
  A chaos wild, with jarring passions rife;
  When we behold Man's transitory life,
With cares beset, and unrelenting toil;
And look abroad upon the smiling earth,
  Pregnant with beauty, joy, and happiness;
  View teeming seasons—prodigal to bless—
Pour forth their stores in unremitting birth;
Or mark the midnight pomp of yonder skies,
  Whose thousand orbs their course unerring keep;
See all but Man, in blest submission wise,
  And all but hapless Man undoom'd to weep;
Oh! who the dread enigma shall explain?
What, but the Christian's faith, the sinking soul sustain?

REV. JOHN JOHNS.

MR. R. N. WORTH, in his 'West-Country Garland' (1875), says: 'The author of this striking ballad* was born at Plymouth, a son of Mr. A. B. Johns, artist. He became a Unitarian minister, and died of cholera, in the midst of his labours among the poor,

* 'Gaveston on Dartmoor.'

during a cholera visitation in Liverpool. This poem, written while the author resided at Crediton, was published in the *New Monthly*, then under Campbell's editorship. Campbell was so struck with it, that on the night of its reception he walked up and down his room, continually repeating fragments. It is founded on a tradition that during one of his banishments Gaveston was concealed on Dartmoor. Clazey Well Pool, near Sheepstor, is the tarn described.'

In the year 1828 there was published at Exeter 'Dews of Castalie: Poems, composed on Various Subjects and Occasions,' by J. Johns, the preface of which is dated, 'Crediton, 1828.' The British Museum Catalogue of Printed Books says that this work was by 'John Johns, minister to the poor at Liverpool,' and records several other works written by him. We are, therefore, led to conclude that the Johns mentioned by Mr. Worth and the author of 'Dews of Castalie' were one and the same man. Again, in the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis' we find an entry of Rev. J. Johns, Unitarian minister, as the author of a sermon at Tavistock, in 1823; and again, in the companion work, 'Collectanea Cornubiensia,' is mentioned J. Johns, 'of Crediton,' author of 'Dews of Castalie.' As a sort of interesting sequel to the above, we may further state that we have found an ably-written and critical article in the *South Devon Monthly Museum* for 1834, reviewing a new work, 'The Valley of Nymphs: a Dream of the Golden World,' by J. Johns; published in 1829, pp. 48. This also is, doubtless, by the same hand, although we can find no entry of it elsewhere, either in the British Museum Catalogue or in the bibliographical works of Messrs. Boase and Courtney, or Mr. R. N. Worth. The writer of this article salutes him as 'a poet and Western worthy,' and speaks of the poem as a promising and praiseworthy performance. 'In the description of natural scenery,' says the writer, 'Mr. Johns is equal to Carrington, and this is saying a great deal; but in elegance of language, and in originality and beauty of imagery he is far superior to the author of "Dartmoor." The whole poem,' he says further, 'displays thought and talent of no common order, and it is very evident that the author has not lingered carelessly over the beauties of the ancient classic writers.'

The following lines from this fine poem are sufficient to give our readers a fair idea of the writer's powers:

Down the tall mountain to the cradled vale
Swept a dark cloud of forest. High above,
Where the gray rocks held commune with the sky,
The giant pines flung forth their antique boughs,
Hoar with eternal age. Beneath, the sides
Of the cleft hills were covered with the glooms
Of woods coeval with the infant world.
Shade deepened after shade—the eye was lost
In that superb umbrageousness; it seemed
As darkness were transparent, and you saw
Interminable depth of glassy gloom.
Cork-trees spread out their huge fantastic limbs,
Obscuring the black crags with a fine horror.
The ilex reared its multitudinous leaves,
The sycamore its massy shade, the oak
Its immemorial boughs. The cedar towered
In glorious darkness; the majestic palm
Lifted its green crown, while the aspen shook
Its firmament of twinkling leaves beside.
There the grand cypress rose, a pyramid
Of sablest verdure, seen among the rest
As the thunder spot amid the summer clouds.

There waved the slender ash ; and lower yet,
The willow dipt its long locks in the stream
That worked its way through the green night to day,
Giving their beauty to the beautiful,
Augmented with its own. Lowest of all,
A fragrant labyrinth of leaf and bloom,
Rose and acanthus, myrtle, passion-flower,
Cystus and laurel, tufted thick the roots
Of the rent crags ; ivy and eglantine
Matted the trunks and branches ; and the vine
Traced o'er the brown rocks or the cavern's mouth,
Distilled her pendent nectar-drops, and wore
Meet shadows for the deathless.

TO THE FIRST PRIMROSE OF THE YEAR.

Child of the early year,
Thy stormy lullaby
Sweeps o'er my ear
In the rude wind's wintry sigh.

Thou look'st in beauty forth
To tell the tale of spring,
Ere yet the north
Has unfurled his cloudy wing—

In other zones to reign,
Through polar pines to roar,
And lash the main
On the sullen Arctic shore.

The winds thy cradle rock,
To their stern melody,
As if to mock
At thy pale fragility.

Yet there thou bloomest on
Like worth by sorrow tried,
Rearing its crown
Mid the storms of time and tide,

And looking to the sky,
Where all *such* flowers shall wave
(No more to die),
In the winds beyond the grave.

BREVET-MAJOR RICHARD JOHNS (1805—1851).

THIS gentleman was born at Helston, in the county of Cornwall, October 5, 1805. He was brevet-major in the Royal Marine Light Infantry, and passed many years at Ascension. This fact gave the title to one of his poems, 'Ascension,' published in 1836. He died at the Royal Naval Hospital, Stonehouse, November 6, 1851. He was the author of 'Poems' (Penzance, 1825) ; 'Legend and Romance, African and European' (3 vols. London, 1839), and several works bearing upon naval and military subjects. He wrote the popular sea song, 'The White Squall,' here appended, which was set to music by Mr. Braham.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

The sea was bright and the bark rode well,
The breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell ;
'Twas a gallant bark, with a crew as brave
As ever was launched on the heaving wave,
She shone in the light of declining day,
And each sail was set, and each heart was gay.

They neared the land where beauty smiles,
The sunny shores of the Grecian isles :
All thought of home, of that welcome dear
Which soon should greet each wanderer's ear ;
And in fancy joined the social throng
In the festive dance and the joyous song.

A white cloud glides from the azure sky—
What means that wild despairing cry ?
Farewell the vision'd scenes of home !
The cry is 'Help !' where no help can come ;
For the white squall rides on the surging wave
And the bark is gulf'd in an ocean grave.

MR. AND MRS. JOHNS.

In the Plymouth theatrical season of 1788 the play-bills contain several announcements of addresses written by a 'Gentleman of Plymouth.' These were doubtless by Mr. Johns, who was a great patron of the drama at that time, and published in a volume of poems a number of these addresses, prologues, epilogues, etc. The same volume contains some pieces of a similar character by Mrs. Johns. *Vide* 'The Story of the Drama in Plymouth,' by W. H. K. Wright.—*Western Antiquary*, vol. xii., 1893-94.

AN ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MASTER DREWITT, AT THE THEATRE IN PLYMOUTH, IN THE YEAR 1786, WHEN THE TRAGEDY OF 'CATO' WAS PERFORMED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POOR.

Britons, in arms and arts renown'd, have join'd
Taste, polish'd manners, and the liberal mind;
Bold o'er the waves, or to the field they go,
And meet, undaunted, the insulting foe.
They crush the haughty, but the suppliant save—
Thus mercy ever marks the truly brave.
The noblest pride, the most exalted praise,
The highest triumph is, the fallen to raise.
From toils of war we now avert our sight,
To view the works of peace with warm delight.
What blest retreats from care this isle supplies,
What various piles magnificently rise!
Sacred to Charity—who ready stands
With fervent breast, kind eye, extended hands,
To ope a thousand gates for misery's train—
No child of sorrow there can sue in vain.
The friends of all mankind, with equal soul,
Support the golden chain which binds the whole;
Thro' which, whate'er can strike a single part
Is sympathetic felt in every heart.
Here Charity, that heaven-descending power, this night
Comes smiling with a train of virtues bright;
And can the heart a purer rapture know
Than when it soothes and heals another's woe?
When calm'd affliction sings a cheerful strain,
What notes more pleasing can the ear detain?
Where can the eye a finer lustre wear
Than while it sparkles through a joyful tear?
Taught by our friends in early years to know
What to humanity's strong ties we owe;
All eager here to succour the distrest
We came and are, by blessing others, blest.
And hope, when from these scenes we shall retire,
Long to retain the virtues they inspire;
Through life's wide various paths to gain your praise
By acting well in all our future days.

CHRISTOPHER JONES.

Christopher Jones is described on the title-page of his volume of poems as 'an uneducated journeyman wool-comber,' probably a native of Crediton, but certainly chiefly resident in Exeter. He says of himself, 'that a small country school, in his mere childhood, was all the advantage of education he ever received; nor does he yet know the rudiments of the English grammar.'

His earliest effusions appeared in the 'poets' corner' of the local newspapers; but when trade declined 'in the woollen-way,' and having a large family to support (he was married in 1772), he was induced to bring his poetic trifles more prominently before a discriminating public. He published, therefore, in 1782 a volume entitled 'The Miscellaneous Poetic Attempts of C. Jones'; and this venture, if we may judge by the large number of subscribers, was highly successful. Judged by a lofty poetic standard, his poems might be found wanting in many respects; but, considering his lack of education and other advantages, they possess powers of no mean order, as our readers will judge by the extracts appended. He also wrote 'Sowton: a Village Conference; occasioned by a late Law Decision.' By a Journeyman Wool-comber (C. Jones). Crediton, 1775. Mr. James Davidson, in 'Bibliotheca Devoniensis,' p. 128, says this related to an alleged 'will-fraud.' His poems are of the 'occasional' order, and relate chiefly to passing events towards the close of the last century.

THE LAMB FORGOT.

(A RURAL SKETCH.)

The sky its azure vest displayed,
And hushed was ev'ry breeze
Save one that round a blooming maid
Soft whispered through the trees.

With ardent mien the virgin stood,
The graces flushed her cheek,
As in the too sequestered wood
She came her lamb to seek.

(The lamb young Corydon, 'tis said,
Presented to the fair,
To show how innocently led,
He'd make the nymph his care.)

'Ah! was my sportive rover found,'
She cried, 'my heart 'twould cheer;'
The sweetest birds flew list'ning round,
Her sweeter voice to hear.

'But oh!' the beauteous maid rejoined,
'The woodlands all deceive;
My fleecy wanton flies unkind,
And leaves me thus to grieve!

'Ye powers, did Corydon—but hark!
Approaching steps I hear.'
From woodbine thicket rushed her spark,
By Cupid ushered there!

With rapture fired, the blooming fair
In ecstasy he pressed;
To soothe with kisses all her care,
He thus the maid addressed:

'To seek its dam, beneath yon brake,
Your lamb, my dear, is flown:
Though strayed the gift, the giver take,
Again it is your own!'

Love laughed to see her blush consent;
From church they reached his cot;
Ere half the blissful night was spent
The lamb was quite forgot.

JOSEPH OF EXETER (FLOURISHED 1190).

JOSEPHUS ISCANUS, or Joseph of Exeter, was a native of Exeter, and was the lifelong friend of Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury. About 1180 he went to study abroad at

Gueldres, and there became a friend of Guibert, Abbot of Florennes from 1188 to 1194. In 1188 Joseph accompanied Archbishop Baldwin in the crusade to the Holy Land. Very little is known of his after life.

He was, however, justly regarded as one of the best Latin poets of his time, and thus reflected great honour on his native city. He was the author of two Latin epic poems: the first, 'De Bello Trojano,' in six books, written probably about 1183; the second poem was 'De Bello Antiocheno,' in which he celebrated the third crusade. Other works are ascribed to him, but very few fragments now exist. Warton styles him 'a miracle of the age in classical composition.'

GEORGE V. KEAST.

THE initials 'G. V. K.' are well known to newspaper readers in the Western counties, particularly those who favour theatrical topics, and are fond of humorous sketches in prose and verse.

Mr. Keast was born at Devonport about 1850, and reared on Dartmoor for about eight years. His parents then removed to East Stonehouse, one of the Plymouth triplet of towns. He received his education from the late Mr. George Jago, at the Public School, Plymouth, where he remained until the age of fifteen. He says he was chiefly 'distinguished at school for writing comic essays and "mitching,"' *i.e.*, playing truant.

Leaving school, he joined the Navy, and served about eighteen months, during which time he commenced contributing to various papers, including *Fun*, the *Weekly Budget*, etc. Being released from the service, he tried his hand at several occupations on shore, and then went on the staff of the *Western Morning News* as a reporter. He posed as the comic poet of the *Lantern*, a small satirical Plymouth paper, and then started the *Thunderbolt*, the precursor of the *Western Figaro*, which still flourishes. For a time he wrote and starved in London; then went to Luton, to edit a weekly paper there; from thence to South Shields in the same capacity; down again to Brighton, on the *Sussex Daily News*, where he remained for five years, and started the *Dolphin*, a comic paper, which was a great success. In or about 1877 or 1878 he returned to Plymouth, and assisted to float the *Western Figaro*, a smart local quizzical paper. This he has edited off and on for some twelve or fourteen years, contributing largely both in prose and verse. He has written hundreds of poems, which are scattered about in all sorts of papers, from the *Graphic* and *Detroit Free Press* to the *Weekly Mercury* and *Western Figaro*.

Besides this, he has written about a dozen pantomimes, for the theatres at Brighton, South Shields, the Royal and Grand at Plymouth, and others. He has written comic songs and sketches for Vance, Arthur Roberts, and others, and is now a regular contributor

to the *Western Independent*, published at Devonport, with occasional offerings to *Tit Bits* and other London journals. We append two specimens of his poetry, to show his different veins.

TYNEMOUTH CASTLE.

(WRITTEN IN THE RUINED ABBEY OF TYNEMOUTH, JUNE, 1876.)

High on a cliff where the sea-winds quiver,
And white-winged ships speed in from afar;
Near to the mouth of a slumb'rous river,
Darkly mirroring moon or star;
River and sea that the winds awaken,
Ships that by sea-winds tossed may be,
Stands there in grandeur, grim, unshaken,
This ruined pile by the Northern Sea.

The fierce north wind round it howls and hisses,
The sea below it with awful roar
Drives up the foam-flake that curls and kisses
On the long low sands of the rock-bound shore;
The lightning leaps with a sudden glory
From point to point of its ivied wall,
The thunder peals through the abbey hoary,
But the brave old ruin survives them all.
It has stood while the centuries dawned and dwindled,
Looked on as the ages passed away.
It has watched life lighted, burnt out, rekindled,
Seen love new-born, and seen love decay;
When the storm-guns echoed the storm's deep thunder,
And the rockets rivalled the lightning's glare;
It has seen brave ships torn, shattered asunder,
And brave men sink with a powerless prayer.

Or, again, in the days of monk and matin,
When the early sun flushed its gray old walls,
There has risen a carol of liquid Latin
To the maiden morn from its ancient halls;
And as ever on sea the night descended,
Or ever on earth the twilight fell,
With ave, sanctus, and evensong blended
The tender tinkle of vesper bell.
In the long-gone years, long years forgotten,
Ere time had wrought with ruinous hand
The spoil of a garden now rank and rotten—
The flowerless garden whereon I stand—
There have trodden those paths in the twilight
Full many a lover of long ago, [tender
With face aflame with the love-lit splendour
Of the western sky when the sun sinks low.

Where are those lovers, whose vows soft spoken,
Wind-echoed and whispered from sea to sky,
Were kept eternal or haply broken?
Here in the grass-grown graves they lie.
Never for them the low-toned laughter,
Over the river that rose and fell—
Never, unless in the dim hereafter
Some tender dreams of old days may dwell.

Though the seasons veer from song to sorrow,
Mutable seasons that ebb and flow,
Though never a day be like to-morrow,
And never a changeless hour we know;
Though by love requited or love forsaken
The little span of our lives may be,
There will stand through the ages, grim, unshaken,
This ruined pile by the Northern Sea.

SUCH IS LIFE.

Across from my window at earliest dawn
There comes with the sweetness of blossoming May,
Soft through the casement and curtains drawn,
The tender trill of a thrush's lay.
And over the way, too, before I arise
(I don't rise too early, you understand),
There's a slim sort of maiden with soft blue eyes,
Who bangs away at her semi-grand.

The bird's song borne on the May morn's wings,
Free and unfettered by musical arts,
Is just such a thing as Albani sings—
That wonderful melody of Mozart's.

But the maid, though her eyes may be soft and mild,
Has no care for the keys that she thumps upon,
As she rattles through scales that nigh make me wild,
And gallops through Czerny's 'One Hundred and One.'

The thrush sings as gay as a lark in June,
His song has the freshness of love's young dream;
The piano's distressingly out of tune,
And 'Sweet Marie' is a hackneyed theme.

Yet methinks, after all, things are not so bad,
For ever the good doth the evil leaven;
The maid with the semi-grand drives me mad,
But the bird's song carries my heart to heaven!

REV. CHARLES JOHN PERRY-KEENE.

It is but fitting that the present successor of Robert Herrick, Vicar of Dean Prior, Devon, should have poetic tastes, and should be a votary of the Muses. The subject of the present sketch is fully conscious of the honourable position he holds of sitting in the seat of the sweet singer of Devon. Like Herrick, Mr. Keene was an importation, neither being a native of Devon; and, like Herrick, he has a skill in wit and a taste for satire, withal an ability to turn very pretty couplets and indite very charming lyrics.

Mr. Keene is the third son of William Thomas Keene (Perry-Keene), of Minety House, Wiltshire, where his family have resided for over three hundred years. He was born in 1846, educated at Sherborne School, and Pembroke College, Oxford. Took his B.A. degree 1868; was ordained at Chester Cathedral, deacon in 1869, priest 1870; became curate of Ackworth, Yorkshire, 1872-73; was Rector of Lesnewth, Cornwall, from 1874 to 1878; and then became Vicar of Dean Prior, where he still resides. He married in 1874 Helen Mary, youngest daughter of the Rev. William Thorp, Vicar of Misson, Yorkshire.

Many of Mr. Keene's verses have been published in *Longman's*, the *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, and the comic papers; the latter being all poetical skits. He has written numerous songs, which have been set to music, and are popular. Some lines he wrote on Herrick are, of course, of local interest; they were much admired by Mr. Walter Besant, and printed in the *Author*, at his request. Although many of Mr. Keene's pieces were written for village concerts and 'Archer's Register,' his writings are in the main of a more serious and solid character. His chief poems are, perhaps, 'New Year's Eve,' 'The Penitent Thief,' 'The Translation of Bishop Temple.' Mr. Keene is a devoted archer, having been first of all England on several occasions.

TEMPORA ET FEMINÆ MUTANTUR.

Herrick's concluding words, 'Jocund his Muse was, but his life was chaste.'

Old Herrick's dead and gone,
Yet no hoary granite stone
Remains, the poet's resting-place to tell ;
But the vicars ever since
Have been trying to convince
The world each caught his mantle as it fell.

Thus you see a silly fellow
Who cannot pluck a yellow
Buttercup without apostrophizing odes,
While my laughter-loving lasses
I must view with other glasses
Than those prescribed by education codes.

I suppose the air of Devon
Lends a soft poetic leaven
To those who court its enervating breeze ;
For though old Herrick rated
Dean Prior, which he hated,
He worked away at his 'Hesperides.'

His 'Julia' is dead,
'Anthea,' too, has fled
To the 'bourne from whence no travellers return';
But his 'Daffodils' shine bright,
And his 'glow-worms' lend their light,
And there roars upon the rocks his rugged burn.

Yet the mosses and the flowers,
Fed by everlasting showers,
Luxuriate on venerable banks ;
But, alas ! in vain you seek
For the cherry-lip and cheek
Which can coax a very anchorite to pranks.

No! the beauties of the parish
Are not the sort to ravish
Your eyes or pay for intimate inspection ;
I could never care a stiver
For a lass with too much liver,
And a tallowy and sallowy complexion.

Ah, Herrick, could you rise
You would view with sad surprise
A cuticle of parchment or of paste ;
And would own that at the most
'Twould be now a sorry boast
That while your 'Muse was jocund, you were chaste.'

MY HEART!

Oh, there isn't a cloud in my infinite heaven,
Nor a scorn that can leave in my bosom a smart ;
Since I knew you were mine every voice in creation
Is ringing with rapture, my heart ! my heart !

And I'm never alone in my loneliest moments,
Never thronged in the crush of the busiest mart ;
Thy presence invests me in sweet isolation,
And I tell thee my secrets, my heart ! my heart !

When the heat and the toil of the day is all over,
And tired hands lie folded and senses depart,
'Tis but earth changed to heaven, for in dreaming or waking,
I bask in thy sunshine, my heart ! my heart !

The pride of possession ! If aught should defame thee,
If malice hurl at thee her venomous dart,
As thy champion and knight I will jealously claim thee,
And fold thee to shelter, my heart ! my heart !

No chains ever forged a free spirit can fetter ;
No souls can be sundered in dwelling apart.
Yet it's torture, I ween, just to gaze on thy sweet eyes,
And to tear myself from thee, my heart ! my heart !

WILLIAM KENDALL (1768—1832).

William Kendall was the son of Edward Kendall, and was baptized in the church of St. Mary Major, Exeter, December 3, 1768. He received his education at the Grammar School of his native city; and though intended for the profession of an attorney, his bias and taste would have led him to give a preference to the Muses and belles lettres. But his felicity of genius and activity of mind were capable of reaching excellence and celebrity in any department. At the age of twenty-four he published an octavo volume of 210 pages, entitled, 'An Analysis of the Science of Legislation,' which he had translated from the Italian of Chevalier Filangieri. In 1791 his beautiful volume of poems, now so rarely to be met with, issued from the press of Mr. Trewman at Exeter, and in 1793 another edition was published. How these effusions of a superior mind excited the admiration of scholars, may be inferred from the following letter of Mr. Isaac D'Israeli:

'Sir,

'I am to return you my acknowledgments for the polite and brilliant present of your poems; brilliant not less for the poetical fancy than for the typographical beauty by which they are embellished. Permit me to assure you that I have read them with delight. Mr. Jackson (our mutual and ingenious friend) has given, with his accustomed felicity, the exquisite idea of your "Fairy Fantasies." There is poetry in the very idea; but what is more, there is poetry in the execution.

'Your genius has admirably caught the sweetness and glow of Catullus. Allow me to wish, with ardour, that you could give a version of whatever you found most delightful in the poems of Tibullus and Propertius. Strada and other Latin modern poets have pieces of a most delicious nature. I do not recollect that I have seen versions of these poems in our language which gratify a poetical taste.

'I am ashamed to offer for your acceptance a little dissertation on anecdotes, which I have just published, and which accompanies this. I treat you as the crafty European does the inhabitant of richer climates, and exchange brass and iron for gold and diamonds. I offer you my services in this great town, and am desirous that you will not forget that I am, with sincerity,

'Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

'No. 26, Broad Stone Buildings, 'I. D'Israeli.

'September 25, 1793.

'To William Kendall, Esq.'

Mr. Kendall was a liberal donor to the Devon and Exeter Institution, presenting at various times books and pictures valued at several hundred pounds. He also bequeathed £100 to the Institution, for the purchase of books. He was a benefactor to his native city in many other ways.

He was accidentally drowned in the river Bovey, on March 26, 1832, and was buried in St. Lawrence Church, Exeter. He was unmarried.

TO LAURA.

(IMITATED FROM GUARINI.)

Why frowns my fair? The mighty bliss
Was bought with equal smart:
I rudely stole a rapturous kiss,
I paid thee with my heart.

The volume of poems mentioned above contains 'Elegiac Stanzas,' 'Occasional Verses,' 'Sonnets,' 'Fairy Fantasies,' and 'Imitations of Catullus.' The stanzas originate in real emotion, and breathe a spirit of uniformity; while the 'Occasional Verses' are selected from a great number such as seem calculated to interest general readers. In constructing the 'Sonnets,' the Italian rhythm has been adopted; and they are very good copies from an excellent model. The 'Fairy Fantasies' were designed for music, and were adapted by Mr. Jackson, organist of Exeter, who composed some very charming songs upon them. As regards the 'Catullus,' we are informed that Mr. Kendall had once thought of publishing them on a new plan, with English imitations. To this end he collected every edition and commentary of repute, and made considerable progress in the text and translation. The appearance of Doering's edition in 1792, which contains an accurate collation of all the controverted readings, with the remarks of ancient and modern editors, anticipated the most useful part of Mr. Kendall's plan, and induced him, therefore, to relinquish the undertaking. The few imitations contained in his book were not selected for their superior merit, but rather as specimens of the manner of Catullus, untainted with his offensive indelicacy.

SONG.

Sleepless eyelids dim with tears,
Languid accents, breathing woe,
Sighs of sorrow, throbbing fears—
Lovers, only lovers, know.

What though all in life's short day
Feel awhile the storm of grief;
Hope affords a transient ray,
Fleeting pleasures yield relief.

Fame at length rewards the brave;
Time can envy's self destroy;
But o'er love's neglected slave
Ages pass, nor waft a joy.

TO LESBIA, FROM 'IMITATIONS OF CATULLUS.'

Oh, let us love our lives away,
Nor heed what wrinkled sages say!
The setting sun relumined shines
When once our short-lived day declines;
We hail, alas! no dawning light,
We sleep one long eternal night.

My lips with thousand kisses bless,
Swift with a hundred more caress!
A rapturous thousand yet impart,
Still with a hundred cheer my heart!
A thousand yet! a hundred more!
With glowing myriads swell the store!
So swiftly then we'll mingle blisses,
Not envy's self shall count our kisses.

BENJAMIN KENNICOTT, D.D. (1718—1783).

THIS Devonshire worthy was born at Totnes on April 4, 1718, and was the son of Benjamin Kennicott, barber and parish clerk of that town. The family of Kennicott appears to have been resident in Totnes for a lengthened period, and at one time to have occupied a good position in the borough, in 1606 one Gabriel Kennicott being Mayor of Totnes. Benjamin the younger was educated at the Totnes Grammar School, a school founded by Edward VI. in 1554, and still held in a building adjoining the ancient Guildhall, and with it forming almost the only remains of the priory of Totnes. This school was endowed by the trustees of Elizeus Hele; the Corporation in virtue of the endowment sending three boys to the school, who were educated free of expense; and as Kennicott's father held his office of parish clerk by the appointment of the Corporation, it seems probable that his son was one of the free boys. After leaving school he obtained the office of master of the charity school—a school for the poorer children, boys and girls, who, besides being taught to read and write, were instructed in the Christian religion as taught by the Church of England. Kennicott was very musical, and composed some sacred music; he also took great delight in bell-ringing. He was one of the ringers of the parish church in 1732, when only fourteen years of age, and ten years later he became leader, and drew up regulations to be observed by the Totnes ringers. These regulations bear date 1742, and in 1744 a change took place in Kennicott's position and prospects. By a lucky accident he gained a friend who sent him to Oxford, where he became one of the greatest scholars of his time. As this incident introduces us to his poetical proclivities, we quote it in full.

Kennicott's sister was lady's-maid to the Hon. Mrs. Elizabeth Courtney, of Painsford, Ashprington, near Totnes; and in 1743 that lady had a narrow escape from death, she having eaten some poisonous herb, which was concealed amongst some watercress. The charity schoolmaster hearing of this, and the lady and her family being highly respected, he composed a poem on her recovery, which he 'humbly inscribed to Kellond Courtney, Esq., and his Lady.'* It consists of no less than 334 lines; and by this effusion he attracted the attention of the family, was taken by the hand, and in 1744 sent by his patrons to Oxford, where he became a student of Wadham College. The poem was published for private circulation, and in 1747 he republished it; and in the preface speaks of being 'indebted to it, under Providence, for the happiness he then enjoyed.' He also wrote 'Bidwell' (Dartington), an epistolary poem to a Mr. Richard Hicks, consisting of two hundred and twelve lines. But he was indebted to other patrons for some of his good fortune; amongst others to the Rev. F. Champernowne, and H. Fownes Luttrell, Esq. At college he distinguished himself by his application to the higher branches of theology, and published several important works. He was elected Fellow of

* A poem on the recovery of the Hon. Mrs. Elizabeth Courtney from her late dangerous illness, humbly inscribed to Kellond Courtney, Esq., of Painsford, and his Lady. Written in the year 1743, second edition, 1747, *anon.*, 334 lines.

Exeter College 1747; admitted to his B.A. degree without the usual fees a year before the usual time; took his M.A. degree in 1750, and in 1761 was made D.D., with a pension of £200 from the Crown. In 1767 he was chosen keeper of the Radcliffe Library, and three years afterwards became a prebend of Westminster, which he afterwards exchanged for a canonry at Christchurch in 1770. He was Vicar of Menheniot in Cornwall 1771-81. He was also Rector of Culham, a valuable living, which, it is said, he resigned because his studies prevented his residing on it. He devoted more than thirty years of his life to the study of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament. His chief work was in connection with the collation and comparison of the various texts of the Hebrew Bible, in which labour he was supplemented by learned scholars in all parts of the world. A good story is recorded of the worthy doctor, who, it was said, was a great lover of figs. On the walls of Exeter College there grew a patriarchal fig-tree, which in one particular year only produced one particular fig. This the doctor watched from day to day, and when it assumed substance and colour, to prevent any interference with it, he affixed a card over it a few days before it ripened, bearing the words, 'Dr. Kennicott's fig'; but the very morning on which he had hoped to eat it, an irreverent undergraduate stole it, and, worse still, reversed the card, and left it where the fig should have been, with the slightly changed inscription, 'A fig for Dr. Kennicott'!

Dr. Kennicott died September 18, 1783, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.*

A PARODY ON YE CELEBRATED SOLILOQUY IN 'HAMLET.'

To write or not to write! that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler with the pen to scribble
The flights and fancies of outrageous non-
sense,
Or to lay down the quill, or forbear to tire
The patience of the world? To write! to
scrawl!
And by that scrawl to say we utter all the
Horrid stuff, and the thousand foolish whimsies
Labouring in the brain. 'Tis a deliverance
'Devoutly to be wished.' To write! to scrawl!
To scrawl, perchance to blot! 'ay, there's the
rub,'
For on a strict review what blots 'may come,'
When we have scribbled all the paper o'er,
'Must give us pause.' 'There's the respect,'
That stops the weak, presumptuous hand of
fools,
'For who could bear' the sneers and scorns of
The critic's laugh, the learned pedant's rail-
ing,
The spurns and insolence of common-sense,
The jokes of humour and the repartee,
When he himself might his quietus make
With mere blank paper? Who would hisses
hear,
Or groan or sweat at sound of catcall's squeak,
But that the itch of writing for the stage
(Where Garrick, with inimitable charm
Of graceful action, moves) 'puzzles the will,'
And makes us rather risque all ridicule
Than shun the Muses and forbear to rhyme?
Ambition thus makes asses of us all;
And thus each empty fellow, void of genius,
Is tempted to imagine he's a poet;
And *petit-maitres*, of great skill in dressing,
Even from the fav'rite mirror 'turn away,'
To gain the name of author.

* Abridged from a paper by Mr. E. Windeatt in 'Trans. Devon Assoc.,' vol. x., 1878.

I. W. N. KEYS (1819—1890).

Mr. Isaiah Waterloo Nicholson Keys, son of Elias Keys, was born at Devonport, March 12, 1818. He is chiefly known as a botanical writer, and was for some years Curator of Botany in the Plymouth Institution and Devon and Cornwall Natural History Society. His chief botanical works were printed in the 'Transactions of the Plymouth Institution,' but were reprinted for private circulation by Mr. Keys, who was a practical printer and for many years in business at Plymouth. He formerly kept a large stationery and bookselling establishment, with a circulating library, in Bedford Street; but later, started an extensive printing-works in Whimple Street, Plymouth, opposite the Free Public Library. That Mr. Keys was a man of culture is evident from his translations from the classics; he also possessed a large amount of local lore, and has contributed from time to time to the *Western Antiquary*. Amongst his other accomplishments, Mr. Keys was at one time a very popular public reader, and was one of the chief and earliest promoters of penny readings in Plymouth. His readings, and particularly his Shakespearian selections, were always extremely popular. Some of Mr. Keys's poetical pieces appeared in the *Devonport Independent* so long ago as 1837; his earliest productions being 'Spring,' 'An Imitation of Horace,' and 'War'; these appearing in March, November, and December respectively of that year. In 1838 a translation of one of Horace's 'Odes' was published in the *Monmouthshire Merlin*, published at Newport: Mr. Keys, then in his twenty-first year, being overseer of the printing-office there, at the time. Other pieces by Mr. Keys have appeared in the *Plymouth Herald*, and other papers, and some of his sonnets were included in 'Devonshire Scenery,' compiled by Rev. W. Everett (1884). Mr. Keys died at Plymouth, November 4, 1890.

TO PEW TOR, DARTMOOR.

Beloved old tor, full fifty summers known
To me, though countless storms have o'er thee swept,
And lightnings fierce around thy crags have leapt,
Midst all unscathed, still steadfast is thy throne!
Less happy me, the flight of time I moan,
Its numbing influence hath o'er me crept:
My feet, that once thy boulders nimbly stept,
And scaled thy flanks, are now unsteady grown.
Yet thou'rt in peril; I am sad to see
Gangs of rough quarrymen thy form surround,
And, penetrating to thy depths profound,
Block after block pluck forth with ruthless glee.
Rise, mighty Odin! rise, their fury check,
And save, oh save, thy sacred rock from wreck!

IN A DEVONSHIRE LANE IN SPRING.

What glittering troops of flowers are marshalled here
In trim costumes of every tint arrayed
(With bees for buglers), so to hold parade,
And celebrate the opening of the year!
Violets shy in purple garb appear,
Meek primroses in ruffs of creamy shade;
Proud kingcups shine, with burnished gold o'erlaid;

And stitchworts mingle, pranked in pearly gear;
While daffodils display the saffron plume,
And daisies their bossed orbs and scalloped rays;
Sorrels peep forth, and hazel-boughs assume
Their tassels light, and dandelions blaze;
And I, from city smoke and dust set free,
Thrill with delight such pageantry to see.

HENRY KIDDELL.

A Mr. Henry Kiddell was the author of a poem entitled 'Tiverton,' published in London in 1757. The copy in the British Museum contains 218 lines, and in it mention is made of several of the masters at Blundell's School. The writer was evidently a relative, perhaps a brother, of Mr. John Kiddell, born at Tiverton 1721, who was pastor of the Pitt Meeting-house in that town for some years, and kept a private grammar school in the same place.

WILLIAM KIDLEY (flourished 1624).

This poet was the son of John Kidley, of Dartmouth, where he was born in 1606. In matriculating at Oxford, he gave his name as Kidley, *alias* Poynter. He entered at Exeter College on July 16, 1625, and graduated B.A. November 12, 1627. He speaks in a marginal note interpolated in the work noticed below, of returning to the college after a twelve years' absence—apparently in 1639. In 1624 he composed in his leisure 'A Poetical Relation of the Voyage of Sir Richard Hawkins, Knight, unto Mare del Zur,' and 'History of the year 1588, with other Historical Passages of these Thymes (during the Raigne of the B. Q. Elizabeth).' Hawkins's account of his voyage to the South Seas had been published in 1622.

Kidley's poem, which is now among the manuscripts at the British Museum (Sloane Coll., 2024), and has not been printed, is entitled 'Kidley's Hawkins.' It was designed to be in eight books, but six only were completed. Kidley refers to other attempts made by him in verse, both at Oxford and at Dartmouth.*

ANNE KILLIGREW (1660—1685).

This lady, a member of a distinguished Cornish family, and daughter of the Rev. Henry Killigrew, D.D., was born in London in 1660. She was equally skilled in poetry and in

* 'Dictionary of National Biography,' xxxi. 98.

painting, and as much renowned for her taste and purity of life as for her learning. Dryden has immortalized her in his renowned ode, and even the ascetic Anthony Wood wrote of her the well-known line—

'A Grace for beauty, and a Muse for wit;'

and he assured us that 'there is nothing spoken of her which she was not equal to, if not superior.' We regret that our space forbids quotation from Dryden's poem, which Dr. Johnson pronounced 'the noblest ode that our language has produced.'

'Mistress Anne Kelligrew, as the virgin poetess and paintress was called, after the fashion of the times, was, like so many others of her family, attached to the Court. She was maid of honour to the Duchess of York; and, even in those loose days, was unspotted by the contaminating influences amongst which she found herself. One other taint, however, she did not escape—the contagion of small-pox, of which horrible malady this cynosure died at her father's prebendal house in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, on June 16, 1685, in the twenty-fifth year of her age.

'To her "Poems," now a rare book—a thin quarto, which appeared in 1686, shortly after her death—are prefixed Dryden's ode and the mezzotint by Becket, after her portrait of herself. Sir Peter Lely also painted her likeness.'

We quote the above from 'Cornish Worthies,' by Walter H. Tregellas (2 vols., 1884), vol. ii., pp. 188-195, from which we further learn that none of her paintings remain, but that her poems have survived. Mr. Tregellas, after noting the insinuation that her poems were by another hand, quotes the lady's reply, as follows:

UPON THE SAYING THAT MY VERSES WERE MADE BY ANOTHER.

Th' envious Age, only to Me alone,
Will not allow, what I do write, my Own,
But let 'em rage, and 'gainst a Maide Conspire,
So Deathless Numbers from my Tuneful Lyre
Do ever flow: so, Phebus, I by thee
Divinely Inspired and possest may be;
I willingly accept Cassandra's Fate,
To speak the truth, although believ'd too late.

The following lines, also, are far from commonplace:

AN ODE.

Arise, my Dove, from midst of Pots arise,
Thy sully'd Habitation leave,
To dust no longer cleave;
Unworthy they of Heaven that will not view the Skies.
Thy native Beauty reassume,
Prune each neglected Plume
Till, more than Silver white,
Than burnisht Gold more bright;
Thus ever ready stand to take thy Eternal Flight.

Mr. Tregellas also quotes an epitaph she wrote upon herself, as if she had a prescience that her poetry would survive her:

When I am Dead, few friends attend my Hearse;
And for a Monument I leave my Verse.

Epitaphs, indeed, seem to have had a charm for her, as if she had a foreboding of her early death; and the lines she wrote in praise of Mrs. Phillips may serve for a fair description of herself, and as a finish to these brief extracts from her compositions:

Orinda (Albion's and her sex's grace)
Owed not her glory to a beauteous face;
It was her radiant *soul* that shone within,
Which struck a lustre through her outward skin;
That did her lips and cheeks with roses dye,
Advanced her height, and sparkled in her eye.
Nor did her sex at all obstruct her fame,
But higher 'mong the stars it fixed her name;
What she did write. not only all allowed,
But every laurel to her laurel bowed.

HENRY KILLIGREW (1612—1700).

Rev. Henry Killigrew, a member of the ancient Cornish family of Killigrew, was born at Hanworth, February, 1612-13. He was Preceptor to James II.; Prebendary of Westminster, 1660; Rector of Wheathamsted, 1660-73; Master of the Savoy, 1667. He died 1699-1700. He was the father of Anne Killigrew, the subject of the previous sketch. The song which follows is from his tragedy of 'The Conspiracy,' (1638), which was produced at the Blackfriars with great applause, where it is introduced as sung in a dream to the rightful heir to the throne, who is kept from his inheritance. A second edition of this tragedy is entitled, 'Pallantus and Eudora,' published in 1653; also 'The Tyrant King of Crete: a Tragedy,' which was an altered version of 'The Conspiracy,' not published until 1722, and never acted in that form.

SONG.

While Morpheus thus does gently lay
His powerful charge upon each part,
Making the spirits e'en obey
The silver charms of his dull art;

I, the good angel, from thy side—
As smoke doth from the altar rise,
Making no noise as it doth glide—
Will leave thee in this soft surprise;

And from the clouds will fetch thee down
A holy vision, to express
Thy right unto a kingly crown;
No power can make this kingdom less.

But gently, gently, lest I bring
A start in sleep by sudden flight,
Playing aloof and hovering,
Till I am lost unto the sight.

This is a motion still and soft;
So free from noise and cry,
That Jove himself, who hears a thought,
Knows not when we pass by.

SIR WILLIAM KILLIGREW (1606—1695).

ANOTHER member of this celebrated Cornish family was William Killigrew, who was baptized at Hanworth May 28, 1606, and was buried at the Savoy, October 17, 1695, aged nearly ninety. When a Gentleman Commoner of Oxford he wrote some verses, which Henry Lawes thought good enough to set to music. He also wrote some plays; and when he left the University (where, in 1642, he took the degree of D.C.L.), he was forthwith welcomed at Court, and became a Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber, and afterwards Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Katherine. About 1661 he was made a baronet, probably on account of his loyal attachment to the late King, whose body-guard he often commanded. At York, when the Civil War broke out in 1642, he commanded a troop of cavalry composed of servants and retainers of the 1st troop of Life Guards, under Lord Bernard Stuart, and at Edgehill he was one of the foremost in Prince Rupert's fiery charge—a charge which at once began and had almost ended the battle.

Old Sir William kept up the Killigrew connection with the West Country by being, in his turn also, made Governor of Pendennis; but he is best known and remembered by two little books which he wrote very late in life, and especially by his 'Artless Midnight Thoughts,' written when he was eighty-two years old, and described by himself as the reflections 'of a gentleman at Court, who for many years built on sand, which every Blast of Cross Fortune has defaced; but now he has laid new Foundations on the Rock of his Salvation, which no Storms can shake; and will outlast the Conflagration of the World, when Time shall melt into Eternity.'

He wrote several plays, but of a different stamp to those produced by his younger brother Thomas.

Sir William Killigrew left one son and two daughters. *Vide* Tregellas's 'Cornish Worthies,' vol. ii., 1884.

RICHARD JOHN KING (1818—1879).

RICHARD JOHN KING, M.A., was a native of Plymouth, and represented one of the oldest families in Devonshire, and was at one time a landed proprietor. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. Richard King, of Bigadon, a pleasant country house situate near the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey of Buckfast. He was born in 1818, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1841. On succeeding to his patrimony, it was found to be heavily mortgaged; and at last everything had to be sold, including his library, one of the most magnificent private libraries in the kingdom. The sale of the books alone took three days, and many choice editions and rare folios changed hands. Mr. King then retired to his quiet little residence at the Limes, Crediton, where he lived

upwards of twenty years. Much of Mr. King's work was anonymous, and his name, therefore, is less known to the public than those of many authors of inferior note; but in literary and antiquarian circles he was well known as an authority of the highest character, especially on matters connected with the local history, customs, and folk-lore of the West of England. His knowledge of the county history of Devon in its minutest ramifications was alike extensive and profound, and, it may fairly be added, unequalled. He was a patient and careful worker, scrupulously accurate in all his citations, and gifted with a style of singular gracefulness and vigour. Retiring in his habits, but always kindly, and ready to help with his advice or assistance others engaged in like pursuits, Mr. King was no mere bookworm—no literary recluse; indeed, he always appeared to derive much enjoyment from the society of his friends; and the quiet, unostentatious manner in which he was accustomed to impart information from his well-stored mind on almost every subject, rendered him at all times a welcome and interesting companion. He took his part in the proceedings of learned associations, and engaged in discussions with a readiness and geniality that won for him universal friendship and esteem.

Mr. King published in 1842 'Selections from the Early Ballad Poetry of England and Scotland,' and from that date until his death was never really out of harness. Among his separately published and acknowledged works, may be mentioned also his 'Anschar, a Story of the North,' printed at Plymouth in 1850, and containing an account of the wanderings in Sweden of St. Anschar, the apostle of the North, when engaged on his mission of converting the hardy Norsemen to Christianity; 'The Forest of Dartmoor and its Borders,' in 1856, two essays in introduction to a large work on the history of Devon, which unfortunately was never carried further; his 'Handbooks to the Cathedrals of England and Wales,' published by Mr. Murray during the years 1864-8 in six volumes, and containing an elaborate description of those venerable buildings such as could only have been sketched by the pen of an accomplished archæologist and a practised and reverential student of ecclesiastical architecture; Murray's Handbooks to Kent and Sussex, Surrey and Hampshire, Yorkshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge and Essex, and Devon and Cornwall (the latter revised and partially re-written), and a volume of gathered papers published in 1874 under the title of 'Sketches and Studies, Descriptive and Historical,' and chiefly collected from Mr. King's contributions to current periodical literature in the *Quarterly*, *Fraser*, and other reviews and magazines. Few more charming bits of mingled history and gossip than his 'Travelling in England,' or the 'Great Shrines of England,' have been contributed to periodical literature in recent years. This list, however, by no means represents the extent of Mr. King's literary work, amidst which he found time to be a frequent, as he was a valued, contributor to *Notes and Queries*, the *Quarterly Review*, *Saturday Review*, and *Fraser's Magazine*, and to carry on an extensive private correspondence upon the subjects in which he felt so deep an interest.

Mr. King became a member of the Devonshire Association in 1874, and filled the office of President in 1875, when the association met at Torrington, and his address on that occasion was a learned and critical contribution to the early history of Devon, full of

suggestions for further investigation. At the same meeting he also read a paper on 'The Folk-Lore of Devon.' He contributed other papers, which may be found in the 'Transactions' for various years, and was the writer of many fugitive pieces of excellent verse.

Mr. King died at the Limes, Crediton, after a brief illness, on March 10, 1879. A handsome memorial window of stained glass has, through the exertions of the Rev. Prebendary Smith, been placed in the parish church at Crediton. Had Mr. King been a more ambitious man, he might have left a more brilliant name behind him; but his life was one of earnest, faithful labour in the noble cause to which he had devoted himself, and in that cause he has left a mark which will not soon be effaced, and amongst his literary friends, as well as others, none will be more sincerely mourned than Richard John King. ('Transactions, Devonshire Association,' vol. xi., 1879, page 58.)

THE FOREST OF THE DARTMOORS.

(RICHARD JOHN KING, IN VOL. LVI. OF 'FRASER'S MAGAZINE.')

The King rode down by Caddon ford,
And full five hundred strong rode he;
He saw the dark forest him before—
He thought it awsome for to see.

Song o' the Outlaw Murray.

The purple heather flowers are dark
In the hollow of the hill,
Though far along each rocky peak
The sunlight lingers still;
Dark hang the rushes o'er the stream—
There is no sound below, [stirred,
Save when the fern, by the night's wind
Waves gently to and fro.

Thou old wild forest! many a dream
Of far-off glamoury,
Of gentle knight and solemn sage,
Is resting still on thee.
Still float the mists across the fells
As when those barons bold,
Sir Tristram and Sir Percival,
Sped o'er the weary wold.

Still wave the grasses o'er the hills,
And still the streams below,
Under the wild boughs thick with moss,
Sing gladly as they go;
Still over all the lonely land
The mountain elves are dwelling,
And ofttimes notes from fairy horns
On the free winds are swelling.

Then through the glens of the folding hills,
And over the heath so brown,
King Arthur leads his belted knights
Homewards to Carlyoun;
A goodly band, with long bright spears
Upon their shoulders set,
And first of all that Flower of Kings
With his golden coronet.

And sometimes, by the clear hill streams,
A knight rides on alone;
He rideth ever beside the river,
Although the day be done;
For he looketh toward the western land
Where watcheth his ladye,
On the shore of the rocky Cornewayle,
In the castle by the sea.

And o'er the green paths of the moors,
When the burning sun is high,
Queen Guinevere comes forth in state
Beneath her canopy.
Her squires in robes of sendal bright
Bear up the silken shade,
And the ringing of their bridal reins
Fills all the forest glade.

And when the stars are few above,
And hills are dark below,
The fay, Morgana, sits alone
Beside the river's flow.
She sitteth alone beneath the boughs
That look on the waters clear,
And a low sweet song she singeth there—
The Lady of the Mere.

She telleth of glad, free wanderings
By haunted spring and wave,
And how, beneath a fairy thorn,
She dug old Merlin's grave;
All snowy white with blossomings
The knotted arms outspread,
All snowy white the blossoms fall
Upon his darksome bed.

Thou old wild forest! through thy glens
Once rang the hart's bell free,
The mountain wolf led forth her cubs
Beneath the dark pine-tree;
And where the broom and the birchen sprays
Hang o'er the sparkling rills,
The giant deer with branching horns
Passed upward to the hills.

And now thy rocks are silent all,
The kingly chase is o'er,
Yet none may take from thee, old land,
Thy memories of yore.
In many a green and solemn place
Girt with the wild hills round,
The shadow of the holy cross
Yet sleepeth on the ground.

In many a glen where the ash keys hang
All golden 'midst their leaves,
The knights' dark strength is rising yet,
Clad in its wild-flower wreaths.
And yet along the mountain-paths
Rides forth that stately band,
A vision of the dim old days—
A dream of fairyland.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819—1875).

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen and to the Prince of Wales, Canon of Westminster, and Rector of Eversley, was the son of the late Rev. C. Kingsley, who some years after the birth of his distinguished son became Rector of Chelsea, a fact of which the fruits are seen in the novel, 'The Hillyars and the Burtons,' by his brother, the late Henry Kingsley. The future Canon was, however, born at Holne, on the borders of Dartmoor, in 1819, during a temporary occupation of Holne by his father, in a house which no longer exists, but which stood on the site of the present vicarage. A finer or more picturesque site—on the edge of a wooded ravine, with the Dart winding below, and gray tors rising steeply on the farther bank—can hardly be found even in Devonshire.

Down in the hollow, and separated by the line of hills on which we stand from Holne Chase and the Dart, is the little village of Holne, behind which rises the great shoulder of Holne Ridge, a vast reservoir of peaty water. Still further west the moor stretches line beyond line, the bleak and desolate land whence the Plym and the Erme, with a number of smaller streams, draw their impetuous waters. The little church of Holne contains a curious screen, and is worth visiting, albeit a plain structure externally. The village has higher claims on the devout pilgrim as the birthplace of Charles Kingsley, a worthy of Devon whose association with the county has yet to be considered by the future historian.

No more fitting cradle for the author of 'Westward Ho!' and the 'Prose Idylls' could be conceived. Almost within hearing of the Dart, with the music of many trout streams near, with the wild waste and impressive circle of the moor, with the forces of Nature, vast, elemental and profound, ever at work about him, it could not but be that the beauty and significance of the scene should pass into his verse and animate his spirit. The place is in a sense haunted by him, and is full of suggestion to all who know his work. Lingering on the great purple stretch of moor that overlooks the nestling village, even to the far

wavering line of the glistening sea, where the Teign gains its haven, it is easier to realize his passionate enthusiasm for Nature, and that he has left us something more than:

> 'This calm and quiet scene;
> The memory of what has been,
> And never more will be.'*

But the earlier years of Charles Kingsley were not spent at Holne, and it was not from the scenery of Dartmoor that he derived his first impressions of natural grandeur and beauty. His father became Vicar of Clovelly, on the north coast of Devon, soon after 1819; and it was during a boyhood and youth passed amidst all the influences of the wildest seas and the noblest rock scenery on the English coast, and in close and familiar contact with the fishermen and country folk, whose quaint, old-fashioned character he could so well appreciate, that Charles Kingsley imbibed the passionate love for Devon-

* J. A. Blaikie in the *Magazine of Art.*

shire and its scenery, its climate and its people, which constantly breathes out in his novels and essays. He came of a Cheshire family of great antiquity and of noteworthy history. In 1833 Charles Kingsley became a pupil of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, at that time master of the Grammar School at Helston, in Cornwall. He was also for a short time, with his brother Henry, resident with the Rev. Thomas Drosier, Vicar of Colebrook, near Crediton (hence the many references to Crediton in Henry Kingsley's stories); and an old woman in the parish remembers them as 'two of the blessedest boys that ever was.' He afterwards became a student at King's College, London, and from thence went to Magdalen College, Cambridge. Here he distinguished himself in boating and other athletic exercises, besides winning a scholarship, carrying off more than one of the important prizes, and coming out at last in the first class of the Classical, and in the second of the Mathematical Tripos. On first leaving Cambridge, Kingsley studied for the bar, but afterwards devoted himself to the service of the Church, becoming curate of Eversley in Hampshire.

Here he afterwards became rector. In his thirtieth year, 1848, he produced his 'Saint's Tragedy,' a dramatic setting of the story of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, which, although it has gone through several editions, has not received the attention it unquestionably merits. Later on in life he published some other volumes of verse, a tragedy, and some lyrics; and though he failed to attain the very highest place, he will always take high rank amongst poets of the second order, his efforts in that direction evidencing a very high appreciation of the highest forms of poetry. In 1847 and 1848 he came to the front in the Christian Socialist movement led by Mr. Maurice, and did a vast amount of good for the working classes, notably for the London tailors. His novel 'Alton Locke' (1852) was the outcome of this crusade, and was a remarkable success. After the publication of his first novel, Mr. Kingsley entered more fully into literary labours. In 1852 he produced 'Phaeton; or, Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers'; this was closely followed in 1853 by 'Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face,' a work which was subjected to a vast amount of criticism. In 1854 he published a volume of lectures on 'Alexandria and her Schools.' But the most popular and successful of all Kingsley's works are unquestionably 'Westward Ho!' (3 vols., 1855) and 'Two Years Ago' (3 vols., 1857), the former published in 1855, the latter in 1857. There has seldom been a fresher, more exciting, or more delightful novel than the story of Sir Amyas Leigh; and it is no small testimony to its merits that boys delight in it more than anything else which its author produced. Other works of Kingsley were, 'The Water Babies' (1863), 'The Roman and the Teuton' (1864); 'Hereward, the Wake, the Last of the English' (1866), 'The Hermits' (1867), 'How and Why?' (1869); 'At Last' (2 vols., 1871), and various volumes of sermons.

He was appointed Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge in 1860, Canon of Chester in 1869, and Canon of Westminster a few months before his death, which took place on January 23, 1875.

Mr. Kingsley was a great lover of Nature, and became a Fellow of the Linnæan, as well

as of the Geological Society. He was elected President of the Devonshire Association in 1871, vice-president the following year, and an honorary member in 1874.

Much might be said of Charles Kingsley's character and attainments, of the energetic way in which he championed the cause of the 'sweated' tailors of East London, of the 'muscular Christianity' which he so actively demonstrated, of his charming descriptions of natural scenery, his fierce denunciations of Romish and Spanish aggression; of his high-souled chivalry and loyalty to his country, of his home-life amongst his pets at Eversley, and of his declining days. All these traits of his character and incidents of his career will be found in the delightful volumes comprising his 'Life and Letters,' issued by his widow not long after his death. Charles Kingsley was one of the few men one would have liked to know, and those who did know him fully appreciated his friendship. We append two selections from his published works.

DARTSIDE.

I cannot tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, rosy rocks,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, brown streams,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that in you, too, a spirit doth live,
And a word doth speak this day.

Oh, green is the colour of faith and truth,
And rose the colour of love and youth,
And brown of the fruitful clay.
Sweet earth is faithful, and faithful and young,
And her bridal day shall come erelong,
And you shall know what the rocks and the streams
And the whispering woodlands say.'

SONG FROM 'THE WATER BABIES.'

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.

JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A. (1804—1854).

This remarkable man was born, in very humble circumstances, at Plymouth in 1804. His early life was spent amidst scenes of the greatest misery and degradation. Kitto was

chiefly indebted to his grandmother for his bringing up, as she proved quite a mother to the child. His school-life was brief, uncertain, and frequently interrupted; but the boy early evinced an aptitude for study, and eagerly read all the books to which he could obtain access. He was at first apprenticed to a barber, then we find him assisting his father in his work as a mason. This latter fact it was that turned the whole course of his career. For in 1817 he fell from a roof, and was very much injured, and although he recovered in other respects, he never regained his hearing. He makes pathetic reference to this in his book, 'The Lost Senses.'

In 1818 his grandmother died, and in the following year he was admitted into the Plymouth workhouse. Here the governor, Mr. Roberts, and his successor, Mr. Burnard,

befriended him, and put opportunities in his way of gaining knowledge, of which he fully availed himself. In 1823 he left the workhouse, and obtained employment at the Plymouth Library, where he was able to prosecute his studies. He then went to Exeter as assistant to a dentist, and from thence removed to London, as a printer in connection with the Church Missionary Society. This was in 1825. In 1827 he was sent to Malta, in connection with the Society, for the dissemination of tracts in various languages. Afterwards he went to Russia, Turkey and Egypt, and returned to England in 1833. We next find him acting in conjunction with Mr. Charles Knight, the well-known publisher of cheap serials. In this way he assisted in compiling the *Penny Magazine*, the *Penny Cyclo-*

pædia, etc. From that time he was indefatigable in his literary labours, and produced many Biblical works of great excellence, for a full account of which we must refer our readers to the published biographies. John Kitto, shoemaker, pauper, etc., had then become John Kitto, Doctor of Divinity and Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, besides member of several foreign societies. He paid other visits to the East, and the result of his notes and observations may be discovered in the numerous works bearing his name, a list of which would occupy too much space for our present purpose.

Failing health necessitated his giving up work, and a fund was raised to comfort him in his declining days. He went to Germany, and died at Cannstadt on the Neckar, November 25, 1854, and was buried there. A handsome monument was erected in the Cannstadt cemetery by his friend and publisher, Mr. Oliphant, who published a very full and accurate biography, written by Dr. John Eadie. The only memorial to Kitto in his native town of Plymouth is a tablet affixed to a stone on the site of the place of his birth, Seven Stars Lane. His son, the Rev. J. F. Kitto, is at present Vicar of St. Martin in the Fields, London.

Dr. Kitto was not a large contributor to the poetry of his day, but the few pieces he has left behind him bear ample testimony to the fact that he had a talent in that direction. The following piece will, we think, prove our case.

ALTERNATIVE.

Were all the beams that ever shone,
From all the stars of day and night,
Collected in one single cone,
Unutterably bright!
I'd give them for one glance of heaven
Which might but hint of sin forgiven.

Could all the voices and glad sounds
Which have *not* fallen on my sense,
Be rendered up in one hour's bounds—
A gift immense!
I'd for one whisper to my heart
Give all the joy this might impart.

If the great deep now offered all
The treasures in her bosom stored,
And at my feet I could now call
That mighty hoard!
I'd spurn it utterly for some
Small treasure in the world to come.

If the sweet scents of every flower—
Each one of which cheers more than wine—
One plant could from its petals pour,
And that were mine!
I would give up that glorious prize
For one faint breath from Paradise.

Were all the pleasures I have known,
'So far, so very far between,'
Into one great sensation thrown—
Not then all mean—
I'd give it freely for one smile
From Him who died for me erewhile.

THOMAS H. KNIGHT.

This young writer may be classed as one of the minor living Cornish poets. He was born at Lostwithiel in 1863, and educated at the Grammar School in that town up to 1877,

since which time he has been engaged in clerical work. He is now an officer in Her Majesty's Customs at Goole in Yorkshire. Between the years 1881 and 1886 many of Mr. Knight's pieces appeared in *Young England* (in connection with which paper he has won twelve prizes and twenty certificates), the *Weekly Dispatch*, *Cornish Times*, *West Briton*, *West of England Magazine*, *Church in the West*, etc. His pieces have not been collected, and the following are from MS. copies furnished by Mr. Knight himself.

A BALLAD OF DEVON.

My song is of Devon, the cradle of free men,
The shire of the meadow, the mountain, the moor,
The home of that race of invincible seamen
That harried the Spaniard on Mexico's shore.
Oh, wild are her uplands when rough winter seizes
The life of the land, and the storm sobs and wails;
But soft as the south is the breath of her breezes
When summer is young in her green-bosomed vales.

When Britain was won by the sword of a Roman
The tribes of the West made a valorous stand;
The golden-haired Saxon found many a foeman
To dare him to death for the love of his land.
When William the Norman came down with his hirelings,
The men of the shire rose on moor and hillside,
They scorned to be slaves of his barons and squirelings,
And yielding not scatheless they bled and they died.

When Edward bore down with his fleet on the Frenchmen,
And strong at his summons, and swift at his call,
Came mariners hardy and stout-hearted henchmen,
And Sluys saw the doom of the navy of Gaul;
The sea-dogs of Devon, in battle delighting,
Swept forth to the battle so nobly begun,
And cunning in counsel, and foremost in fighting,
Gained glory galore when tall Calais was won.

When Philip of Spain, in his vanity dreaming,
Saw England his province, her people his slaves;
And poured from his harbours, with war-pennons streaming,
The bravest array that e'er burdened the waves.
From Plymouth's wide haven sailed Hawkins and Raleigh,
And Drake at the head of their lion-like men,
And thrashed the false dons from the Lizard to Calais,
And sent them back beaten to Philip again.

When England pushed in to the van of the nations,
And flaunted her flag to the southernly breeze,
And circled the world in her bold explorations,
And challenged proud Spain for the rule of the seas;
The men of the West gripped their war-steel and banded,
And proved they were worthily lords of the main;
When the little *Revenge*, Devon-manned, single-handed
Held at bay all the pride of the navy of Spain.

Not alone in the rage and the roar and the rattle
Of war have Devonians won victory's crown,
But in every life-walk, and in every life-battle,
Have won for their country undying renown;
In the soul-stirring story of England's progression
Are written the glorious works they have wrought,
Such works as have stamped their enduring impression
On all that is manly of labour and thought.
While the stag over Exmoor roams freely and proudly,
While the red-speckled trout haunts the pools of the Dart,
While the tors changeless stand where the moor-fowl scream loudly,
The fame of fair Devon shall never depart;
As the years float along so her glory-roll gathers
And grows as a river that oceanward runs,
For the spirit which prompted the deeds of the fathers
Glows bright as of old in the breasts of the sons.

FREDERICK DE KRUGER (1798—).

This writer was born at Bodmin in 1798. He was the son of Mr. Kruger, a German prisoner, who resided at Bodmin on parole, and married Miss Barnett. During the period between 1817 and 1828, Frederick Kruger was at sea in the merchant service; was three times shipwrecked, and was eventually drowned at sea. He wrote 'The Pirate, and other Poems,' which was printed at Bodmin, and published in London, 1829. It was dedicated to Vice-Admiral Sir C. Penrose, K.C.B., of Ethy House, Cornwall. We have been unable to glean any further particulars.

PITY'S TEAR.

Why trembles a tear in thine azure blue eye?
Why responsively bursts from thy bosom a sigh?
Love's roseate hours fly joyous and lightly;
What cheek is more blooming, what eye shines more brightly
Than thine? Why then harbour a sigh or a tear?
Come, the dancers await us, the ball-room is near.

Far, far from my heart be so idle a thought,
As to smile in an hour with humility fraught.
See yon weather-drenched wanderer imploring relief,
Hear his accent of woe, mark his visage of grief;
The pitiless winds, and the chill winter's cold,
Have beat on that head, though so palsied and old.

Oh! first let me joy to the wretched impart,
Pour charity's balm on the wounds of the heart;
Then will feelings be mine of more heaven-born pleasure,
Than flow from the gayest and liveliest measure;
And as free and light-hearted as dances the fay
Of the meadow by moonlight we'll trip it away.

REV. W. S. LACH-SZYRMA.

THE Rev. Wladislaw Somerville Lach-Szyrma, the subject of the present sketch, was born at Devonport, December 25, 1841. His father, Colonel Krystyn Lach-Szyrma, was born at Wojnasen, in East Prussia, and was originally intended for the Lutheran ministry; but after a successful career at the University of Königsberg, he devoted himself to literary and scientific pursuits. After the Polish Insurrection of 1830, he came to England, and married Sarah Frances Somerville, of Devonport, the youngest daughter of Captain Philip Somerville, R.N. Our author went to school at Plymouth, and in 1859 matriculated at Brazenose College, Oxford, where he passed the final classical examination for his degree in 1861, at the age of nineteen. He continued at Oxford for some time, taking second class in honours in the Law and History school. Mr. Lach-Szyrma was ordained by Bishop Hamilton, of Salisbury, and entered his first curacy, that of St. Ives, Cornwall, in 1865, where he remained until 1868. He afterwards was curate at Lydford and had charge of Princetown and part of Dartmoor. From January, 1869, to February, 1870, he was curate of St. Paul's, Truro, and was then appointed Vicar of Carnmenellis. Whilst here he was appointed successor to the Rev. Archer Gurney in the chaplaincy of the Court Church in Paris. He was tutor and librarian at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and was also, for a short time, curate of St. Faith's, Stoke Newington. Early in 1874 he was appointed to the living of St. Peter, Newlyn, near Penzance, by Bishop Temple, and he is now Vicar of Barkingside, near London. Mr. Lach-Szyrma is a powerful preacher and

an ardent friend of the Mount's Bay fishermen, for whom his services are always willingly rendered. He was the prime mover in the formation of the Mount's Bay Fishing-boats Mutual Insurance Club; he also organized a Fisheries Exhibition at Penzance, and was chairman of the Newlyn Harbour Commissioners. Besides all this, he is an ardent and scholarly antiquary, a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and a member of many other learned societies, as well as a contributor to numerous antiquarian and other journals. He is always prominent in connection with the meetings of the Penzance Natural History and Antiquarian Society, of which he was president in 1884-85. He took a leading part in connection with the Armada Tercentenary Celebration of 1888, and preached a powerful sermon at St. Andrew's, Plymouth, on the occasion, which has been published. Mr. Lach-Szyrma was one of the preachers at St. Columba's, Haggerston, on the Faiths of Christendom last winter. As a literary worker, Mr. Lach-Szyrma is widely known and deservedly respected. One of his most important works was 'A Short History of Penzance' (1878). 'Aleriel; or, a Voyage to Other Worlds' (1883), has passed through two editions. Another important work is 'The Church History of Cornwall' (1891). His latest work is a story 'Under other Conditions' (1892). His poetical works are not numerous, and are comprised in a small volume published in 1860, entitled 'Heroes of the Day: Franklin and Garibaldi.' This work contains several short poems and translations. The first poem was among the contributions that competed for the Franklin prize offered by the University of Oxford, and possesses considerable merit. The second, 'Garibaldi,' is written in a lighter and more cheerful strain, exalting the great military hero of the day, the metre adopted being that of Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' The last poem (quoted below) is a lyric founded on the belief in ministering spirits, which has received the tacit approval of the Western Churches of Christendom. It is a beautifully poetical doctrine.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

I.

When comes the sombre night around
  In solemn eventide,
And Luna girds her silver robe,
  The midnight's regal bride;
When o'er the heaven's sable vault
  Its twinkling flowerets shine,
And argent floods clad purple streams,
  With beauty e'en divine;
Come, spirits, from your far-off home
  On airy waving wings,
Until the silence of the night
  With luscious music rings.
Guardian angels! vigils keeping,
  Watch while we are softly sleeping.

II.

When 'neath the cross of suffering
  Earth's weary pilgrim bows,
Whisper of hope, sweet comfort still,
  The hope which love endows.
When the idol of the crowd
  Burns in ambition's lust,
Guide him, help him, in his trial,
  Tell him 'man is dust.'
Good and evil all must pass;
  All is for a season:
Wealth must vanish, strength must fade,
  Yea, e'en life and reason.

III.

Speak with us when we are lonely,
And have ye around us only ;
When we walk through Nature's silence,
Let us feel your loving guidance.
Where the music of the waters
Murmurs o'er the pebbly shore,
And the skylarks, sweetly warbling,
In the azure heavens soar ;
Where the meadows, gemm'd with flowers,
Glisten in the morning's light,
And the mountains, crowned with granite,
Rest in all their ancient might ;
Where the deep blue ocean stretches
On to heaven's vast expanse,
Furrowed by the silver foam-crests,
That o'er gilded surges dance ;
When the orient sun uprises,
High from his bright golden throne,
O'er encrimson'd towers of cloud,
On his gorgeous path alone ;
Make us think of God above,
And see Him in those works of love.

IV.

When Death around us waves his wings,
And the last knell of parting rings,
While we bow o'er loved one's bier,
Wipe away the bitter tear.
Come, sit near when life's fire dims,
And its strength doth wane ;
When the pilgrim ends his course
With parting throe of pain ;
When his eye sees better things,
As his heart beats its last hour
With the parting of the soul,
And the end of mortal power.

V.

Sit ye near that cold, damp grave,
Floating there o'er ether's wave,
Sing ye then triumphant hymns,
As ye his chaplets weave ;
Till ye end that deathless crown—
Mark of heav'nly saints' renown—
That lustre never shall leave,
For the soul that sleeps beneath,
Waiting th' amaranthine wreath,
Guardian angels, vigils keeping,
Watch as he is gently sleeping.

JOHN LANDER (1807—1839).

JOHN LANDER, in conjunction with his more celebrated brother Richard, successfully traced the course of the river Niger to its termination, a problem which, until then, had baffled geographers for centuries. He was born at Truro, in Cornwall, in 1807, and was by trade a printer. His African journal was incorporated with that of his brother in the narrative of the expedition, published in 1832. Viscount Goderich, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, procured for Lander a tide-waiter's place in the Custom House. He died in London, November 16, 1839, at the early age of thirty-three, of a malady originally contracted in Africa.

His widow published, in 1870, a little volume of poems written by him, as she says, 'for his amusement in his leisure hours, never supposing that they would come before the public.' One of these poems was 'Farewell to Truro, my Native Town, written on the eve of my departure for the interior of Africa, December 25, 1829.' Another piece is entitled 'Lines Suggested on Re-visiting the Banks of the Fal, near Truro, in the Spring

of 1834.' Mr. Lander's happiest efforts were those in which he described some of the spots in his beloved county. 'Lanherne and Mawgan, in Cornwall,' is one of these. It is too long for quotation. We choose a short poem as a specimen of his style, although it is not one of his best.

CORNWALL.

There is on Cornwall's sea-girt shore
  Much of the beautiful and wild,
High crags and mountains toppling o'er
  The gulfs where suns have seldom smiled.

And caverns whose unheard-of deep
  Man's curious eye has never seen,
Where storm and tempest still may keep
  Their vigils with the ocean's din.

And lofty pinnacles of rock
  There stretch toward the highest heaven,
And seem the altitude to mock
  With height and pride by storm unriven.

And there are many lovely strands,
  O'er which a gentle ocean waves,
That kissed the foot of other lands
  And swept o'er nations in their graves.

A thousand spots where fancy broods
  As o'er the thrilling of a dream;
A thousand more where storms and floods
  But simple careless play might seem.

And Cornwall! there is naught so fair
  Or beautiful on earth beside,
As thy sweet hills and valleys are,
  Where peace and plenty still preside.

Thy blessed shades of holy love,
  Where our forefathers' temples stand,
Whose spires point up to heaven above,
  Whose doors receive the pious band.

LORD LANSDOWNE (GEORGE GRANVILLE) (1667—1735).

George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne of Bideford, though not a native of Devonshire, as he was born abroad, must be enrolled among our literary worthies, having been the representative of an old and well-known Devonshire family, and the grandson of the Paladin of Devon, Sir Bevil Granville. He began his poetic career at a very early age, having in his tenth year published some verses at Cambridge on the marriage of the Prince of Orange, and in his twelfth recited his verses to the Princess d'Este. For several years he devoted himself to literary pursuits, the fruits of which appeared in his published plays and poems, which were very numerous, but have now passed into oblivion. Pope called him 'Granville the Polite.' Later in life he made himself busy in politics, ingratiated himself with the Court, and was one of the twelve peers created in one day by Queen Anne for political purposes, which caused so much historical scandal. A contemporary historian, however, said, in reference to the transaction, that although such a prostitution of the royal prerogative was unprecedented, 'yet the promotion of Granville was justly remarked to be not invidious, because his personal merit was very conspicuous, and he was the heir of a family in which two peerages—that of the Earl of Bath and Lord Granville of Potheridge—had lately become extinct.'

In 1715 he fell under suspicion of plotting against the Government, and was confined in the Tower, in the same room in which Walpole had been a prisoner, and there he emulated Ralegh by writing on the window under Walpole's name:

'Good unexpiated, Evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene;
Some raised aloft, some tumble down amain,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.'

In 1732 he published a beautiful and splendid edition of his works, which went to a second edition in 1736. His verses have also appeared in most collections of poets since, and his life has been frequently written, and is among Johnson's collection. The general character of his poetry is elegance and sprightliness, and it was greatly praised by his contemporaries. Probably his rank produced him more incense than the force of genius. Dryden said of him:

'Auspicious poet! wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy what I must commend?
But since 'tis Nature's law, in love and wit,
That youth should reign, and withering age submit,
With less regret these laurels I resign,
Which dying on my brow, revive on thine.'

VERSES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF, BY LORD LANSDOWNE, WHEN HE PRESENTED HIS WORKS TO THE QUEEN, 1732.

A Muse expiring,* who with earliest voice,
Made kings and queens, and beauty's charms her choice,
Now on her death-bed, the last homage pays,
O, Queen, to thee; accept her dying lays.
So at th' approach of death the cygnet tries
To warble one note more, and singing dies.
Hail, mighty Queen! whose powerful smiles alone
Command obedience, and secure the throne.
Contending parties, and plebeian sage,
Had puzzled loyalty for half an age:
Conqu'ring our hearts, you end the long dispute;
All who have eyes confess you absolute.
To Tory doctrines even Whigs resign,
And in your person own the right divine.
Thus sung the Muse, in her last moments fir'd
With CAROLINA'S praise, and then expir'd.

JOHN LASH LATEY.

MR. CHANTER, in speaking of the literary celebrities of Barnstaple, says:

'In 1830, a Mr. Latey, a bread baker, lived here; and on his death, his son, John Lash Latey, who had been brought up as a printer, came here to carry on the business,

* His lordship died January 30, 1735.

and resided here some years. He was a man of considerable literary taste and ability. He had previously, whilst at Tiverton, printed and published "The Earthquake, and other Poems," and during his residence here he contributed a series of interesting articles, written in the Devonshire dialect, signed "Roger Clodpole," and other contributions, both prose and verse, to the *North Devon Journal.*'*

He also wrote 'The Ballot, a Letter to the Rev. Sydney Smith' (1839); and 'The Pattern Book of Letters for Working People' (1840).

ALEXANDER LAUDER.

THIS gentleman, a resident for many years at Barnstaple, published in 1870 a poetical work entitled 'Iphigene,' of a sacred character, having merits of a high order. Later, in 1889, he published another small volume with the title, 'The Leper of Chorazin.' This was printed at Barnstaple. We have been unable to discover if Mr. Lauder is a native of Devonshire or not. We give a brief extract from his 'Iphigene.'

FROM 'IPHIGENE.'

Bashan's primeval forests rest,
By noontide lassitude oppressed,
Sighing, like sleepers in their sleep,
As fitful zephyrs o'er them sweep:
Hushed the grand symphonious swell,
By giant oaks expressible.
The basking panther, in her lair,
Purrs in the warm ambrosial air;
The shy gazelles now seek the shade
And pasture in the sylvan glade;
Bashan's wild oxen, sweating, lave
In Jabbock's cool, yet waning wave.
The hoary walls of Tob outvie
The clouds that fleck the azure sky;
Grim fastness of the chief, whose name
Thrills Ammon warriors with shame.
Fit eyrie for a man of prey!
Great porphyry boulders guard the way;
Vast rocks, as if in combat hurled
By giants of the early world.
Here and there an opening glen
Rings with the laugh of armèd men;
Retainers met in boisterous sport,
Apt courtiers of so grim a court.
As storm-clouds rush to Lebanon,
  His battlemented cliffs, the tower
To which the scattered tempests run,
  Assembled there regain their power;
So these the routed wreck of war,
Muster round Jephthah from afar;
Retrieve their strength, as they obey
His lofty will and mighty sway.

Now the ivy and hyssop fall,
Festooning every battered wall
Of the stern stronghold, gray with age,
Defiant still of tempest's rage.

* Chanter's 'Sketches of the Literary History of Barnstaple.'

HENRY LEE (1765—1836).

Mr. Chanter, in his 'Literary History of Barnstaple,' states that 'In 1809, and for many years subsequently, Mr. Henry Lee was the proprietor and manager of the Barnstaple Theatre. He was a man of very considerable literary attainments, apart from his reputation as an actor. Many of his literary productions were printed and published in Barnstaple by Mr. Syle. In 1809 he published here his celebrated operatic farce, 'Caleb Quotem; or, Paint, Poetry, and Putty.' It was written in 1789, and brought out at the Haymarket Theatre, London, July 6, 1798, under the title of 'Throw Physic to the Dogs.'

I'm parish clerk and sexton here,
My name is Caleb Quotem;
I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer—
In short, I am factotum.

The characters in this piece were plagiarized by Colman, the dramatist, and brought out at the Haymarket in 1800 under the name of 'The Review; or, the Wags of Windsor,' which is still a stock piece on the stage. This plagiarism gave rise to considerable literary discussion, which Mr. Lee sets out in the edition of his farce printed at Barnstaple, and which has the punning motto, 'See how he steals.'

Mr. Lee subsequently published here 'The Manager: a Melodramatic Tale' (1822); 'Echoism: a Poem'; 'Canting: Poetic Impressions'; 'Dash: a Tale in Verse' (1817), and 'An Address to the Friends of National Improvement.' But he is chiefly connected with our literary history by having edited and published a work called 'Gay's Chair' (1820), which contained a life of Gay, drawn up by his nephew, Mr. Baller, from family and private MSS., and a number of poems of Gay's, never before printed.

The volume contained, in addition to the pieces attributed to Gay, several poems of Mr. Lee's own writing. Nearly all Mr. Lee's family made the stage their profession, and were well known both on the provincial and London boards.

He died at Long Acre, London, 1836.

JOHN LEEKEY (1809—1865).

This writer was a native of Milverton, Somerset, where he was born in 1809. He resided for many years at Oaklands, Sidmouth, Devon, and died there in 1865, aged fifty-six. He appears to have been a man of independent means, for he had no profession or occupation. He published two volumes of verse, viz., 'Poems and Tales of Travel,' printed at Taunton, 1856. This contains some lengthy poems and a number of sonnets, and is em-

bellished with a photographic portrait of the author. His second work was 'The Heart of Man, and other Poems,' printed at Sidmouth in 1859. In it the author describes the seasons and the varied lights and shadows of the heart (or life) of man, and the poem is couched in vigorous language.

We give one of his shorter poems :

HOPE; OR, SIMILES.

The rose that bent lowly,
And wept with the shower
Of raindrops that rudely
Did buffet the flower,
Now gracefully raises
Its beauteous form,
That Nature so kindly
Refresh'd with the storm.

Choice odours are blending,
And morning's beguiled
With sweetness exhaling
From summer's fair child,
That with smiles amid tears
Each leaf doth adorn,
As it hails with delight
The beams of the morn.

As the beautiful rose
Is bent low by the frost—
As the barque on the sea's
White billow is tost—
So, man's halcyon days,
When their dawning is bright,
Are but fleeting and short,
Like the waning moon's light.

As the dewdrop of May
Refreshes the morn,
And the April shower falls
On valleys of corn;
As the singing birds hail
Aurora's bright ray,
And the primrose receives
The joy of the day;

As over the mountain
The roe-deer is light,
As in the tall fountain
The iris is bright,
When playing in sunbeams
Adown the green dell,
Which form in it day-gleams
Of orient spell ;

As the mother beholdeth
Her child amid flowers,
To glad him with plucking
From eglantine bowers ;
And the smiles of delight
Bedimple her mouth,
And heaven-born zephyrs
Are sweet from the south ;

As the sun in the east
Each day doth arise—
As the comet remembers
Its path in the skies—
As the billow and wave
Kiss the gems of the shore,
And dance to the music
Of ocean's wild roar ;

As the bloom on the fruit
And the blush on the rose,
As the breath of the morn
When fresh from repose,
Are the bright rays of hope
That gleam in man's breast,
And glad the believer
When journeying to rest

REV. CHARLES VALENTINE LE GRICE, M.A. (1773—1858).

This able and versatile writer, although not a native of Cornwall, was for many years incumbent of St. Mary's, Penzance (1806-31). He was born at Bury St. Edmund's, February 14, 1773, and died at Trereife, Penzance, December 24, 1858, and was buried at Madron. He was descended from an old Norfolk family, and was a personal friend of Coleridge and Lamb. At Christ's Hospital he was for nine years class-fellow of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and was even more friendly with Lamb, finding a home during the holidays with Lamb's family. Leigh Hunt also another intimate friend. He went to Cambridge, where he entered Trinity College, and took his B.A. degree in 1796, M.A. 1805. Shortly after taking his degree, he went to Cornwall, as tutor to William John Godolphin Nicholls, of Trereife, near Penzance. In 1798 he was ordained, and in the following year married his pupil's mother. Young Nicholls died in 1815, and Le Grice came into the family property. For some years he gratuitously undertook the duties at St. Mary's Church, Penzance, and was appointed incumbent in 1806, retaining it—his sole preferment in the Church—until June, 1831.

Le Grice was a voluminous writer, and was equally at home in verse as in prose. The list of his writings fills several pages of the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis,' and they cover a wide field of literature. Imitations of classical writers, sonnets, songs, lyrics, and occasional pieces were thrown off by him in great numbers, but they do not appear to have been collected. He published 'The Tineum,' 1794, and 'Daphnis and Chloe,' a pastoral novel, 1803.

JOHN LOCK.

This man was a wool-comber of South Molton, Devon, and issued, in 1860, an original poem entitled 'A Love Scene in North Devon, on the Banks of the River Mole.' A second edition was printed in 1881.

SIR WILLIAM LOWER (1600—1662).

This writer was born at Tremeere, Cornwall, *circa* 1600. He wrote numerous plays, but, with the exception of a few good lines in 'The Phœnix in her Flames,' 1639, most of his verse is very commonplace, and his translations, without being even laborious, are dull. Dr. Lower described him to Wood as 'an ill poet, and a worse man.' He was in the Royalist Army during the time of the Civil War, and was knighted for his services to the King in 1645. His only connection with Cornwall seems to have been the accident of birth. He was knighted on March 27, 1645, and died in London in 1662.

This Portrait is inserted by kind permission of the Proprietors of 'The Young Woman.

H. D. LOWRY.

Mr. H. D. Lowry is the son of Mr. T. S. Lowry, and was born at Truro, February 22, 1869. He lived most of his life at Camborne, and was educated, first at Mr. C. L. Ford's, Camborne, then at Queen's College, Taunton, subsequently (in 1891) taking his B.A. degree in the Honours School of Chemistry at Oxford. When quite a lad, he dabbled in verse-writing and sketches, and this taste has developed until he has become one of the leading writers on Cornish matters. In the year 1891 he began to contribute to the *National Observer* (then edited by Mr. William Ernest Henley) the short stories which were afterwards collected and constituted the volume, 'Wreckers and Methodists' (London: Heinemann), 1893, or 'Prisoners of the Earth' (New York: Dodd, Mead), as it was termed in America. Early in 1895 another collection of stories, entitled 'Women's Tragedies,' appeared in Mr. John Lane's 'Keynotes' series. Several of his striking and dramatic Cornish stories have appeared in *Chambers' Journal*, and he is now a frequent contributor to the *Speaker*, *Black and White*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and other London journals. He is now on the staff of *Black and White* and the *Ludgate*. He seems to have a strong affection for Cornish miners and fishermen, and his works display great insight into the details of their lives and labours. His style is terse and attractive, and his inventive powers seem in no way lessened by his considerable output of stories, sketches,

serious articles, and flippant poetry. Whether he deals with Cornish cream, Cornish seas, revival meetings, the old smuggling days, or the quaint side aspects of Cornish character, he is always entertaining and frequently instructive. It may be further mentioned that Mr. Lowry is the great-grandson of the Rev. Thomas Martin, by his father's side. This Thomas Martin occupies a conspicuous place in the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis.'

Mr. Lowry, like his co-worker in fiction (Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch), is not enamoured of City life, and takes frequent runs down into Cornwall to peer into the secluded nooks and crannies, to enjoy a lazy stretch on purple heather or creamy strand, or to lend an attentive ear to the yarns of the 'characters' who have not been corrupted by the advent of the railway, but retain their superstitions and ancient lore as did their forefathers. He can talk dialect as if he had never learnt the English language. Considering his youth and present attainments, he is one of the few rising young Cornishmen who give promise of making their mark in literature, and one who will help us to realize the tragedy and comedy which we, sometimes mistakenly, consider commonplace, merely because we have not the advantage of looking through Mr. Lowry's spectacles. The following short pieces will illustrate his practical style.

APRIL NIGHT.

All the town is sleeping
  Underneath the hill;
Only I am keeping
  Restless vigil still.

Through the day I've waited,
  Still I watch at night:
Who can tell the fated
  Hour of love-delight?

All the world is sleeping,
  Fain would I sleep too;
But my heart wakes, keeping
  Vigil here for you.

Another of his charming short poems is:

THE FALLING ROSE.

'Tis good to watch the yellow lights
  Come out across the bay;
And well the music of your voice
  Closes a perfect day.

Only . . . the sunset seemed a rose
  Full-blown, whose leaves were falling;
And, while I listen to your voice,
  I hear the old sea calling.

R. LUCK.

Robert Luck, who published 'A Miscellany of New Poems' in 1736, was master of Barnstaple School, and has probably attained more fame from the fact that he tutored John Gay than for his own poetic achievements. It is not known whether he was a native of the town, but it is certain that he resided there during many years of his life, and died there. He appears to have been a ripe scholar; to have possessed considerable talent

and classical attainments, as most of his poems are in elegant Latin. His English poems are of inferior quality. It is evident that he saw the future poet in his young schoolboy Gay, for we find him writing in one of his pieces, the 'Female Phaeton,' addressed to Gay's patron, the Duke of Queensberry:

'O Queensberry, cou'd happy Gay
This off'ring to thee bring,
'Tis his, my Lord (he'd smiling say),
Who taught your Gay to sing.'

Whether or not he refers to Gay in his preface is open to doubt, but he thus speaks of one of his distinguished pupils:

'This Candour I shall hope, because I have endeavour'd to deserve it, from those Gentlemen whom I have had the Honour to Educate. They ought (I think) to read my Performances as Favourably as I examin'd Theirs.

'One of that Number, now a great, and (what is more valuable) a very good Man, will forgive the Liberty I take to print his Translation of the 15th Ode of Hor. Epod., done by him when young under my care. I read it then with too much Pleasure ever to forget it. 'Tis to gratify his Modesty I conceal his Name.'

He also published 'The Art of Life,' by J. R., with a translation of a Latin poem, entitled 'Abramis,' by R. Luck, 1737.

Mr. Luck's poems were well patronized, and some of them were highly praised by contemporary writers—notably, by Lord Lansdowne.

As regards the poems and their merits, the writer says: 'I wish I had Reason to be as fearless for the Fate of the English Poems as I am of the Latin. As for the Epigrams here and there interspers'd, I have made use of 'em, chiefly to fill the Pages, where they are plac'd; that my kind Subscribers might have Verses instead of blank Paper. I believe they will be found to be none of the worst Productions of this Poetical Age.'

The volume of poems to which we have referred, and to which was appended a long list of subscribers, contained about one hundred poems in English and in Latin, including 'The Loves of Hero and Leander, translated from the Greek of Musæus,' also 'Poemata Quædam Latina.' One of his happiest efforts is perhaps

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

(ADDRESSED TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY AND DOVER, FROM WHICH THE VERSE QUOTED ABOVE IS TAKEN.)

When Britain's Horace tun'd his lyre,
To sing the noble Maid
Whose beauty set the world on fire,
Amidst the flames he play'd.

Hyde's matchless charms, my Prior's wit
Learn'd foreigners shall know;
Thou both (said Mercury) transmit
From Thames to distant Po.

Strait I invok'd the Latian Muse;
E'en then I cou'd divine,
Sicilian Muses Bays wou'd chuse,
To charm the royal line.

O Queensberry! cou'd happy Gay
This off'ring to thee bring,
'Tis his, my Lord (he'd smiling say),
Who taught your Gay to sing.

A numerous race extend your joys,
Lovely, illustrious pair!
Heroes and patriots be the boys,
Each girl as Kitty fair.

Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespeaks the fair, from whom she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd.

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd;
And sorely vexed to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigails forsaken?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

Shall Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins?
At masks and balls make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

What has she better, pray, than I?
What hidden charms to boast;
That all mankind for her must die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

Dearest mamma, for once let me
Unchain'd my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.

With Jenny's pride I'll soon quit score,
Make all her lovers fall;
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondness prevail'd; mamma gave way,
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

WROTE IN THE WINDOW WITH A DIAMOND.

Fidi Penates exiguæ Domus,
Salvete, tolem condere Socrates
Fertur, Viro haud fervit minori,
Quam, Neoville, colis, Sororque.
Perpetuum fervet vitrum breve carmen amici.

GEORGE LYDE (1601—1673).

This clergyman, who was born at Berry Pomeroy, Totnes, Devon, and who held the Vicarage of Widdecombe-in-the-Moor during a long life, is principally known in connection with the extraordinary accident by lightning which occurred to his church in 1638, of which he published an account in verse, that obtained enormous circulation. Prince curiously says of him: 'He was the sixth of ten sons, each of whom had no less than five sisters.' His life was quite uneventful, except for the singular visitation in his parish, which made him so well known. He was in the pulpit at the time of the occurrence, and narrowly escaped. Although so noted at the time, the composition was but poor poetry.*—J. R. C.

* Prince, p. 569.

REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE (1793—1847).

Our work would be manifestly incomplete if it did not include the celebrated hymn-writer and poet, Henry Francis Lyte. Although Scotland claims him as a son (for he was born at Ednam, near Kelso, Roxburghshire, June 1, 1793), yet he spent so much of his life in the West of England that he may be said to be one of us. He was educated at Portora, in Ireland, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he became scholar in 1813, and competed successfully for three prize poems in three consecutive years. He was at first intended for the medical profession, but eventually entered the Church, and in 1815 was made curate of Taghmon, near Wexford. Ill-health, however, compelled him to resign that position; and after a short time spent on the Continent, he went into Cornwall and accepted a curacy at Marazion. Here he married Anne, daughter of the Rev. W. Maxwell, D.D., of Monaghan, Ireland. He afterwards became curate of Lymington, Hampshire, and eventually perpetual curate of Charlton, Lower Brixham, Devon, where he laboured for twenty-five years, and where most of his verse was written. He died at Nice, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, November 20, 1847, and was buried in the English cemetery there. He is chiefly remembered as the author of some exceedingly popular hymns. The best known are 'Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,' 'Pleasant are Thy courts above,' 'Far from my heavenly home,' and others. His earliest volume of verse was published whilst he resided at Lymington, in 1826, and was entitled, 'Tales in Verse.' This book reached a second edition. His next work is dated from Brixham, November, 1833, and is entitled 'Poems, Chiefly Religious.' This contains some of his hymns. He also published a metrical version of the Psalter, entitled, 'Spirit of the Psalms' (1834), which passed through several editions. A volume of 'Remains,' consisting of poems, sermons, and letters, with a prefatory memoir by his daughter, was published in 1850, and the verse in this and in 'Poems, Chiefly Religious' was reprinted as 'Miscellaneous Poems' in 1868.

AGNES.

I saw her in childhood—
A bright gentle thing,
Like the dawn of the morn,
Or the dews of the spring;
The daisies and harebells
Her playmates all day;
Herself as light-hearted
And artless as they.

I saw her again—
A fair girl of eighteen,
Fresh glittering with graces
Of mind and of mien.
Her speech was all music;
Like moonlight she shone;
The envy of many,
The glory of one.

Years, years fleeted over—
I stood at her foot;
The bud had grown blossom,
The blossom was fruit.
A dignified mother,
Her infant she bore;
And looked, I thought, fairer
Than ever before.

I saw her once more—
'Twas the day that she died;
Heaven's light was around her,
And God at her side;
No wants to distress her,
No fears to appal—
O then, I felt, then
She was fairest of all.

THOMAS JOSEPH McCARTNEY (DIED 1894).

WHETHER or not this lately-deceased writer was a native of Devonshire we have been unable to discover, but he was certainly a resident in Plymouth and neighbourhood for many years, and until his death, which took place in October, 1894, aged 48.

In early life he was in the Royal Marine Light Infantry, holding the nominal rank of a corporal, but in reality engaged in the clerical work of the regiment. On retiring from the service he joined for a time the ranks of journalism, and assisted in the editorial office of one of the Plymouth papers. After that he started in business as a licensed victualler, and was the manager or proprietor of several hotels in the Three Towns. He was President of the Three Towns Licensed Victuallers' Association for some years, and was very much respected in that capacity. He was, for his position, a well-read and well-informed man, an excellent speaker and practised elocutionist, and a skilful writer.

Several poetical works emanated from his pen. 'The Queen's Lament, and other Poems' (1875); 'Nelson, a Drama' (1876); 'Isandula, a Descriptive Ballad' (1879); 'Tel-el-Kebir, a Ballad' (1883), and 'A Bid for the Laureateship,' with portrait (1889). The latter title appears at first sight as rather a presumptuous straining for notoriety on the part of a minor verse writer, and so we were disposed to regard it when it was first issued from the press. Whatever aspirations our departed friend had when formulating his title and penning his explanatory introduction, his claims are now for ever silenced in the grave; therefore we will not now criticise his motives, but rather weave a chaplet for his tomb. He certainly understood the art of verse-making, even though his poetic talents were not of a high order. We will leave our readers to judge of his merits as a writer from the poem which follows, which is one of the most spirited in the collected volume to which we have already alluded. For some years the exigencies of a busy commercial life prevented Mr. McCartney from still further cultivating the Muses, but he has left on record quite enough good solid literary matter to warrant his inclusion amongst West-Country Poets. His powers of description were certainly of a high order, and this is distinctly proved in his various war ballads; while the 'Queen's Lament' is a very graceful tribute to Her Majesty on the death of the Prince Consort. 'Per Mare, per Terram,' is in honour of his old corps, that being the proud motto of the Royal Marine Light Infantry.

'Nelson' is a well-constructed little drama in three acts, and quite worthy of a far more famous penman.

THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

SUPPOSED UTTERANCE OF A PARISIAN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CAPITULATION.

From subdued battlements I looked
On Paris as she slept,
Except her German sentinels
Who ceaseless vigils kept.
Enveloped in the deepest gloom,
With all but honour fled,
She bowed upon her tortured breast
Her proud and weary head.
Changed City of St. Geneviève,
Submerged in misery,
Which furnished for the great of earth
Rich masque and revelry,

Pomp, fashion, splendour thronged your gates—
How did they stand to-day?
Agape to let a victor pass,
Lost City of the Gay.

There's silence in the halls that rang
With joy in other days,
And darkness in the stately streets
So lately all ablaze.
The gay, 'the light of other days,'
With other days have flown;
The trappings and the suits of woe
Befit the weeping one.
The laughing eyes of brighter times
The streams of sorrow shed.
Few—few are those who do not mourn
A friend or brother dead,
Who on some purple battlefield
His young life cast away,
That victor's tread should not defile
The City of the Gay.

Lone city, when the bolts of death
Against your walls were hurled,
And pigeon and balloon alone
Bound Paris to the world,
I thought to see you court despair
And fight though hope had fled,
Ere to a Hohenzollern Prince
Was bowed your haughty head.
I hoped these ramparts would become
Their stubborn gunners' graves;
The swollen Seine to Ocean's breast
Would roll in crimson waves;
And brave hearts seek the kindred ones
That sleep in Woerth's red clay,
Ere Prussian Eagles flew above
The City of the Gay!

My country, what a time for you
Since that mad July last,
When your proud heart was bounding to
The stirring trumpet's blast!
Upon the flower of our race
I looked from my abode,
How danced their banners on the breeze—
How gallantly they rode!
The soldier dried the melting tear
Which trickled from the eye,
And stooped to kiss the weeping fair,
And breathe the last good-bye.
They marched on with the sanguine stream
That poured to fields of fray:
His doom that for which beauty weeps
Its loveliness away.

* * * * *

And you,* King, with an empire's crown
To grace a faded brow
That only wears for France a frown,
And knows not mercy now.
The home of glory is your spoil;
Her strength, her prestige flown—
Ho! ploughshares rust upon the soil
Whose harvests are unsown.
Her streams, once as the starlight chaste,
Rush blushing to the flood;
A thousand vineyards run to waste,
Rich with the dressers' blood.

Will these lighten the new-forged crown you prize?
Will it brighten your days on earth,
That the big tears stand in the father's eyes
As he looks on his lonely hearth?
That the widow's tears down her pale cheeks chase
For the husband true and brave?
That the maiden sighs for a manly face
She may meet beyond the grave?
If so, O King! enjoy your crown,
Let suns shine on your bliss;
But who will say an empire's throne
Was worth a price like this?

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* Emperor William I.

J. REDDIE MALLETT.

THIS young writer, though not a native of Devon, has been sufficiently identified with the West to warrant our including in this anthology some selections from his published poems. He was born in London, February 18, 1864. After a tolerable education at private schools, and at Mill Hill Grammar School, Middlesex, he served four years before the mast (from the age of fifteen), in order to see the world and expand his views. After passing a few years in commercial pursuits, he turned his abilities towards literature, music, and elocution. He has for some years been resident at Torquay, where, and in the neighbourhood of which town, the greater part of his poems have been written.

Mr. Mallett is the author of several volumes of verse, his first published work being 'Sea Sighs, Notes to Nature, and Miscellaneous Poems.' This work, which was issued with the *nom de plume* 'Christopher Young,' was dedicated to Sir Henry Seale, Bart., of Norton Parks, near Dartmouth. This contains many of his earliest efforts, but his more matured work is to be found in a little volume, published in 1895 by Bentley, entitled 'A Life's History, and Miscellaneous Poems.' Most of these pieces appeared originally in *Temple Bar*. He has also been an extensive contributor to the *Torquay Times*, *Devon County Standard*, and other West-Country papers. Many of these pieces have a humorous tendency, particularly those entitled 'Heinrich Hartmann's History,' and are somewhat in the style of 'Hans Breitmann's Ballads.' Mr. Mallett has been accustomed to recite these and others of his works in public, and is a very popular and successful entertainer in and around Torquay. The little volume mentioned above, 'A Life's History,' contains some charming lyrics, and has received considerable commendation from the reviewers. We quote a few stanzas from one of his short poems, as an average example of the poetical effusions of this adopted Devonian.

THE SKYLARK.

See! from the heath
The skylark soars with fluttering flight,
Till in the heaven's ethereal height
It leaves us to our wondering sight—
So far beneath!

And still it sings,
Although its form would seem to be
Extinguished in Immensity—
As if a soul exultingly
Had taken wings!

How vast a view
Its sweeping vision must embrace!
Below, the landscape's smiling face;
And overhead, through boundless space,
The vault of blue!

Celestial bird!
Whilst from the world in ecstasies,
Thou bear'st thy carol to the skies;
No sweeter psalm in Paradise
Is surely heard!

Thy blithesome lay
Welcomes the dawn's first timorous blush,
And greets the sunset's fiery flush;
As if too rapturous to hush
At close of day!

Emblem of mirth,
Of hope, and thankfulness, and love!
To listening ears thy praises prove
That Joy's pure source springs from Above—
Not from the earth!

Thou mock'st the din
Of all the wilful woes we share ;
Of riches and ambition's care ;
Of envy, pride, and the despair
Of haunting sin!

* * * * *

Yes! thou wert sent
To cheer the toilsome path we plod ;
To bid us bear affliction's rod ;
With simple faith, to trust in God,
And be content!

RICHARD MANLEY.

This man was a journeyman saddler, and resided at South Molton. He wrote and published miscellaneous pieces in verse, moral and religious, South Molton, 1830; 'Summer Musings' in verse, 1831; and in 1833 a volume entitled, 'An Essay on the Being and Power of the Deity: suggested by a brief View of a Summer Day,' and other pieces. They had no great merit. He died in 1834, and in the following year his brother, S. Manley, edited 'The Poetical Remains.'

WILLIAM MANN.

But little is known of this Ashburton (Devon) poet. He was blind and in somewhat indigent circumstances. He published, at Plymouth, in 1846, a volume entitled 'Poems on Sacred, Philanthropic, and Rural Subjects, composed chiefly in a State of Blindness of nearly Forty Years' Duration.' This little work contains, amongst other trifles, 'An Elegy on the Death of the late William Gifford, Author of the "Baviad" and "Mæviad,"' who was also a native of Ashburton.

THE DISCONSOLATE LOVER.

On the banks of the Dart, in a deep shady wood,
I heard a young lover complain ;
He sat 'neath a tree, while he gazed on the flood,
And utter'd this sorrowful strain :

'Flow on, rapid stream, in thy serpentine course,
And bear all my sorrows away ;
For Celia is fled, who of joy was the source,
And has left me to anguish a prey.

'Oh, witness, swift current, for well thou canst prove
How much I admir'd the fair maid ;
How pure my pretensions, how ardent my love,
When o'er thy gay margin we stray'd.

'But false were her vows when she feigned to be true,
And constant to Strephon alone ;
For lo! with disdain she has bid me adieu,
And from me for ever is gone.

'No more shall the joys of the village delight,
No more shall its pleasures amuse ;
For far from the world I'll retire out of sight,
And live an unpitied recluse.

Yon cavern so gloomy shall be my retreat,
Its silence may solace supply ;
The roots and the fruits of rude Nature I'll eat,
And drink of the brook that runs by.

'No more shall vain Cupid preside o'er my heart,
No more shall his roses bloom there ;
His roses have thorns which inflict a dire smart,
While rankles the wound of despair.'

He rose and he entered the cavern so drear,
And quickly retir'd from my view.
'Adieu, hapless Strephon !' I cried, with a tear,
And echo responded 'Adieu !'

JOHN MARRIOTT (1780—1825).

THE Rev. John Marriott cannot be claimed as a Devonshire poet, except in such manner as a sometime residence entitles him to that distinction. Many of his dearest ties may likewise be classed as centred in the West, and hence we give him a place in our volume. He was the youngest of the three sons of the Rev. Robert Marriott, who owned the estate, as well as the living, of Cotesbach, near Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. The family was one of very strongly-marked idiosyncrasies and considerable talent in various forms, not unmixed with eccentricity. But from this last characteristic John was wholly free. To quote from some family memorials in MS. in the possession of a member of the family, 'He was a man of much cultivation and refinement, with a delicate and ready wit, and a flow of conversation which made him a delightful companion, and there was a sweetness of countenance which at forty-three years' distance I yet remember.' So wrote one of his nieces in the year 1867, recalling the impressions of a five-year-old little girl. But of the fascination of his manner and conversation, which were fully reproduced in his style of preaching, many of those who remembered him spoke in glowing terms. He had an extreme facility in writing graceful *vers de société*, now and then rising to true poetry. One of his hymns has happily found its way into our church hymn-books, and it is certainly one of the finest in the collection. It is that which begins,

'Thou whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,' etc.

Another has been a favourite with many a humble and devout Christian, written on hearing the name 'Saint' scornfully applied, and begins :

'A saint ! O would that I could claim
The privileged, the honoured name,
And confidently take my stand
The lowest in the saintly band,' etc.

But there are some lines of his in blank verse, written for Good Friday, which the late Sir Thomas Acland deemed so highly of that he copied them into the fly-leaf of a copy of the

'Paradise Lost.' But, curiously enough, the verses of his which have been more widely known than any others (the missionary hymn above-mentioned alone excepted) are some playful lines, composed during a wet ride, entitled 'The Devonshire Lane: a Simile.' They are certainly very neatly turned, comparing marriage to a Devonshire lane.

MARRIAGE IS LIKE A DEVONSHIRE LANE.

In a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song,
Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain;
Sure, marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place 'tis long, and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as a cage does a linnet;
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, there is no turning round!

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide;
For two are the most that together can ride;
And e'en then 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle and cross, and run foul of each other.

Oft Poverty greets them with mendicant looks,
And Care pushes by them, o'erladen with 'crooks';*
And Strife's grazing wheels try between them to pass,
And Stubbornness blocks up the way on an ass.

Then the banks are so high, to the left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around them from sight;
And hence, you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But thinks I, too, these banks, within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom, and berry are richly besprent; [roam,
And the conjugal fence, which forbids us to
Looks lovely when decked with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose;
And the evergreen love of a virtuous wife
Soothes the roughness of care, cheers the winter of life.

Then long be the journey, and narrow the way,
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay;
And, whate'er others say, be the last to complain,
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

It certainly would have greatly surprised the writer to find these outliving almost all others of his countless verses, and be inquired for in the Indian seas, in New Zealand, and recently by an Austrian princess in Vienna.

The Rev. John Marriott was educated at Rugby School, 1788-98, and then went up to Oxford, entering, as his eldest brother had done before him, at Christchurch when the famous Dr. Cyril Jackson was at its head. When Dr. Jackson was informed that another of the Marriott family had just come up to matriculate, hoping to be admitted to his college, the old man answered in his terse manner, 'Glad to hear it; like the breed!' And John did credit to his breeding, for he was one of the two first to take honours on that extension of

* The 'crooks' here referred to are a contrivance used for carrying burdens on the back of a horse.

academic degree in the year 1802, a Mr. Henry, Bible clerk of Oriel College, being the other. There is still in the possession of the family the autograph letter from Dr. Copleston announcing the event in the warmest terms of congratulation and with the highest encomiums.

John Marriott entered holy orders, and soon after married; and his wife, proving to be consumptive, he came into Devonshire, and was curate, first at St. James's, residing in Heavitree, and then at Broad Clyst, which led to a close and most delightful friendship with Sir Thomas Dyke-Acland, of Killerton. He was rector of Church Lawford, Warwick, from 1807 until his death. Previous to his marriage, John Marriott was tutor to the sons of the Duke of Buccleuch, and so formed that friendship with Sir Walter Scott commemorated in one of the introductions to 'Marmion,' a distinction of which the members of his family were always very proud.

His wife died and was buried at Broad Clyst, and a few years afterwards, in 1823, he himself became a very suffering invalid, with most distressing symptoms—only too well explained when, after his death, March 31, 1825, it was discovered that a spiral bone had penetrated the brain. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where other members of his family were laid. Of these four graves, strange to say, no trace whatever now remains. The ground, which had fallen into a disgraceful state of decay, had to be closed as a churchyard, and is now a public recreation-ground. But all records that could in any way be recognised were very carefully collected, and are registered. Among them is a tablet to the Corsican patriot, General Paoli; and a few years ago some of his countrymen were in England and inquired for his grave, and were shown a record as well as a monumental pillar which had also been preserved.

Four children were born to John Marriott, two of whom died in early youth; the other two were both in holy orders. One of them, the Rev. Charles Marriott, Fellow of Oriel, was a well-known name at the time of the Oxford Movement, and a sketch of him is one of the most charming of the 'Biographies of Twelve Good Men,' which Dean Burgon has left as a legacy to the Church of England.

RICHARD MARTIN (1570—1618).

'Lysons states that a Richard Martin, Recorder of London, a great linguist and a poet, was born at Otterton about 1570, and that his poems and speeches in Parliament are in print. I have not, however, been able to find any other reference thereto.' So says Mr. J. R. Chanter. But in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' (vol. xxxvi., p. 291) we find some further particulars of his life and career. From this we gather that he was the son of William Martin by his wife Anne, daughter of Richard Parker, of Sussex. He became a commoner at Pembroke College, Oxford, and afterwards entered the Middle

Temple, but was expelled from the society in February, 1591, for a riot at the prohibited festival of the Lord of Misrule. In 1601 he was M.P. for Barnstaple, and was called to the Bar in 1602. From 1604 to 1611 he was M.P. for Christchurch. He composed many sonnets and other pieces of a like character, and on the occasion of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage (1612-13), he organized a masque at the Middle Temple. On October 1, 1618, he was chosen Recorder of London, and died on October 31 following. Martin had a reputation as a wit, and 'there was no person,' says Wood, 'more celebrated for ingenuity . . . none more admired by Selden, Serjeant Hoskins, Ben Jonson, etc., than he.' Jonson dedicated his 'Poetaster' to him. Wood states that Martin was the author of 'Various Poems,' of which, however, he had seen no copy. A verse, 'Epistle to Sir Hen. Wotton,' by Martin, is in Coryat's 'Crudities.'

TOBIAS MARTIN (1747—1828).

This Cornish worthy, better known by the name of Captain Toby Martin, was born in the parish of Wendron, in Cornwall, in 1747. Mr. Martin's father for many years worked as a labouring miner, but afterwards obtained the situation of a mine-agent, or captain of a mine, which position he retained during the remainder of his life. Tobias, the second son, inherited his father's fondness for reading, and in spite of the difficulties of his position, he managed to acquire a considerable amount of useful information. In his youth he worked in the mines, and was engaged for several years at the tin-stamping mills in the neighbourhood of Redruth and Helston. His great ambition was to learn French, and this, after some difficulty, he succeeded in doing. Mr. Sandys, an attorney of Helston, gave him considerable assistance and occasional employment. Martin's first poetical production was a satire on the Helston volunteers, of which company he was a sergeant. In 1772 he married Mary Peters, of Helston, by whom he had ten children —four sons and six daughters. Shortly after his marriage he received a commission from Mr. Sandys to escort his son into France, which duty he satisfactorily performed, and then returned to his ordinary occupation. The next year he again went to France to bring the young man Sandys back to Helston. On the occasion of these journeys, he kept a journal, which contains many interesting passages. Soon after his second trip to France, he obtained the situation of mine-agent in Camborne Vean Mine, as well as other minor appointments. About this time he paid a visit to Plymouth, on the occasion of a visit to that town of George III. In the year 1790 his wife died, leaving him with a large family, but in 1792 he married again, Ann James, a widow and innkeeper at Porthleven. This led to his taking an inn at Helston, of which he was the proprietor for some years, as well as mine-agent. His latter years were very much harassed by an effort (partially successful) by some of his enemies to undermine his reputation as a mine-agent. This

resulted in his being discharged as too old to manage the affairs of the mine; but, in addition, he was charged with falsifying his accounts. This he repudiated, but so great was the opposition to him that some years elapsed before he could obtain a full and proper investigation; this ended in his complete exoneration of all the charges made against him. In 1813 he became mine-agent of Wheal Vor and Wheal Vreah, in the parish of Breage, the largest tin mines in the world, and in 1817 he was promoted to store-keeper. In 1827 he was superannuated, he being then in the seventy-ninth year of his age. His second wife died in 1825; he himself died in 1828. He was a very religious man; but up to the seventy-seventh year of his age he inclined to Unitarian tenets, after which his opinions gradually gave way, and he became an orthodox Christian. His verses possess no very great merit, nor were his poetical writings very extensive. They are all contained in a small volume, published in 1831, entitled 'The Remains of the late Tobias Martin, of Breage, in Cornwall, Mine-agent, with a Memoir of the Author,' edited by his son, Alfred Tobias John Martin. The following short selections must suffice to illustrate the style of this self-taught writer:

MY LIFE.

In youthful days, not bred at court to shine,
On homely fare, a humble life I led,
My lot hard labour in the dang'rous mine,
By constant toil to earn my daily bread.
No learning mine, but what myself could glean;
No glittering gold or wealth at my command;
Fortune from me still kept behind the scene,
And dealt her favours with a stinted hand.
Guided by hope and inclination still,
These, hand in hand, my every doubt remov'd,
And knowledge, ever subject to my will,
I always gain'd, and learn'd whate'er I lov'd.
When other youths, with satchel in their hand,
Went, day by day, the master's toil to share,
My reason led me still to understand
That wisdom did not always centre there.
By slow gradations still I struggled on;
From youth to manhood the same path pursued,
Took my own task, and when that task was done,
Successively the next with pleasure view'd.
Still my vocation foll'wing day and night,
Perchance ere long a worthy patron rose,
And now, as tho' deserving in his sight,
He crown'd my studies with some small applause.
Here fortune smil'd—but in a low degree—
And hope, the sov'reign balm of all our woe,
Constant and firm, still pointed out to me,
That I, ere long, a better day might know.
Nor here deceiv'd; for, by experience taught,
Soon to preferment I have found the way;
Though with the change this alteration brought
I'm doom'd to drudg'ry, 'tis with better pay.

MAURICE DE FORDE.

ANOTHER monk of Forde Abbey is noticed by Leland as a poet and a native of Devon—one Maurice de Forde. He lived during the reigns of Richard I. and John, but neither the exact place or date of birth or death is known. He is stated to have written a poem, 'De Schemate Pontificali,' dedicated to Reginald, Bishop of Bath, and other verses are also ascribed to him by Bale. He flourished between 1180 and 1220.*—J. R. C.

J. G. MAXWELL.

MR. J. R. CHANTER, in his 'Sketches of the Literary History of Barnstaple' (1866) thus speaks of this gentleman:

'The other North Devon worthy to whom I referred is Mr. Maxwell, of Bydown, near this town, whose long connection with some important mining schemes in North Devon, and whose character as a fine old English gentleman is well known to us all, though probably his literary and poetic powers may not have so wide and general recognition; I will therefore here give a specimen of his poetry. The volume from which I quote is entitled "Sighs, Smiles, and Sketches" (London, 1860; second series, 1867), and is dedicated "to the men and women of Devon, amongst whom the author has passed the last thirty years of his life, and learned to appreciate the beauty of their county and the urbanity and kindness of its inhabitants."'

MORIBUNDA.

Father, carry me out of the town,
Let me breathe on the fresh green down;
I loathe the street and its stifling air,
I pine for the fields and their wild flowers fair.

I watched the sparrows from over the way
Fly o'er the wall with some feathers to-day,
And I thought of the birds in our own dear lanes,
How they gladdened my heart with their sweet spring strains.

And I slept, and I dreamt of the roses wild
That you gathered in summer to please your child,
And I revelled again in the bean-field's bloom,
But I woke, with a sigh in our close dark room.

And again I slept, and I dreamt again,
And I heard the plash of the summer rain,
As it used to sound from our cottage eaves,
When it fell drip-drop on the ivy leaves.

And again I dreamt I was out at play
With my two little brothers, among the hay,
And we made sweet hay by the clear bank-side,
Just as we used before mother died.

Father, dear, am I dreaming now?
Look! there's a smile upon mother's brow;
See! she beckons me; mother, I come;
Father, I'll bring you bright flowers from home.

* Leland, 'Commentarii de Scriptoribus Britannicis'; Wright's 'Biographia Literaria,' p. 467.

EMILY JANE MAY.

This lady, who was a resident at Newton Abbot in 1865, wrote several poems, and published at least one volume of her works, entitled 'Compensation, and Other Poems' (1865). It contains several local poems, viz.: 'The Lost Sons of Dunheved,' 'On the Tower of St. Stephen's, Launceston,' 'Ode to Werrington Park,' etc. She also published 'St. Malcolm's Wood: a Cornish Legend' (1866), the scene of which is laid in the neighbourhood of Launceston in Cornwall.

ROBERT MAYBEE (1810—1892).

We have in the course of this work cited many poets and versifiers who were connected, either by birth or associations, with the Cornish mainland. We have now to deal with the only poet which our investigations have met with who hails from the islands of Scilly.

Robert Maybee was born on the promontory of Peninnis, at St. Mary's, in the islands of Scilly, on April 1, 1810. He died in February, 1892, at the age of eighty-two. His father, a native of the Isle of Wight, came to Lyonnesse, in order that he might work the windmill, which now stands in ruins at Peninnis. Destruction has overtaken the home of Robert's childhood, which lay at a distance of sixty yards from the old mill.

During the whole period of his fourscore years and two, Robert never learned to read or write; it must therefore be supposed that, like a more famous poet, he only sang because he must, and piped but as the linnets sing. At any rate, Scilly learned to expect its poem from its Maybee as surely as ever a wreck—that great stirrer of insular emotions—occurred. These compositions were printed, and the poet sold them at a penny apiece to his fellow-islanders, who perused them in part with 'hadmiration mingled with hawe.' A writer in the *Globe*, February 17, 1892, from whom we glean some of these particulars, says, 'In an autobiography which the poor old man dictated, he says: "I walked slowly, taking notice of everything as I went, and I went through the churchyard, up through the fields, and into the town by way of the new church. I had been walking four hours, and had not exchanged a word with anyone, but had composed the following verses."' There are sixteen stanzas in all, but they are too long to quote.

Maybee's rhymes are far from perfect, and his rhythm is equally at fault; but on the whole his ballads do him credit, when we remember that print was as closed to him as to Mr. Boffin, and that this poor unskilled labourer carried them in his head till some kindly hand would take them down from his dictation.

As we have already said, maritime disasters formed the chief inspiration for Maybee's effusions. Thus the destruction which befell Sir Cloudesley Shovel and his fleet, October 22, 1707, attracted Robert, and won from him his longest poem. Here are some verses from one of his wreck-poems:

The admiral of the men-of-war
With dog got on a hatch and spar—
That night they drove away.
The admiral and his dog were drowned ;
Next day both on the shore were found,
Down in Porthellick Bay.

A soldier and his wife passed by,
The admiral and his dog did lie
Both dead upon the sand.
The soldier's wife while standing there
Removed a diamond ring with care
That glistened on his hand.

'Twas near this spot they dug a grave,
Not far above the briny wave,
Upon the pebbled strand ;
'Twas there they laid his body down,
Then all the neighbours came around,
And covered him with sand.

Maybee had certainly a variety of occupations. At one time we find him hawking shoe-laces, gooseberries, and such like. At another he was engaged on the Trinity Works to build the lighthouse on the Bishop Rock. At another time he was at work on a farm, and so on.*

But he has passed away, and Scilly has lost her poet. His bones lie by Old Town Bay.

JASPER MAYNE (1604—1672).

JASPER MAYNE, D.D., was born at Hatherleigh, Devon. He became a resident member of the University of Oxford, obtaining several places and preferments at Christchurch until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he found an asylum in the house of the Earl of Devonshire, as his chaplain. At the Restoration, in 1660, he was restored to his preferments, and made Canon of Christchurch and Archdeacon of Chichester. The descriptions and commendations by Wood of all these erudite divines wonderfully resemble each other, almost the same words being used in his praise as in the lives of Dr. Strode and Dr. Downe. Among other things, it is narrated that he was 'a very celebrated poet, and had in great esteem for his sharp and facetious conceits.' Among his numerous works are included 'The Amorous Warre : a Tragi-Comædy' (1659) ; 'The Citye Match : a Comædy' (1639), acted before the King at Whitehall, and afterwards on the stage at Blackfriars with general applause ; a poem upon the naval victory over the Dutch ; a sheaf of miscellaneous epigrams. There can be no doubt about his place of birth, as it is inscribed on his monument at Christchurch, Oxford. There is a curious story told of his will. He had an old servant who had lived with him several years, to whom he bequeathed an old trunk, telling him before that he would find something in it which would 'make him drink after his death.' The servant, full of expectation of a good legacy, flew to the trunk immediately after the funeral, when, behold, to his great disappointment, the boasted legacy proved to be—a red herring !†

* He worked up some of the many island legends with considerable dramatic power. His memory to the close of his life was remarkable, and, to a sympathetic audience, he would recite his own verses for hours together.

† Prince, p. 382.

From a play by Jasper Mayne, called 'The Amorous Warre,' this is the strophe of a song:

OUR TIME PASSES.

Time is a feather'd thing,
And whilst I praise [them rays,
The sparklings of thy looks, and call
Takes wing;
Leaving behind him as he flies
An unperceiv'd dimness in thine eyes.

His minutes, whilst they're told,
Do make us old,
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there
Where flowers and roses did appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire;
Flames turn to frost;
And ere we can
Know how our crow turns swan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE (1779—1844).

This distinguished man was the son of John Merivale, of Barton Place, near Cowley Bridge, Exeter, and was born on August 5, 1779. His mother was Ann, daughter of Herman Katencamp, a merchant of Exeter, of German extraction, whose younger daughter, Wilhelmina, became the wife of the Rev. Richard Hole, Rector of Farringdon, and a prominent member of the Exeter Literary Society. John Herman Merivale was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and practised for many years as a barrister in the Court of Chancery, and in later life as a Commissioner in Bankruptcy. He was one of the principal contributors to the 'Translations from the Greek Anthology,' published by the Rev. Robert Bland in 1806, a second edition of which appeared in 1813, and was the editor of a third edition, considerably enlarged, which was published in 1833. In 1814 he published 'Orlando in Roncesvalles,' a poem in five cantos, and in 1838 two volumes of his collected 'Poems, Original and Translated,' to which he added, in 1844, a third volume of translations from the minor poems of Schiller. He was well known in literary circles in London as an accomplished man of letters and a frequent contributor to the principal reviews of the day; he also wrote many pamphlets on legal questions. He married Louisa Heath, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Drury, of Cockwood House, Dawlish, by whom he had twelve children. His eldest son was Herman, whose historical works and articles on political economy are so well known. John Herman Merivale died in 1844.

MRS. G. MICHELL.

This lady is a native of Redruth, where she was born, December 20, 1839. Her father was the late James Angove, sampler, or sampling agent for the well-known copper smelters,

Messrs. Pascoe, Grenfell and Co. In 1870 she was married to Mr. Francis W. Michell, C.E. She has been writing for local newspapers and miscellaneous periodicals for more than thirty years. Her principal contributions to literature have been prose; but she has occasionally indulged in verse writing. We believe her pieces have never been collected in book form, and as they have been entirely 'fugitive,' we doubt if her productions are known outside her own particular locality. We have only space for the following short piece as illustrative of the religious character of her writings:

EASTER HYMN.

He speaketh! He speaketh! the crucified King!
He bendeth each heart His praises to sing.
Give thanks for His goodness e'en now while we live,
For God, our own God, His blessing shall give.

Jehovah eternal! who madest the world,
Immanuel! Jesus! our Saviour, our Lord!
Sweet Spirit of Comfort! our Teacher, our Friend! [end.
Thy peace and Thy love Thou wilt give to the

With heart and with voice Thy praises we sing,
Thy love we re-echo as Easter bells ring,
Give thanks for Thy goodness as onward we press,
For God, our own God, will ever us bless.

He calleth! He calleth to sorrowing soul:
'O, be not cast down, My wounds made thee whole;
Lift up thy bowed head, on thy Saviour now rest,
For God, thy own God, shall surely thee bless.

'I died for thy sins, thy iniquities bore,
I hung on the cross, I loved thee yet more,
I rose from the tomb, from Hades ascending,
That God, thy own God might give thee His blessing.

'Rejoice in My love, in My mercy believe,
The wretched, the helpless, I came to relieve.
With heart and with soul on the glorious truth rest,
That God, thy own God, will ever thee bless.'

NICHOLAS MICHELL (1807—1880.)

THE subject of this sketch was born at Truro, June 4, 1807, and was the second son of Mr. John Michell, of Calenick. He was educated at the Truro Grammar School, where, at the time, Mr. Hogg, a Scotchman, was headmaster. The author's father was partner in a tin-smelting firm, then a very lucrative business. Nicholas Michell, on leaving school, joined his father at the Calenick works; but chemistry had no attraction for him, and his time was chiefly devoted to the study of the early English poets, and scribbling verses for the local newspapers. He went to London, and obtained a situation in an office of some copper merchants. Shortly after his arrival in London, he obtained, through Dr. Hogg, the son of his old schoolmaster, an introduction to Thomas Campbell, the poet. Campbell was proverbially kind to young authors, and encouraged the young literary aspirant; to him Michell dedicated his first poem. His first volume of poems was entitled 'Ruins of Many Lands' (1849), and this work, which had occupied

a long time in its elaboration, attracted considerable attention. The subject is very comprehensive, for it embraces in its scope nearly all the existing remains of ancient peoples in all parts of the world, even to the relics of a long-forgotten race in Central America. The copyright of 'Ruins of Many Lands' expired some years since, and the publishers having purchased the right from the author, brought out a finely-illustrated edition. He next produced 'Spirits of the Past' (1853), a title altered in a subsequent edition to 'Famous Women and Heroes' (1871). This contains sketches or poetical portraits of women celebrated in history, from Helen of Troy to Marie Antoinette, and of heroes from Leonidas to Napoleon I. 'The Poetry of Creation' (1856) was his next work, in which the author undertook to discuss the great problem of the world's creation and that of man.

He propounds some astronomical theories, and touches on several vexed questions; but the book mainly treats of Nature's material beauty and grandeur as now exhibited in the objects around us. 'Pleasure' (1859) was his next effort, and in this poem, which is written in the heroic measure, he deals with the numerous sources whence pleasure is derived by humanity. Music, painting, the sciences, and learning in general are passed in review, while debasing as well as exalting pleasures are not overlooked. 'The Immortals; or, Glimpses of Paradise' (1870), another of his works, was composed in Cornwall; all the others having been brought out during his residence in London. This is the most imaginative of all the author's productions. It treats of angelic intelligences, their probable presence at times on earth; the soul and its destiny. 'Sibyl of Cornwall' (1869) is a romantic story of

love and adventure, the scene being laid on the north coast of that wildly picturesque county, from which he drew his inspirations.

His last work, 'London in Light and Darkness' (1871), depicts in graphic language the splendour as well as the squalor of the metropolis; and the author describes the sufferings of the poor, the hard lot of working females, and the sorrows of the lost. Some short poems are also included in this volume.

Mr. Michell left London and retired to Falmouth, where he continued to reside until his death, which took place April 6, 1880. While resident at Falmouth he brought out a cheap edition of his collected poems, which had a ready sale.

Mr. Michell married, in 1836, Maria, second daughter of the late Mr. John Waterhouse, of Halifax, Yorkshire, by whom he had two children, both of whom died in infancy.

Besides the works above mentioned, Mr. Michell wrote and published many smaller books and pamphlets, and contributed to magazines and other periodicals.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

Famed mount, that risest from the western deep,
With granite shoulders and fern-waving hair,
Like some tall giant doomed sea-watch to keep,
Spoken to stone, and fixed for ever there.

On thou dost look, so beautiful, while grand,
Wooing the gales and towering o'er the foam,
An islet of enchantment, where a band—
Sweet ocean-nymphs and mermaids—make their home.

I cross the pebbly ridge where long ago,
Ere Christ was born, the old Phœnicians trod,
Bearing their precious store, wild ocean's flow
Sounds now, as then, loud anthems unto God.

The sun smiles out; I climb the massive rocks
Smoothed by the blasts of ages, and in dread
Hang o'er the billow-lashed, huge, granite blocks;
Soul feeds upon the grandeur round her spread.

Yet here the lichen, creeping, loving, grows,
And in the chinks the heath-flower swings its bell;
The wandering bee her shrilly trumpet blows,
Heard in the pauses of blue ocean's swell.

Loneness doth kiss her sister Quiet's brow,
'Mid sheltering grass the timid rabbit feeds,
And on the black-mouthed cannon, rusting now,
The linnet carols, nor my footsteps heeds.

The craggy top I reach, all lost in gazing;
O shores of beauty! green encircling hills!
O sun upon the crystal waters blazing!
Each wave a cup that liquid emerald fills.

Capes stretch away and woo the outer deep,
And one is wrapt in haze, like memory dying,
And fading in the past; barques seaward sweep,
And some are idly at their anchors lying.

Boats, too, cut ocean's glass, where each white sail
Prints a white image; hark! the organ's sound,
It mingles with the sea-mew's fitful wail
And chime of bells from distant towers around.

Match me, ye bays! where'er seas hollow caves,
With the bright bay whose witcheries round me lie! [waves
Far-sweeping shores, wild cliffs, and burnished
Look all too lovely for reality.

Monks once sang anthems on this sacred steep,
Their vespers landward floating, dying, swelling ;
Here, mid the beautiful their ashes sleep ;
Nought of their story now the winds are telling.

But waves beneath are sadly rolling, beating—
Great ocean's heart, why dost thou ever moan ?
Slow they advance, again in foam retreating,
Their ceaseless voice a mournful monotone.

St. Michael's Mount ! who gazes from this height
On loneliness, sublimity, and peace,
On Nature in a trance of full delight—
Nature, whose splendours ne'er shall dim or cease,

Will feel an inward fire unfelt before.
The glow of admiration, and will muse
On Him who shaped far hills and winding shore,
The sea, the sky, with all their varied hues.

Oh yes, our spirits to exalt and please,
God hath indulged choice dreams of beauty here,
And stamped them on creation ; scenes like these
Reflect Heaven's love, and glorify our sphere.

MRS. S. E. MILES. NÉE *S. E. HATFIELD* (1800—1882).

THIS lady was, according to the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis' the daughter of John Westley Hatfield, and was born at Falmouth, September 28, 1800. She kept a ladies' boarding school at Penzance, 1830, but afterwards removed to London, where she died March 29, 1882, aged eighty-one. She married Alfred Miles, commander, R.N., who died in 1851, and had several children ; one of whom, Helen, has furnished the illustrations for numerous books.

She published in 1826 'The Wanderer of Scandinavia ; or, Sweden Delivered, in five cantos, and other Poems.' This work was published by subscription, and dedicated to Major-General Sir R. H. Vivian, K.C.B. 'Moments of Loneliness ; or, Prose and Poetic Efforts on Various Subjects and Occasions' (1829). This book contains, 'The Last of the Druids ; a Tale of Carn-Brae.' 'Fruits of Solitude' (1831) ; 'Original Cornish Ballads' (1846) ; 'Leisure Evenings ; or, Records of the Past' (1860) ; 'The Grotto of Neptune' (1864) ; 'The Accepted Sacrifice, and other Poems' (1831). Several other works were announced for publication, but were never brought out. Mrs. Miles wrote the leading articles in the *Penzance Journal* in the years 1846 to 1850. Her husband was also literary.

THE SOLITARY'S RETREAT.

There is a haunt for lonely souls :
Not by the ocean's caverned shore,
Where soft the sunset billow rolls,
With soothing melancholy roar ;
No, nor beneath the moonlight calm,
Where seem the waves by music hush'd,
And in the air there floats a balm,
For spirits by affliction crush'd ;

Nor when the midnight sky is starr'd
With all the marshall'd hosts of night;
And heaven's wide portal seems unbarr'd,
For some freed spirit's homeward flight;

Nor in the morn before the breath
Of aught is heard amid the skies,
A bee upon the blossom heath,
A note of forest melodies.

Oh no, it is a haunt more dear
Than ocean shores or woods supply,
And ever the lone spirit near—
The sacred haunt of memory.

This is the refuge of the soul,
From which no distance can divide—
The scene o'er which in vain will roll
Sorrow or Time's effacing tide.

The cavern where the treasure lies,
No hands of violence may steal;
The garden of unwithering dyes,
Where we the purest pleasures feel;

The shades all green to which we turn,
From the dark desert wastes around,
Soothed by the gush from feeling's urn
Soft glittering o'er the sacred ground.

G. B. MILLETT.

Mr. George Bown Millett is descended from the Bosavern branch of the Millett family, and is the only surviving son of the late Richard Millett, solicitor of Penzance. He was born at Penzance, June 27, 1842, and was educated by tutors. Having chosen the medical profession, he went to St. Mary's Hospital in 1862, and completing his course there, passed his examinations in 1865-66, and became M.R.C.S., 1865, L.R.C.P Edinb., 1866, and L.S.A., 1866.

Mr. Millett returned to Penzance, and practised until his health broke down in 1878. After a long illness he went to the Continent, to recruit, and remained there during the greater part of the year 1879. In 1877 he was elected Medical Officer of Health for Penzance Urban and Port Sanitary Authorities, which offices he still holds. He holds a large number of honorary offices, such as librarian to the Penzance Library; secretary to the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall; vice-president of the Penzance Natural History and Antiquarian Society (and president 1886-87); president of the Penzance Institute, since 1890; vice-president C.E.T.S., St. Mary's; Y.M.C.A., etc. He had also the honour of being elected a corresponding member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society in 1887. In 1877 he published the first book of the parish registers of Madron, Cornwall, and has since edited those of Gulval. He also compiled two little volumes entitled, 'Penzance, Past and Present,' issued in 1876 and 1880, respectively.

Mr. Millett has not been an extensive verse writer, but some of his songs, which he has set to music, are exceedingly popular in the West of England, and are of sufficient merit to warrant the inclusion of his name in our list of West-Country poetical writers. His longest rhythmical effort was entitled 'Vox Lapidis,' printed some years ago for private circulation. We append one of his songs:

*THE MAYOR OF MARKET-JEW.**

There's not a town in all the west
That slopes from waters blue
By Providence more fully blest
Than that of Market-Jew.
For though Penzance I dearly love,
As a Penzance man true,
I'll not forget, where'er I rove,
I hail from Market-Jew.

For Michael's Mount the place is famed,
For tin and turnips too ;
But greater praise is rightly claimed
For maids of Market-Jew.
So notable, so good, so fair,
I'd scarce know where to sue
Had I the chance, yet would I were
The Mayor of Market-Jew.

A happy man, a rare good man,
Who nothing has to do ;
So right his rule and plain his plan,
As Mayor of Market-Jew,
Except on Sunday, as is right,
In church to be on view ;
And there he stands in his own light
As Mayor of Market-Jew.

And there he sometimes, people tell,
In state in his own pew
Sedately sleeps and snores as well,
As Mayor of Market-Jew.
But worse may ne'er his town befall,
Nor worse may he do too,
God bless his townsfolk 'one and all,'
And the Mayor of Market-Jew.

* * * * *

The statement often has been made
'Corporations do not die,'
But now, indeed, I'm much afraid
Its truth we must deny.
Deprived of state, bereft of power,
Dissolved his council too,
No longer may he strut his hour
As Mayor of Market-Jew.

So we must bow to powers that be,
And stifle our regret ;
With others' eyes we'll never see,
Nor all we wish for get ;
But Market-Jew will still be fair,
Be loyal, good, and true ;
God speed thee, then, without a Mayor,
Sweet town of Market-Jew.

MISS E. W. MILLS.

This lady, who was probably a native of Devonport, wrote a volume of poetry entitled, 'Sibyl's Leaves : Poems and Sketches,' by Elizabeth Willesford Mills ; published in London, 1826, but printed at Devonport. She became Mrs. Borron. We give one short extract from her writings.

FIDELITY.

Fidelity
Is sad and secret, but the history
Of woman's heart is always so—and strange !
A woman's heart is all her history.
Oh ! there are sights and sounds, scenes beautiful
And grand, and idols heap'd on idols for
Man's worship—and there is love for woman's ;
And love, like the deep blue convolvulus,
In beauty trails a sweet monopoly
Of flowers, with'ring they bloom on.
Ah ! see—already she has hung her bell—

* This is the ancient name for Marazion, a little town adjoining Penzance.

A with'ring, sad, and beauteous flower, whisp'ring
Love's tale. I've often wept to mark her blue
Corolla timidly recoil from night, [dew ;
And yet enfold night's damp and searching
Her deep eye closes to her burial.
The changeful sun has left his own wild flow'r,
And she, all true to nature, never more
Will smile—to-morrow He will vainly woo
Her loveliness—for the convolvulus
Of other skies has been the partner of
His beam—this is fidelity.

HON. MARY MONK (1680—1715).

POLWHELE names this lady, the wife of George Monk, as a Devonian. She had great poetical talent; but her poems were not published until after her death, when they were printed under the name of 'Marinda.' She is noticed in Cibber's 'Lives of Female Poets.'

The book mentioned above was published by her father, Col. Richard Molesworth, in 1716; it is entitled 'Marinda: Poems and Translations upon Several Occasions.' Col. Molesworth was probably M.P. for Lostwithiel, 1703, but unseated on petition of Col. James Kendall.

The work is dedicated in the fulsome manner common to that period—'To Princess Carolina'—the said dedication occupying nearly fifty pages. In it he says, 'If it be now Objected to me, that I have Publish'd a little Book barely for the sake of a Dedication, as 'twas once afore that I had done so for the sake of a Preface, I will not endeavour any Excuse,' etc. However that may be, he has certainly made his daughter's poems the medium for indulging in a lengthy dissertation upon everything except her works. The only reference we can find to the poems is contained in the following sentences: 'As to these Poems, which give me the Opportunity of Addressing myself to your Royal Highness, it becomes me to say but little of them. Most of them are the Products of the leisure Hours of a Young Gentlewoman, lately dead, who in a Remote Country Retirement, without any assistance but that of a good Library, and without omitting the daily care due to a large Family, not only perfectly acquired the several Languages here made use of, but the good Morals and Principles contain'd in those Books, so as to put them in Practice, as well during her Life and Languishing Sickness, as at the Hour of her death; in short, she dyed not only like a *Christian*, but a *Roman* Lady, and so became at once the Object of the Grief and Comfort of her Relations. As much as I am obliged to be sparing in Commending what belongs to me, I cannot forbear thinking some of these circumstances uncommon enough to be taken Notice of: I loved her more *because she deserv'd it*, than *because she was mine*, and I cannot do a greater Honour to her memory than by Consecrating her Labours, or rather her Diversions to your Royal Highness, as we found most of them in her Scrittore after her Death, written with her own Hand, little expecting, and as little desiring the Publick shou'd have any Opportunity either of Applauding or Condemning them.'

SONNETTO FROM 'GUARINI.'

When sable night opens her spangled scene,
And each star sparkles in the pure serene,
Pleas'd (in their turns) with wonder we behold
Those glitt'ring lights, that stud the heavens with gold;
But when the day breaks from the *eastern* sky,
Those lesser fires must all extinguish'd die.
And *Cynthia's* self (tho' Regent of the Night),
Sickly and wan, retires, and hides her light.
Thus thousand charming beauties now appear,
And deck with scattered gems our hemisphere,
Whilst my bright goddess here has ceas'd to shine,
And now in *Delos* shrouds her rays divine;
But if to our horizon she returns,
All other lights will shrink into their urns.
Whilst round her such refulgent beams she pours,
As might irradiate far more worlds than ours.

LORD MONKSWELL (1817—1886).

ROBERT PORRETT COLLIER, first Lord Monkswell, was born at Mount Tamar, in the parish of St. Budeaux, on June 21, 1817. He was the eldest son of John Collier, who then lived there, a merchant of Plymouth, descended for many generations from merchants of Plymouth, of which there are records from the year 1676, and was M.P. for

Plymouth from 1832 to 1841. Lord Monkswell's mother was Emma Porrett, daughter of Robert Porrett, of North-hill, Plymouth.

Lord Monkswell was first placed for his education with a gentleman of the name of Harvey, and afterwards with the Rev. John H. C. Borwell, for many years master of the Old Grammar School at Plymouth. There he was for some time at the head of the school, and showed great aptitude for the classics, with a remarkable memory.

From thence he went to prepare for Cambridge with the Rev. J. E. Kempe, late rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, London (retired 1895), who then lived at Kilworthy, near Tavistock, and took some young men as pupils. Mr. Kempe was the nephew of Mrs. Bray, the well-known novelist, who at that time was the wife of the vicar of Tavistock. Lord Monkswell's friendship with Mrs. Bray continued throughout her very long life.

Lord Monkswell proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge; but whilst there, he was obliged to go down for two or three terms in consequence of ill-health. He had intended to study for honours, but the state of his health prevented him, and he merely took the ordinary degree. While at Cambridge he wrote a satirical skit in verse, which he called 'Granta: a Fragment, by a Freshman,' and with the late Sir John Salusbury Trelawny, who was at Cambridge with him, he translated in English blank verse the First and Second Books of Lucretius; Sir John Trelawny undertaking the first book, and Lord Monkswell the second book, which they printed for private circulation in 1842. In 1841, when only twenty-four years of age, he became Liberal candidate for Launceston, but retired before the poll was taken.

On the dissolution of Parliament in 1852, Lord Monkswell offered himself to the Plymouth electors, and was returned in the Liberal interest to Parliament. He sat for Plymouth in Parliament from that year to the year 1871, when he was appointed a Judge of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He became successively Judge-Advocate of the Fleet, Counsel to the Admiralty, Solicitor-General from 1863 to 1866, and Attorney-General from 1868 to 1871. Whilst in Parliament, as a law reformer, he attacked the Ecclesiastical Courts, which he helped to reform out of existence. He took an active part in the great reform of the laws of divorce, also in the law which authorized the formation of companies with limited liability, now so familiar to everyone. He was elected and re-elected as M.P. for Plymouth eight times from 1852 to 1871. He was created Baron Monkswell in 1885, and died at Cannes, October 27, 1886.

Lord Monkswell married, in 1844, Isabella Rose, daughter of William Rose Rose, of Wolston Heath, Warwick, who died a few months before he did. He left two sons and one daughter: the eldest son, the present Lord Monkswell; the other son, the Hon. John Collier, the well-known artist and portrait painter. His daughter, Donna Galletti di Cadilhac, is the author of 'Our Home by the Adriatic,' and other works.

Lord Monkswell was a well-known landscape painter, whose pictures were seen at the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, and was perhaps the best amateur painter of his day. In early life he drew beautiful and faithful portraits with a very fine-pointed pencil, and his Cambridge book of portraits is a curiosity; but subsequently he preferred oils

and landscape. One of his Swiss subjects is in the Athenæum, the home of the Plymouth Institution, of which he was for many years a member. Another is in the Royal Western Yacht Club, Plymouth, of which he was a member from the first. His first lessons in art were given him by Mr. Ball, the artist, who painted the Crucifixion now in the chancel of St. Andrew's Chapel, Plymouth.

As a poet, he was a good scholar, with a surprising memory. At school he was said to know the whole of the 'Æneid' by heart, and the Odes of Horace, to say nothing of much of the 'Iliad.' He wrote many fugitive pieces, especially when, with a party of artists, he stayed at country inns in Devon or Wales, where visitors' books were kept.

> 'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;'

and the same may be said of these visitors' books.

Lord Monkswell was not without his peculiarities, one of which was the total absence of fear, shyness, or timidity. There was no need to be long acquainted with him to be aware that he was afraid of no danger and no man.

We append a portion of Lord Monkswell's translation of Lucretius, already referred to. We are indebted to the writer's son, the present Lord Monkswell, and to his brother, Mr. W. F. Collier, for the above biographical details.

ON THE NATURE OF THINGS, FROM LUCRETIUS.

Since infinite the realms that lie beyond
The walls of this our world, we yearn to know
What dwells within those realms: the winged soul,
Free soaring through all space, would fain explore
The secrets of the vast and boundless deep.
For first, on every side, above, beneath,
There is no end, as I have shown before,
Self-evident in truth, and from the essence
Inseparable of infinity.
How, then, through such illimitable space
Deem we innumerable atoms borne,
With every motion, through eternal time,
Portent to form but this our earth and sky;
While all not used up here inertly roam
Through barren space? Why this our world is made,
By concourse all fortuitous, unplann'd,
Of bodies knock'd together, now in vain,
Now with concussion fortunate, till, met
At last things apt, in generating form
Rise earth, and sea, and sky, and sentient tribes?
Hence must we needs confess, in other parts,
Other conjunctions of material things
Like this our world, throughout wide ether spread.

DR. EDWARD HEAD MOORE.

THIS gentleman, the author of the popular Cornish song 'One and All,' is singularly enough not a Cornishman, for he was born at Stoke Damerel, Devonport, January 2, 1855, being the fourth son of Alexander Moore, for many years Chief Constructor of Her Majesty's Dockyard, Devonport. He is now a medical practitioner at Falmouth, and Surgeon to the Falmouth Hospital. He is also a magistrate for the borough of Falmouth. He married, in 1885, Laura Emmeline, daughter of W. R. Tuck, Esq., Dental Surgeon, of Truro.

We give the words of the song 'One and All,' which has been set to music by the late Charles G. Oliver, who died in 1895, and is invariably sung at the festive gatherings of Cornishmen the world over. Dr. Moore has contributed many verses to Cornish journals under a *nom-de-plume.*

ONE AND ALL.

Oh ! rugged and bold are Cornwall's cliffs,
And rugged and bold are her men ;
Stalwart and true when there's work to do,
And heeding not where or when ;
Braving the storm on ocean wave,
Or toiling beneath the ground ;
Wherever the spot, whatever his lot,
The Cornishman staunch is found.

CHORUS.

One and all, at duty's call,
Shoulder to shoulder we stand or fall ;
On land or sea, where'er we be,
We Cornish are ready, ay, one and all !

Old Cornwall is rich in her native wealth
Of copper and fish and tin ;
And richer still in the strength and will
Of the hearts that beat within ;
And if ever the proud invader's guns
Should threaten her rock-bound shore,
For country and queen, her sons will be seen,
One and all in the battle's fore !

CHORUS.

One and all, at duty's call,
Shoulder to shoulder we stand or fall;
On land or sea, where'er we be,
We Cornish are ready, ay, one and all !

GEORGE MOORE.

WHO this particular George Moore was we have no means of proving ; suffice it to say that he was the author of one little volume of poems, entitled 'The Minstrel's Tale, and Other Poems,' published at Devonport in 1826, and containing poems relating to several local subjects, such as Plymouth Hoe, the Breakwater, Plymouth Sound, etc.

THE DEPARTED.

My being still is link'd to thine,
By holy thoughts that haunt my heart,
Like gleams of glory which recline
On evening clouds, and there impart
A sober charm of calm delight,
Gilding the gloom with beamings bright.

But darkness gathers on my soul,
And blots my spirit's brightness o'er;
And dreamy sounds, with dread control,
Whisper of joys that wake no more;
And smiles of heart-fraught fondness dear
On fancy flash—and all is drear.

But why does mem'ry darkly weep?
And why is earth a desert now?
My love, thou sleep'st a dreamless sleep,
And stillness rests on thy cold brow—
That lip of smiles, that soul-lit eye,
With silent death in darkness lie.

The spell that spake in thy sweet voice
No more shall soothe my soul with dreams
Of potent richness, and rejoice
My panting heart with glowing themes—
What delicate delights supplied
My heaven of hopes that with thee died!

And does thy spirit watch me here?
Oh, yes, thy presence deep I feel;
Thou look'st into my heart, and there
Behold'st what I could ne'er conceal—
Thy image throned in love and light—
A sacred shrine in memory's sight.

Oh! be my guardian angel still,
For thou didst love me while on earth;
At best this world is drench'd with ill,
Then what without thee is it worth?
Soon may my spirit wing away,
And blend with thine in ceaseless day.

THE REV. HENRY MOORE (1732—1802).

Henry Moore was born on March 30, 1732, at Plymouth, where his father, a man of extensive learning and merit, was minister to a congregation of Dissenters. His mother was the daughter of William Bellew, Esq., of Stockleigh Court, Devon. He was educated by Mr. Bedford, afterwards vicar of Charles parish, Plymouth. In the year 1749 he went to the academy of Dr. Doddridge, at Northampton, and on the death of that eminent tutor he wrote a poem as a tribute of respect and veneration for his memory. He finished his academical course under Dr. Ashworth; and in 1755 or 1756 was elected minister to a Dissenting congregation at Dulverton, in Somerset. In 1757 he removed to Modbury, Devon, where he remained until 1787, when he went to his final charge at Liskeard in Cornwall. In these secluded places he was almost lost to the notice of the world, known only to a few of his fellow-students as a youth of promise; to his brother ministers as a man of learning and critical talents; but scarcely recognised for the splendid and cultivated genius, capable of shining in the highest ranks of literature, had fortune favoured him with a wider field and greater opportunities. He died at Liskeard, November 2, 1802.

He was the author of several Biblical and theological works, which were received

with much favour by experienced critics. At the solicitation of his nephew, a surgeon at Plymouth, he printed, in 1795, a poem entitled 'Private Life, a Moral Rhapsody.' This, though possessing much poetical and sentimental beauty, attracted but little notice, as it was locally printed.

A short time before his death, Mr. Moore put into the hands of a friend a volume of MS. poems, with the request that he would submit them to some person sufficiently conversant with productions of the kind to judge of their fitness for publication. They were submitted to Mr. J. Aitken, who says, in the preface to these poems, published in 1803:

'I scarcely ever experienced a greater and more agreeable surprise than on the discovery of so rich a mine of poetry, where I had not the least intimation of its existence. That the author should have passed seventy years of life almost totally unknown, was a circumstance that excited the interest of all to whom the poems were communicated; and we were impatient that, however late, he should enjoy those rewards of merit which had been so long withheld. In the mean time he was attacked with a severe stroke of the palsy, which, while it left his intellects free, incapacitated him for every exertion. There was now no time to be lost. My offer of taking upon myself the whole care of the editorship was thankfully accepted; and a subscription was set on foot, which met with the warm support of many, who were desirous that all possible comfort should be supplied to cheer the helpless decline of such a man. But the progress of debility anticipated the well-intended efforts. He sunk tranquilly under his disease on November 2, 1802, having however lived to enjoy some satisfaction from the knowledge that there were persons whom he had never seen, who could regard him with cordial esteem and friendship. As he lived in celibacy, and had no dependent relatives, no other object remained for a subscription than that of bringing forward his posthumous work in an advantageous manner, secure both from loss and neglect.'

THE VANITY OF FAME.

As vapours from the marsh's miry bed
Ascend, and gath'ring on the mountain head,
Spread their long train in splendid pomp on high,
Now o'er the vales in awful grandeur lower;
Now flashing, thund'ring down the trembling sky,
Rive the tough oak, or dash th' aspiring tow'r;
Then melting down in rain
Drop to their base original again;
Thus earth-born heroes, the proud sons of praise,
Awhile on Fortune's airy summit blaze,
The world's fair peace confound,
And deal dismay, and death, and ruin round,
Then back to earth these idols of an hour—
Sink on a sudden, and are known no more.

Where is each boasted favourite of fame,
Whose wide expanded name
Fill'd the loud echoes of the world around,
While shore to shore return'd the lengthen'd sound?
The warriors where, who, in triumphal pride,
With weeping Freedom to the chariot tied,
To Glory's capitolian temple rode?
In undistinguish'd dust together trod,

Victors and vanquished mingle in the grave ;
Worms prey upon the mould'ring god,
Nor know a Cæsar from his slave :
In empty air their mighty deeds exhale,
A schoolboy's wonder, or an ev'ning tale.

In vain with various arts they strive
To keep their little names alive,
Bid to the skies th' ambitious tower ascend ;
The cirque its vast majestic length extend ;
Bid arcs of triumph swell their graceful round ;
Or mausoleums load th' incumber'd ground ;
Or sculpture speak in animated stone
Of vanquish'd monarchs tumbled from the throne ;
The rolling tide of years,
Rushing with strong and steady current, bears
The pompous piles with all their fame away,
To black Oblivion's sea ;
Deep in whose dread abyss the glory lies
Of empires, ages, never more to rise.

Where's now imperial Rome,
Who erst to subject kings denounc'd their doom,
And shook the sceptre o'er a trembling world ?
From her proud height by force barbarian hurl'd.
Now, on some broken capital reclin'd,
The sage of classic mind
Her awful relics views with pitying eye,
And o'er departed grandeur heaves a sigh ;
Or fancies, wand'ring in his moonlight walk
The prostrate fanes and mould'ring domes among,
He sees the mighty ghosts of heroes stalk
In melancholy majesty along,
Or pensive hover o'er the ruins round,
Their pallid brows with faded laurels bound ;
While Cato's shade seems scornful to survey
A race of slaves, and sternly strides away.
Where old Euphrates winds his storied flood,
The curious traveller explores in vain
The barren shores and solitary plain,
Where erst majestic Babel's turrets stood ;
All vanisht from the view her proud abodes,
Her walls, and brazen gates, and palaces of gods !
A shapeless heap o'erspreads the dreary space
Of mingled piles an undistinguish'd mass ;
There the wild tenants of the desert dwell ;
The serpent's hiss is heard, the dragon's yell ;
And doleful howlings o'er the waste affright
And drive afar the wand'rers of the night.

Yet, 'tis Divinity's implanted fire
Which bids the soul to glorious heights aspire ;
Enlarge her wishes, and extend her sight
Beyond this little life's contracted round,
And wing her eagle flight
To grandeur, fame, and bliss without a bound.
Ambition's ardent hopes, and golden dreams,
Her tow'ring madness, and her wild extremes,
Unfold this sacred truth to Reason's eye,
That ' Man was made for Immortality.'

Yes, friend ! let noble deeds and noble aims
To distant ages consecrate our names,
That when these tenements of crumbling clay
Are dropt to dust away,
Some worthy monument may still declare
To future times, ' we were !'
Not such as mad Ambition's vot'ries raise
Upon the driving sand of vulgar praise ;
But with its firm foundation laid
On Virtue's adamantine rock,
That to the skies shall lift its tow'ring head
Superior to the surge's shock.
Plann'd like a Memphian pyramid sublime,
Rising majestic on its ample base,
By fresh degrees, and with a daring grace,
Erect, unmov'd amid the storms of time !
Of time ! no ; that's a period too confin'd
To fill th' unbounded mind,
Which o'er the barren leaps of added years,
Of ages, eras, and revolving spheres,
And leaves the flight of numbers still behind.

When the loud clarion's dreadful roll
Shall rend the globe from pole to pole ;
When worlds and systems sink in fire,
And Nature, Time, and Death expire ;
In the bright records of the sky
Shall Virtue see her honours shine ;
Shall see them blazing round the sacred shrine
Of blest eternity.

W. MOORE (1782—1848).

The Rev. William Moore, Independent Minister at Mevagissey, 1806 to 1814, and minister of Bethesda Chapel, Truro, 1814 to 1848, was born at Bristol February 7, 1782, and died at Truro, February 1, 1848. His works were : 'Strictures on Christian Perfections, founded on the Sacred Scriptures' (1816) ; 'Poetic Effusions' (1828). The 'Advertisement' to 'Poetic Effusions' is dated from Lemon Street, [Truro], September, 1828. The poems possess average merit, and several of them have reference to local subjects.

*CARNBREA.**

Fam'd hill ! rude spot of legend tale ! whose height
In stern survey o'erlooks th' extended plains
Of busy men, plying with ardent zeal
The blended powers of labours and of art.
Far off within th' expanded hemisphere
Which all around lies open to the view,
Rolls on in restless wave the Irish Sea.
There Neptune holds his trident ; there the barque
Bends to his sovereign sway ; and now, elate
With prosperous gale, swift ploughs her easy course ;
Or then, in deep distress, endures his rage
And fury, fraught with gloomy, dismal scenes
Of wreck, and ruin, and a wat'ry grave.
Still farther to the southern west appears
The mount, embosom'd in th' expanded bay,
Like a rich gem, bestowed by nature's gift
To adorn the glassy deep, and compensate
The weary traveller for regions rude,
Thro' which his lengthen'd way has tasteless led.
Low at thy base, fam'd hill, embowelled lie
Huge loads of valued ore ; the produce fair
Of speculation's vent'rous aim ; the work
Of swarthy miners, who, like skilful moles
Beneath the ground, sink shafts, and adits spread ;
And raise the ore which, smelted from its dross,
Gives life to commerce and employ to man.
Thy top like stern antiquity, which braves
The waste of deep consuming time appears
To wear a form of sombre gravity,
The mark of age coeval with the earth ;
Thy brow scarce brighten'd by the sunbeams' glow,
Seems rough and wrinkled as by frequent storms ;
Yet with majestic firmness still unmov'd.
Type of true faith, which firm remains amid
Recurrent scenes of transitory woe ;
Tho' beaten by the storm, and torn by time.

* Carnbrea is an elevated hill near Redruth, at one time supposed to have been the scene of Druidical worship.

In rude and wild irregularity,
Upon thy surface lie huge pond'rous blocks
Of granite ; some embedded deep in moss ;
As tho' each were the covert of a grave
Of some proud hero of gigantic bulk.
Some, forming a high tower ; the ancient spot
Of military watch, or silent home.
Some, standing prominent above the earth,
With excavations formed by drops of rain
Oft beating on their face, thro' friction's power ;
As if to teach the passing ages, that
By perseverance, efforts small and weak
Produce at length effects, important, great.
And as the wand'rer's pensive eye is fixed
Upon these rocks of primal origin, [dread ;
His thought transports him to the deluge
When earth and sky their furious waters gave
In confluent flow, to change fair Nature's scene;
And hurl with perfect ease on loftiest hills
The mightiest blocks of granite order, as
The smallest pebbles roll before the wave.
Romantic spot of barenness ! on which
No plant emits its fragrant bloom, but all
Is wild and cheerless and devoid of joy.
Apt emblem of the deep and mute dismay
Which hovered here on superstitious minds
(As fable tells us) when the ancient race
Of Druid priests their bloody victims gave
In ruthless immolation to their gods.
But musing thus on days of yore ; with joy
My gladden'd heart recalls the hallow'd light
Which spreads throughout this favour'd British land.
So with these fabled altars of Carnbrea,
May all the temples of idolatry
Remain as relics of the ruder days ;
And Christian faith and hope triumphant reign
The joy of man, his earnest of the skies.

THOMAS MORTIMER.

In 1825 Mr. Thomas Mortimer, of Barnstaple, published a small volume, 'Hypocrisy, and Other Poems' (London, 1825, 8vo., pp. 103) ; and in 1853 he published a little semi-political tract, in verse, called 'The Court of Sin and Death : a Vision.' Mr. Mortimer has through life been a cultivator of the muses, and contributed largely to the newspapers and periodic literature of the neighbourhood, and is also the author of a series of pamphlets addressed to working men, and some lectures.—J. R. C.

JOHN MORWEN, B.D. (flourished circa 1550).

This man is described by Dr. Brushfield, on the authority of Wood, as a Devonian. He was celebrated as a learned Greek scholar, and an instructor of Bishop Jewel, although afterwards 'a hater of his opinions.' He translated from the Greek and Latin many Greek poems and lives of saints, and composed a few epitaphs. Some of his manuscripts are in the Bodleian Library, but none appear to have been printed.*

We further find, by reference to the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' vol. xxxix.,

* Dr. Brushfield's Presidential Address, Transactions Devon Association, 1893.

p. 170, that Morwen was born about 1518, and was a Devonshire man of good family. Going to Oxford, he was placed under a relative, Robert Morwen, the president of Corpus Christi College, under whose influence he adopted reactionary religious views. He was Scholar of the college 1535; Fellow, 1539; graduated B.A., 1538; proceeded M.A., 1543; and B.D., 1552. Becoming a noted Greek scholar, he was appointed reader in that language in his college. Amongst his pupils was Jewel. He was prominent in Mary's time; but lost all at Elizabeth's accession, and was put in the Fleet for preaching at Ludgate in favour of the Mass. He was released on submission; but got into trouble again in 1561. He then disappeared, and his subsequent fate is unknown.

W. R. NEALE.

Mr. J. R. Chanter, in his 'Sketch of the Literary History of Barnstaple' (1866), says:

'In 1857 a little book of poems,* privately printed, was presented to the library of this institution (Literary Institution, Barnstaple), accompanied by the following note to me, as honorary secretary: "Some time since, I put a few thoughts into verse, and at the request of some friends a limited number were printed for private circulation only. The value consists not in any merit of their own, but simply in their being a personal reminiscence of the writer. Nevertheless, I am vain enough to wish that one of those small books should find a place in the Barnstaple Literary Institution, as two of the subjects referred to in the poems are local, and as I myself, by adoption, may also be considered as belonging to the north of Devon. At any rate, I have left a pretty tangible proof of my existence in the North Devon Railway, on which ten of the best years of my life were spent. To this work of fact I am now desirous to add a far less important one of fiction. Will you kindly, as the honorary secretary, give my book as presented by the author, as I do not wish my name to appear, etc. Yours very truly, W. R. Neale."'

Mr. Neale has since that period republished all his works, including those privately printed previously, in a volume dedicated to Earl Fortescue, under his own name.† The injunction to privacy is therefore withdrawn, and I have now great pleasure in placing here upon record this characteristic letter, and also by quoting a specimen of the writings of a most talented and honourable man, whose prospects of future eminence, and whose progress in that tide of human affairs 'which taken in the flood leads on to fortune' were only stayed by the intervention of lingering and painful illness.‡

W. R. Neale of Instow, Devon, contributed a poem of 206 lines to the 'Burns

* 'Poems,' by W. R. N., Exeter, 1857.

† 'Time the Avenger, and Other Poems,' by W. R. Neale, London, 1860.

‡ 'Poems,' p. 21; 'Time the Avenger,' p. 119.

Centenary Poems,' 1859; this was highly commended by the judges at the Crystal Palace competition, and is probably the best by far of Neale's writings.

Weary and sad upon the couch of pain,
A lonely watcher midst the wastes of night,
I ask the solace of repose in vain,
And chide the tardy dawning of the light,
While o'er my vision pass in solemn gloom
The shadows of the days that are no more,
Speaking like voices from the silent tomb,
Of hopes decayed and joyous friends of yore,
Swept by the waves of time from life's eventful shore.

And more remembrance does to me unfold
All I have left undone of duty's part,
How unfulfilled the high resolves of old!
How full of weeds this unproductive heart!
And I resemble one who stands alone
Amidst the reapers on an autumn morn,
Seeking to bind the sheaves in springtime sown,
But finds instead of fields of waving corn,
The harvest of remorse—the thistle and the thorn.

Restore, blest health, my manhood's languid prime,
Whilst o'er the misspent past I hopeless grieve,
So will I snatch the fleeting gift of time,
And moments lost by heedless thoughts retrieve;
Again the feeble fires of life renew,
That I may yet with resolution keen
And purpose firm the nobler path pursue,
To keep with deeds of worth my memory green,
Ere I depart from hence and be no longer seen.

ALEXANDRA NECHAM (TWELFTH CENTURY).

THE connection of this once well-known and often-quoted scholar with Devonshire has scarcely been noticed. He was a cotemporary and intimate friend of Joseph Iscanus, and became Prior of St. Nicholas, in the city of Exeter, and a canon residentiary within that church. Prince describes him as a famous scholar, so learned in philosophy, poetry, and oratory, as thereby he obtained a glorious name, even that of 'Ingenii miraculum,' a miracle of wit.

Polwhele refers to him as connected with our county, and the friend of Joseph Iscanus, and says of him that he did not omit to celebrate the place where he reaped the advantages of his industry and learning.

There are many references to places and things in Devonshire, in his poems, which are frequently quoted by our old chroniclers, and likewise by Westcote in his 'View of Devon.' We subjoin a few lines from his poem, 'De Laudibus Divinæ Sapientiæ,' 'Exoniæ fama Celeberrimus Iscia nomen Præbuit,' which is translated or parodied in *Baker's Chronicle:*

'To Excester, Ex a river of fame,
First Iscia called; imposed the name.'

Westcote gives as his reading—

'Iscia, now Exe, a famous river,
To Exeter did his name deliver.'

We also learn from him that the Tamar salmon were of good repute in his time—

'Leogriæ Tamaris divisor Cornubiæ que
Indigines ditat Pinguibus Isiciis;'

which in Westcote's doggerel becomes :

'Tamar, that Logres doth divide from Cornwall in the west
The neighbour dwellers rich, serves with salmon of the best.'

Selden, in his notes to Drayton's 'Polyolbion,' refers to his having written something about Lundy Island.

Isaac, the Exeter historian, quotes him ; and Burton, in his 'Itinerary' (Devon), refers to the authority of Necham in two places. According to Hooker, Necham wrote 116 books, and being continually travelling, to confer with learned men, fell sick at Kempsey, in Worcestershire, and died there in 1217. His epitaph was a punning one—

'Dictus erat nequam,
Vitam duxit tamen quam.'

There is a lengthy notice of him in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' vol. xl., p. 154.

JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A. (1746—1831).

THIS eminent artist and talented writer was born at Plymouth, October 22, 1746. His father, a watchmaker, was descended from a younger branch of an ancient family in Devonshire, of great respectability, which has given, at different periods, several high sheriffs and representatives in Parliament to that county. James Northcote was brought up to his father's business, but having a fondness for painting, he resolved to abandon the occupation of watchmaking, and devote himself to his favourite pursuit. At the age of twenty-five he went to London, with a letter of introduction from Dr. Mudge to Sir Joshua Reynolds. This was in the spring of 1771. He obtained an engagement with a printseller in Ludgate Hill to colour prints of flowers at one shilling per sheet. Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after, struck by his perseverance and attention, took him into his house, and here he had many opportunities of intercourse with the illustrious men who assembled round the hospitable board of the President of the Royal Academy. In 1776

he revisited Plymouth, and received numerous commissions for portraits, from the proceeds of which he was shortly after able to visit Italy. Here he achieved remarkable success, and attained a high position in the art world. Returning to England, he took a house in Clifford Street, Bond Street, and commenced historical painting, in which department of art he was equally successful as in that of portrait painting. In 1786 he was elected a Royal Academician.

Mr. Northcote painted upwards of two thousand pictures, and the prints from his numerous works prove the industry with which he applied himself to his noble pursuit. In 1830 he published the 'Life of Titian.' His 'Fables' were written and published during his declining years, and these are of sufficient merit to warrant our placing him amongst our West-Country Poets, for they are remarkably well written, and have always been exceedingly popular.

Northcote was short in stature, being only five feet three inches in height; he was slovenly in his attire, a very timid man, and was long afflicted with a distressing complaint,

which he bore with singular fortitude. He lived till his eighty-fifth year, and died on July 13, 1831, his remains being placed near those of his friend Conway, in the church of St. Marylebone.

These few particulars are taken from a 'Sketch of the Life of James Northcote, Esq., R.A.,' prefixed to an edition of his 'Fables,' published by Routledge in 1857, from which also we make the following extract:

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

Three sisters, of one heavenly parent born,
Religion brighten, and the Church adorn;
The eldest, Faith, with Revelation's eyes,
Through Reason's shades the realms of bliss descries,
Brings heaven in realizing prospect home,
And antedates the happiness to come.
The second, Hope, with life-bestowing smile,
Lightens each woe, and softens human toil,
Bidding the thought-dejected heart ascend
To that bless'd place where every care shall end.
The youngest, Charity—a seraph guest—
With clement goodness warms the social breast;
Her boundless view, and comprehensive mind,
Sees and pursues the weal of humankind;
And taught to emulate the throne above,
Grasps all creation in the links of love.
Yet two of these, though daughters of the sky,
Boast short duration, and are born to die;
For Faith shall end in vision, Hope in joy.
While Charity, immortal and sublime,
Shall mock the darts of Death and wreck of time;
When Nature sinks, herself the prey of fire,
And all the monuments of art expire,
She shall emerge triumphant from the flame,
The same her lustre, and her worth the same;
Confess'd shall shine to saints and angels known,
Approved, distinguish'd near th' eternal throne.

JOHN L. W. PAGE.

John Lloyd Warden Page is not a Devonshire man in the strict sense of the term, as he was born at Minehead, in Somerset, on August 26, 1858. But he may be accounted almost a Devonian, for several reasons. His father, it is true, had no claim, beyond residence in Devon and Cornwall, to be considered a West-Countryman; but his mother, a Leigh, was a descendant of Walter de Lega, who, in the reign of Henry II., held land in Morchard-Bishop. Kinship is also claimed with the Leighs of Burrough, one of whom, the celebrated though fictitious Sir Amyas Leigh, is the hero of Kingsley's 'Westward Ho!' Mr. Page has also other claims, he having passed a considerable portion of his life in Devonshire. The first seven years of his life were spent at his native place, after which he was sent to Tavistock, where he was educated at the Grammar School in that town. He adopted the law as a profession; but his natural propensities have always led him to literary pursuits. For some years he was located at Cardiff, having a professional appointment in the Bute Estate Office. During that time he was a frequent contributor to the *Red Dragon*—the national magazine of Wales—in which some of his poems were published. Mr. Page also contributed to the *Western Antiquary*, *Somerset and Dorset Notes and Queries*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and other periodicals, and was, while residing in West Somerset, elected a local secretary of the Somerset Archæological Society. He has also published papers, illustrated from his own

sketches, in the London *Portfolio*, the subjects chosen being Dartmoor, Exmoor, and the Devonshire rivers. These papers have since been expanded into three substantial volumes, entitled, respectively, 'An Exploration of Dartmoor, and its Antiquities, with some Account of its Borders' (Seeley and Co., 1889); 'An Exploration of Exmoor and the Hill-Country of West Somerset, with Notes on its Archæology,' published in June, 1890; and 'The Rivers of Devon from Source to Sea,' published in 1893. These works were well got up, the two first-named being finely illustrated with sketches by the author and Mr. Alfred Dawson, most of them being process-etchings by the latter, the third illustrated by Mr. Alexander Ansted. 'Dartmoor' and 'Exmoor' have reached a fourth edition.

Mr. Page is also the author of a little work entitled 'Okehampton; its Castle and the surrounding Country' (Townsend, Exeter), while his last and largest book is 'The Coasts

of Devon and Lundy Island, published by Horace Cox (1895). This work is, like his other books, illustrated with etchings and engravings, chiefly from his own sketches, Mr. Ansted being again the artist. He is now engaged upon a similar work for Cornwall.

Mr. Page is now residing at Totnes. He is a member of the Society of Authors, and has lately been enabled to forsake the paths of law for those of literature.

Those who have read Mr. Page's work on Dartmoor will perceive that his ideas on matters Druidical hardly coincide with those expressed in his poem. The explanation is that the poem was written long before his attention had been directed to the history and antiquities of the great Devonshire upland.

DARTMOOR.

Cloud shadows drift across the barren moor,
And climb the slopes of granite-crested hills;
Deep silence broods the stern, weird landscape o'er,
And with a quiet awe the spirit fills:
Far from the hum of restless trade that makes
His dwelling in the busy haunts of men,
No sound upon the solemn stillness breaks
Save Ockment rushing down the rocky glen.

Tor after tor uprears against the sky,
Graven in form grotesque by Nature's hand;
Here stands the ruined keep—there crouching lie
The sphinx and lion watching o'er the land,
That land of dusky heath and splintered rock,
Of brawling stream and mist-swept moorland vast;
A lonely desert riven by the shock
Of earth's convulsion countless ages past.

Crowned with the relics of the mighty dead,
The stony cairn, the kistvaen's narrow tomb,
Great Cosdon lifts on high his rounded head,
Gray now in sunshine, purple now in gloom;
About his feet Taw hurries on his course,
Impatient of the rocks that bar his way;
'Twixt banks of verdant whin or golden gorse
To merge his waters with the northern bay.

His moving shadow darkening crag and stream,
Yestor upheaves a rugged cloud-capt crest;
A giant buttress blue against the gleam
Where Phœbus weary drives adown the west;
Two thousand feet above the distant sea,
Cold now in vapour, now in sunlight warm;
He towers steadfast o'er the sheltered lea,
Heedless of summer gale or winter storm.

Time was when savage hunter roved the moor,
And slew the prowling wolf or nimble deer;
Time was when miners sought the shining ore,
Where now the mountain rivulet flows clear;
Time was when echoing from tor to tor,
The victim's cry rang through the silent night—
That victim consecrate to Pagan Thor;
Doomed by a demon worship's cruel rite.

But snarling wolf no longer haunts the fell,
Fit target for the savage chieftain's spear;
Nor bounding hart seeks shelter in the dell,
Once clothed with forest, now a desert drear;
The wild beast dies where treads the step of man;
The wild man dies where treads the step of Time;
The hills alone unchanged from span to span,
In silence lift their granite crowns sublime.

Where is the Druid hoar erstwhile who stood
On Mistor's rocky brow to chant his god;
Or sought the horrid shade of Wistman's Wood,
To stain with captive blood the barren sod?
Still springs that grove accursed—the priest is gone,
No death-cry rings among the boulders gray,
Or rises from the gorge where Dart glides on
Mourning his long and solitary way.

Unchanged, unchangeable—the ages glide;
The Celt is not; the dark Phœnician band
That delved long since the rippling brook beside
Has mouldered æons gone beneath its strand;
Or sleeps perchance, lulled by the eastern surge,
Where ruined Tyre mourns her banished state,
Or where the shattered walls of Sidon verge
Towards the sea their bastions desolate.

Unchanged, unchangeable, fair kingdoms fall,
And cities rise, but blossom to decay,
Proud monarchs see the common lot of all,
And man's creations pass for aye away;
Yet still the granite wilderness defies
The wasting hand of Time, the howling blast,
Its weathered ramparts stern against the skies
Rise dauntless ever, and shall ever last!

JOHN PARMINTER (1818—1880).

AMONGST the many comparatively unknown and obscure poets of the West that this work will bring to light may be classed the late Mr. John Parminter, a yeoman, who was born at Alyscott, North Devon, August 14, 1818. His father was a farmer, farming the above-named estate. As was only too common in those days, his education was none of the best, which is to be regretted, for John was possessed of a remarkably good intellect, which, with greater educational advantages, would have enabled him to make a mark amongst the men of his time. He was educated at Barnstaple.

Mr. Parminter married, in 1848, Mary Snow, of Oare, whose father was lord of the manor of that parish. His widow survives him, and carries on the farm where her husband spent the greater part of his life—Fullaford, High Bray. He was a true son of the soil, and an ardent sportsman and hunter. He could lead the field in safety anywhere over the hills and dales of Exmoor, and was an intimate friend of the Rev. John Russell, more popularly known as 'Parson Jack, the Hunting Parson.' His death took place on October 18, 1880, and was the result of a trap accident. On the occasion of his funeral, the *North Devon Journal* had a highly eulogistic notice of Mr. Parminter.

FAREWELL TO LYNTON.

Beauty of mountain streams,
Pride of this rocky dell,
With a thousand thorns and lingering dreams,
I gaze through the boughs on thy parting beams
As I breathe my last farewell.

Foam on o'er rock and mountain,
Bare cliff and sylvan dell,
Foam brightly on to the billowy main;
I must hasten back to life again.
Dear mountain stream, farewell.

TRUE BEAUTY.

Though tints that beauteous features own
May just a glow of warmth impart,
The graces of the mind alone
Can fix the worship of the heart.

Its charms are like those little flow'rs
Which scent the valley's zephyr breeze;
Where innocence to charm embow'rs
And sheds unconscious scents to please.

It is the soul's undying light
That mantles o'er a happy face,
Where peace and sacred truth unite,
And joy and modesty we trace.

The matchless beauties of the mind,
That to a chosen few are giv'n,
Will smiles and honour ever find,
And lead with steady step to heav'n.

JOHN PASCOE (1820—1889).

MR. JOHN PASCOE was born at Veryan, a lovely little village situated about eleven miles from Truro on January 16, 1820. He was educated at the parish school, subsequently entering Richmond College, Surrey, in 1843: after which date and for many years his

life was devoted to ministerial duties, in the performance of which he displayed much conspicuous power, and fervid earnestness. During this period he filled many honourable local offices, in which he manifested the same keen painstaking and attention as are to be found in his self-imposed literary duties.

Mr. Pascoe was possessed of considerable poetic ability, which showed itself at an early period of his life, but which was not so assiduously cultivated then as in his later years, when he won many influential friends, gained high eulogiums from talented University men, and made not a few appearances in the Wesleyan journals of his day. He was never physically strong, although apparently robust; and the loss of a dearly-loved wife after some eighteen years of happy married life, affected him deeply, his sorrow, unappeasable, being very beautifully and touchingly depicted in many of his subsequent poems.

In poetry dealing with the affections he was especially happy, but it was perhaps in poetic delineation of Scriptural subjects that he chiefly excelled. His vocation in life as a minister naturally made a deep impression on his productions, and hence we find nearly all subjects of Biblical importance—from Genesis to Revelation—treated in his verse. Many of these are sermons, poetically set, and have appeared, some of them, in various journals, including the leading Cornish papers, viz., the *West Briton*, and *Royal Cornwall Gazette*. Through these mediums Mr. Pascoe had a large circle of readers locally, to whom the offspring of his muse was ever welcome.

Mr. Pascoe died suddenly at Castle Rise, Truro, on December 23, 1889.

PERRAN PORTH, CORNWALL.

Billows fiercely breaking
On the sea-beat shore,
Earth's foundations shaking,
Thundering evermore.
Tides in ceaseless motion
Dashing foam and spray;
Grandest freak of ocean,
Through the livelong day.

Breezes gently blowing,
Breathing health and life,
Shell and pebble showing,
Waters' proudest strife;
Chops of channel crossing,
Dancing night and day,
Loveliest wavelets tossing,
Constant silver spray.

Grand expanse of waters,
Far as eye can reach,
With their fairest daughters,
On the shingly beach.
Lofty headlands raising
Heart and breast so high;
Flocks and herds oft grazing
'Neath a cloudless sky.

Frisky creatures playing
On the sandbanks fair;
Convalescents straying,
Seeking vigour there.
Thousands craving pleasure,
Speeding life away,
Spending thus their leisure
Through the golden day.

Oft are we reminded,
As we breathe such air,
Of those sands which blinded
That merged house of prayer.
Then—no temple telling
Sabbath joy was seen—
Naught but ocean swelling,
With its gulf between.

Druid forms prevailing,
Cromlechs all around,
Tidal waters failing,
Left the hallowed ground.
Then the mission founded,
Loomed the church so fair;
On the Gospel sounded,
Fraught with lustre there!

Whirling sands were sweeping
With the storm so high;
Winds their revel keeping,
Wreck and ruin nigh!
But, with skill and knowledge,
Milder seasons show
Fruits of hall and college
With their genial glow.

Oh to gaze upon thee,
Strand of saint so fair!
Oh to linger on thee
With thy bracing air!
From the crowded city
Thousands flow to thee;
Hearts of love and pity,
Hands of charity.

One fond glance we give thee
As we breathe farewell;
Fain would we receive thee
With thy ocean swell.
Could our lands but find thee
Room to dash and foam;
Could our chain but bind thee
To our hearth and home!

Oh to breathe thy vigour
And inhale their life,
Though in winter's rigour!
We would shun the strife!
Hail to thee, when flowing,
Clearest crystal sea;
Hail to thee, when showing
Thy calm breast to me!

Wavelets gently breaking
On the pebbly shore,
We our walks are taking
Where no billows roar.
Lucid waters charms us
As we saunter there;
Nought can now alarm us
On this strand so fair.

M. A. PAULL (MRS. JOHN RIPLEY).

Mrs. Ripley, better known in literature as M. A. Paull, although her poetical writings are neither many nor important, may still claim a place amongst our 'Poets of the West.' She was born at Tavistock, November 30, 1838. Her father, John Paull, was a native of Cornwall, but had lived from infancy (when the family migrated) in Tavistock and its immediate vicinity. Her mother, Maria Prideaux, was a native of Modbury. Mr. Paull was a mine inspector and agent, and at the time his daughter was born had large tin-smelting works at Crowndale. Mrs. Ripley's parents were both members of the Society of Friends, her father joining that section of the Christian Church when a young man, her mother having been brought up as a Friend. They were both earnest and enthusiastic in all great reforms, and early became identified with the Temperance movement, entertaining at their house many reformers connected with the Peace, Anti-Slavery and Temperance movements.

Mr. Paull was an advanced Liberal in politics, and worked earnestly for the return of

Messrs. Henry Vincent and Samuel Carter to Parliament, when they put up for Tavistock as candidates. Hence the sympathies of Mrs. Ripley were early enlisted on the side of progress, which she had been taught to believe right, and to which her mature judgment unhesitatingly adhered. Her first appearance in print was, when about twelve years of age, in the *Dewdrop*, a children's periodical published at Glasgow, two little pieces, entitled 'Thoughts in the Spring of the Year,' and 'The Black Lamb' (an appeal against slavery), being her earliest printed literary productions. Receiving loving encouragement from both her parents, she persevered, and at the age of fourteen wrote a little poem which touched on the horrors of war and drink. Her father died suddenly before she was fifteen, and in the autumn of 1853 the family left Tavistock, and took up their residence in Plymouth. The education of our authoress was at first conducted by her

sisters, at home; for about twelve months she attended a school kept by Miss Tonry, at Tavistock; and for some years at Plymouth she was under the careful tuition of the Misses Weymouth. During the greatest part of her life she has been writing for the press; she has been also engaged in teaching. Her published works number about forty, besides smaller books and tracts, services of song, etc. Amongst the most important of Mrs. Ripley's works may be enumerated: 'Tim's Troubles' (1877), for which she won a prize of £50, which had been offered by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union; another prize tale (£100) is 'Sought and Saved' (1880); 'The Flower of the Grass-market' (1878); 'Friar Hildebrand's Cross: a Story of the Reformation' (1882); 'Thistle-down Lodge' (1882); 'My Mistress the Queen: a Story of the Revolution of 1688'

(1885); 'Hidden Homes; or, The Children's Discoveries' (1886); 'Vermont Hall' (1888); and many others. Her works have found favour with several leading publishers —Messrs. Nelson and Sons, Hurst and Blackett, Nisbet and Co., Blackie and Son, Hodder and Stoughton, Cassell and Co., Jarrold and Sons, Partridge and Co., and various societies. Several of Mrs. Ripley's stories describe local scenery and incidents, notably 'I, Benjamin Holbeck: a Story of the Siege of Plymouth' (1884).

Some years ago she was happily married to Mr. John Ripley, a veteran Temperance reformer, and they for several years worked unitedly in promoting the good cause they had so much at heart. Mr. Ripley was an accomplished traveller, lecturer and reciter. He died in 1892, very generally regretted; and his wife brought out an In Memoriam volume, entitled 'Teetotaler and Traveller: the Life and Journeyings of the late John Ripley.' Mrs. Ripley is also a good speaker and elocutionist. Several of her Services of Song are exceedingly popular, and have had a wide circulation. We select the following from amongst a number of poetical fragments, as illustrative of Mrs. Ripley's style and sentiments:

LINES SUGGESTED BY SEEING SOME LITTLE BIRDS HOPPING ABOUT THE FEET OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S STATUE IN PRINCES STREET GARDENS, EDINBURGH.

Oh! pure sweet caterer for human minds,
Of thoughts right noble, and of tales all good,
Who elevatest heart and soul and life
The while we read thee. Not unpleased wert thou,
Couldst thou but sit amongst us in the flesh,
To see the little sparrows to thee come,
And fearlessly, quite fearlessly, perch down
Upon thy feet, then hop and fly away.
For thou, whilst here, had such a love for all
The dear dumb creatures God has made for us.
Beside thee, in the marble, thy good hound
Sits as of old, to bask in thy kind smile
And fond caress of him. And when I pause
All reverently beneath thy honoured form,
I do receive from thee a fresh desire
To serve my God in brain and heart and life
As honestly as thou, who, writing much,
Yet had no lines to blot out from the light
Of God's eternal truth. Thou sittest there
Calmly and lovingly, while over thee
Rises the sculptured beauty of a life
Wrought in a glorious canopy of stone.
As thou, the priest of some cathedral shrine,
Prayed for the souls of men in busy strife
With many warfares, 'gainst the world and flesh,
So, 'neath artistic fane of fair device,
In thy loved city, whose grand natural charms
Thou didst describe with true poetic fire,
Thou lingerest yet, thy mission to inspire
All holy, loving, honourable life.

JOSEPH HENRY PEARCE.

THE writer of the well-known and popular Cornish story, 'Esther Pentreath' (1891), may well claim to be represented in this work, as he has written some charming lyrics, in addition to several very popular works of fiction.

He is a native of Penzance, where he was born April 2, 1856, and educated in the same town. In 1877 he went to London, where he has now his permanent abode, devoting his leisure to literary pursuits. His first book was a tragedy, 'Bernice' (published in 1880), the scene of which is laid in Lanteglos and Climsland. His first Cornish tale, 'Esther Pentreath' (published in 1890), has had a remarkable success; in fact, it is one of the best Cornish stories ever penned. The year 1891 saw the publication of 'Inconsequent Lives,' and two years later (1893) another Cornish tale, 'Jaco Treloar,' was issued. 'Drolls from Shadowland' (1893) consists of Cornish and other fantasies and imitations of folk-tales; a further collection of imaginative tales and fantasies and

Cornish folk-studies, entitled 'Tales of the Masque,' appeared in 1894. Mr. Pearce's latest Cornish novel, 'Eli's Daughter,' is now in the press.

Mr. Pearce's stories abound in pretty lyrics, which he places at the head of most of the chapters. The following is fairly representative of the author's lyrical muse:

FROM 'ESTHER PENTREATH.'

At sunset, when the daylight dies
And gathering darkness dims the skies,
When care seems dead and sorrows flee—
O then, belovèd, think of me!

The day wears garlands of its own,
Ere fades the light their scent has flown;
The heart's sealed fountains night sets free—
O then, belovèd, think of me!

* * * * *

We only know there is one end for all,
Howe'er we shape our lives;
Beneath the mournful darkness of the pall
No certain hope survives.

What comfort, O grim Shape, hast thou in store
That has no root in breath?
Our dead lie at our thresholds evermore—
What hope is there in death?

* * * * *

Blackbirds are singing
O'er brooklet and linn;
Cuckoos are ringing
The merry May in;

Forests are wreathing
A coronal fair;
Blossoms are breathing
A spell on the air;

And up through the splendour
Beneath and above,
Impassioned and tender
Comes beautiful Love.

* * * * *

O God, I am weary,
Too weary to weep;
The world is so dreary—
O send me Thy sleep.

Thy sleep, O our Father,
Too perfect for breath;
Not slumber, but rather
The silence of death.

GEORGE PEELE.

THIS poet was a native of Devonshire, and flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but the exact place and date of his birth are not known. In or about the year 1573 he was made a student of Christ Church College, Oxford, and in 1579 was admitted to the degree of M.A. After this he removed to London, where he became the City poet, and had the ordering of the pageants. 'This person,' says Wood, 'was living, in his middle age, in the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, but when or where he died I cannot tell, for so it is, and always hath been, that most poets die poor, and consequently obscurely, and a hard matter it is to trace their graves.' He certainly died in, or before, the year 1598, as Meres, in the second part of his 'Palladis Tamia, or Wit's Treasury,' printed in that year, mentions the cause. A list of his poetical pieces is given in Ritson's 'Bibliographia Poetica.' Nash termed him 'the chief supporter of pleasance, the Atlas of Poetrie, and *primum verborum artifex*.'

While at the University he was conspicuous for his poetical talents, and maintained that character throughout his life. He appears to have supported himself by his writings, both poetical and dramatic, of which the names of a great number have been recorded. The chief are 'The Famous Chronicle of King Edward the First' (1593); 'The Old Wives Tale. A Pleasant Conceited Comedie' (1595); 'The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe; with the Tragedie of Absalon' (1599). Of the first, a critic wrote that it contained the most delicate poetical imagination, with sound and harmonious verse. Among his most famous poetical compositions, as set out by Ritson, is 'A Farewell, entituled to the famous and fortunate Generalls, Sir John Norris, and Syr Francis Drake, Knights, and all other brave and resolute followers, whereunto is annexed a tale of Troy,' 4to., 1589. He was a good pastoral poet; and Wood informs us that not only were his plays acted

with great applause in his lifetime, but did also endure reading with due commendation many years after his death. His play of 'Edward I.,' with a ballad on the same subject, was in his time usually sold by the common ballad-mongers; and there is a scarce book still extant, 'Merrie Conceited Jests of George Peele' (1629). This scarce work was reprinted in 1809, with the following explanatory note: 'The rarity of his "Merrie Conceited Jests," combined with the great price demanded for it, was the chief inducement to reprint it in its present form. The copy made use of for that purpose had belonged to the Rev. J. Brand, secretary to the Antiquarian Society; after the sale of his library, in 1806, it came into the possession of Mr. Stace, and the present proprietor purchased it in December, 1807.' The full title of this work is 'Merrie Conceited Jests of George Peele, Gentleman, sometimes Student in Oxford. Wherein is shewed the course of his life, how he lived: a man very well knowne in the City of London, and elswhere.

Buy, reade, and iudge,
The price doe not grudge;
It will doe thee more pleasure
Than twice so much treasure.

London, Printed for Henry Ball, dwelling in the Little Old Baily, in Eliot's Court.'

'The Works of George Peele,' edited by A. H. Bullen, in two volumes, were published in 1888. Reference to him will be found in 'Dict. of Nat. Biog.,' vol. xliv., pp. 225-29.

Mr. John Shelly, of Plymouth, in an admirable critical article contributed to a short-lived local periodical called *Clack* (1865), gives several extracts from Peele's plays. Here are a few noble lines:

Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings,
Whose chivalry hath royalized thy fame,
That, sounding bravely through terrestrial vales,
Proclaiming conquests, spoils, and victories,
Rings glorious echoes through the farthest world;
What warlike nation, trained in feats of arms,
What barbarous people, stubborn or untamed,
What climate under the meridian signs,
Or frozen zone under his brumal stage,
Erst have not quaked and trembled at the name
Of Britain and her mighty conquerors?

EDWARD PENNA (1814—1894).

This man was a native of Truro, where he was born January 5, 1814. He continued to reside in his native town up to the time of his death, which took place March 16, 1894. It is singular that, although living to the age of eighty, he had never crossed the Tamar. By trade he was a working tailor. His first attempt at versification was when a boy attending the Baptist Sunday-school at Truro, where he received his only education, never having attended any other school. It will, therefore, be realized that his life was

a very uneventful one, and does not offer any scope for a biographical sketch. Mr. Penna was also an amateur musician, and invariably took part in the public performances of the local choral, philharmonic, and other societies, as a violoncello player. Music and poetry were therefore the chief, if not the only relaxation of his spare hours. He is described by those who know him well as a quiet, humble, but highly intelligent man, and highly respected in his native city. His poems, although displaying want of culture, are nevertheless full of genuine, humane, and religious sentiment, and are moreover not wanting here and there in gleams of true poetic fire. Mr. Penna has received kindly and appreciative acknowledgments for his various pieces from Lord Tennyson, Lord Beaconsfield, the President of the United States, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Truro, Lord Randolph Churchill, Admiral Sir William King Hall, Mr. H. S. Stokes, and many others. Many of his contributions have appeared from time to time in the Truro newspapers, but he has never published any collection of his poems.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO AN OLD FRIEND.

(HIS VIOLONCELLO.)

Yes, I know we must part—still resolved not to sell,
After fifty years' musical pleasures of life;
Altho' thou art only a portable shell,
No friends in this underworld pleased me so
Except my own children and wife. [well,

When crosses disturbed either body or mind,
And ruffled the balance of thought in the mind,
My remedy stood in a case just behind,
Which, as soon as the chord touched the heart,
I could find
Its charm would restore it again.

Troubled waters were calmed at the sound of thy strings, [grief;
Bringing magical influence to bear on my
Thus, the banquet of pleasure which melody brings
Is the gift of Jehovah, for subjects or kings,
To give her true lovers relief.

Nothing fickle or false have I found in thy case,
Ever waiting for concert and ball, night and day, [(bass),
And hence the misnomer to say thou art *base*
As never an instrument shone with more grace
Where the talent can make the display.

Thou art near to my person and dear to my heart,
And never allowed to be long out of sight;
But the day is not distant when I shall depart,
And leave an old friend to his chance in the mart,
With a final farewell to thy right.

My charming old 'cello, I never shall know
The name of thy future possessor and friend;
Other hands with more skill may request thee to show [to his bow,
Richer strains, when thy strings will respond
After our acquaintance shall end.

'Tis the solace of life, and infallible guide
To the string-loving brotherhood's constant delight,
Who share the rich legacies friends have supplied,
And seldom grow weary though moments may
Imperceptibly on to midnight. [glide

If life is receding I'll try not to fret,
Though clouds most distinctly enlarge overhead,
But musical friends I shall never forget
Till memory in total oblivion is set,
And this body lies down with the dead.

JOHN PENWARNE (1758—1838).

Mr. John Penwarne, of Penryn, was born at Penryn and baptized at St. Gluvias, May 13, 1758. He died in London, January 20, 1838. He was the author of 'Contemplation: a Poem, with Tales and other Poetical Compositions,' published in 1807. This work contained 'Tregeagle of Dozmary Pool,' a poetical legend, which has since been frequently reprinted.

GEORGE B. PERRY.

The subject of the present sketch, who has attained a good position amongst literary men in America, fairly claims to be a Devonshire man. True, he was born in Liverpool, January 1, 1845, but while yet an infant his parents removed to Plymouth, where his early life was spent. His education was such as dame schools and parochial schools then provided, which is not saying much for the high standard of education he attained. At the age of ten he was compelled to seek a living, or at any rate to add his quota to the family treasury. He therefore entered a printing-office, and continued there for a time as an errand-boy, and then for some years he drifted about in various capacities, sometimes as errand-boy, at another time down among the fishermen at Newlyn West, and then home again to Plymouth. This sort of life may not look very literary or poetical; in fact, it was

a hard life at the best; but the lad laid the foundation of his literary work in that way and at that time. In the stirring war times of 1854, at Plymouth, amidst the coming and going of ships and regiments, and amidst the hardy fishermen of Mount's Bay, Perry laid up a store of incident and adventure which has been of infinite service to him in his novels and poems.

Returning to Plymouth, he again entered a printing-office, and was eventually apprenticed to that trade. About this time he joined the Working Men's Association of the town, and there imbibed good influences, which have reflected themselves on his life. In 1865 the term of his apprenticehip expired, and Perry left Plymouth, working at his trade first at Exeter then at Oxford, where he obtained a situation at the University Press. Here he started the movement of the University Press Company of Rifle Volunteers, which were accepted and organized as the 2nd Oxfordshire; the 1st being the University Corps. In 1866 he left Oxford for London, where he remained for four or five years. Here he joined the Adelphi Club, and made the acquaintance of the leaders of the great reform movement of the time.

Returning to Plymouth, he started in business as a printer (after a short time at the case at Messrs. Brendon's, and another interval as proof-reader at the office of the *Western Daily Mercury*). He started the *Thunderbolt*, a satirical sheet in 1871, eventually merged into the *Western Figaro*.

In 1872 Perry left Plymouth for America, whither one of his brothers had preceded him. He landed at New York, but soon made his way to Boston, which city has since been his home. There he worked at his trade for a number of years, doing little with his pen that was worthy of note, till the advent of the Russo-Turkish War in 1877 filled the Boston newspapers with comments as ignorant in facts as they were prejudicial in tone. The effect was to set an Englishman's teeth on edge, and it was not long before some satirical verses on the situation appeared in the columns of the *Boston Daily Globe*, which attracted attention, and were widely copied. These verses, and many others which followed, were from the pen of G. B. Perry, who by this means secured a reputation for writing that was more than local, and eventually led to his being offered a position on the editorial staff of the *Globe*.

About the year 1878 he published his first novel, 'Corporal Bruce, of the Balaclava Six Hundred,' first published in a suburban paper then under his care. He also founded the Central Labour Union for Boston, which has now developed into a formidable organization.

About 1879 Perry accepted the position of night editor of the *Boston Globe*, but he only retained the position for eighteen months, resigning and taking up the position of proof-reader.

In 1887 Mr. Perry took a leading part in the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee in Boston, in spite of some hostile demonstrations on the part of the Irish. This and other attendant circumstances led to the establishment of the British-American party, and the starting a new journal, the *British-American Citizen*, the first editor of which was Mr. Perry. He gave up that position after a few months, because the proprietors wished

to deviate from the aims of the promoters. Since that time, Mr. Perry has led a comparatively quiet life, devoting his leisure to the bringing out of a collection of his smaller pieces and in preparing sundry stories for the American periodicals. Amongst these may be mentioned, 'Uncle Peter's Trust,' published by Harper Brothers. He also published 'By Man came Death,' a poetic reverie, occasioned, by the loss of a beloved child. In 1887 he published 'Slings and Arrows,' being tales, sketches and verses, grave and gay, which have been scattered broadcast through the American press. Mr. Perry is ever foremost in loyal and patriotic work amongst his brother Englishmen in the city of his adoption, and his work is highly appreciated by those amongst whom he labours.

The following are culled almost at random from a mass of his poetic effusions:

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Why should we weep for him who ever lives,
Whose name shall ever breathe of lofty deeds,
Whene'er the times shall come, as come they will,
That try each heart;
When, bowing 'neath the cross of some great trust,
The nation moves, thorn-crowned, with bleeding feet
And bitter smart,
To loftier heights of human hope and life,
Won by the turmoil of a fearful strife?

For it hath ever been—and aye must be—
That as one travaileth with bitter pain
Of human birth,
Yet all forget the pain in holy joy,
Rejoicing that a man-child has been born
Of rarest worth.
Birth-throes of agony the world must meet
E'er yet its best and bravest it can greet.

A nation springs to arms: What hand could wield
This trenchant weapon of a people's will?
A master hand
It needed sore, and seemed to seek in vain,
And dire defeats, like cloud on cloud arose,
Till all was dark. Then flashed the sword on high,
A conquering brand!
And men looked up and in its flash could see
The name of Grant, presaging victory.

Raise the Union flag on high;
Higher yet!
Why should it droop, half-masted, as for one
For whom his country only vainly mourns,
And may forget?
He ever held his country's flag on high,
Though at his challenge-cannons' breath
Heroic foemen rushed to death,
Pouring their blood like water at his feet,
In hope to see the stars set in defeat.

Raise it with proud salute,
The cannons' roar.
Their deep-mouthed baying borne upon the breeze
Shall voice the nation's pride in his brave deeds
From shore to shore,
Till the wide world, o'er which his fame extends,
Shall join with us in joy for him who lived—
Who lived? Is living, and shall never die
While yet the Union stars shall gleam on high!

MAMMA'S STORY.

Will the robin come again,
Robbie with his coat of brown,
With his pretty scarlet vest,
Now that all the leaves are down?
Did he take a maple leaf
Burned bright red by summer sun,
And within his pretty nest
Make the gay vest he has on?

Pretty prattler, yes ; the spring
Will bring back the flowers and leaves,
Summer, with its crown of blossoms,
Autumn, with its golden sheaves ;
But where Robbie got his vest
Mamma heard a little story,
How the robin's breast of red
Is the birdie's mark of glory.

When the loving Jesus wore
For our sakes the crown of thorn,
Bound and scourged, abused, reviled,
And the cruel cross was borne,
One sharp thorn had pierced His head,
And the blood was flowing down,
But a robin drew the thorn,
Dyeing red his breast so brown.

WILLIAM PETER (1788—1853).

THIS worthy Cornishman was born March 22, 1788 ; he was the son of Henry Peter, of St. Merryn, and matriculated from Christ Church, Oxford, in 1803. He took his B.A. degree in 1807 ; M.A. in 1809 ; and became Barrister-at-Law at Lincoln's Inn in 1813. He was M.P. for Bodmin from 1832 to 1835, and was appointed Her Majesty's Consul for Pennsylvania and New Jersey, a position which he held from 1840 to the time of his death. He died at Philadelphia, on February 6, 1853.

He translated Schiller's 'William Tell' (1839), and also 'Mary Stuart' (1841), a tragedy by the same author ; he also translated the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus (1852). Of his original works we may mention 'Sacred Songs,' being an attempted paraphrase of some portions of Scripture, with other poems, by a Layman [*i.e.*, W. Peter], 1834 ; and some poems scattered through his other works.

A good memoir of William Peter is to be found in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' vol. xlv., page 66.

JOHN PHILLIPS.

ACCORDING to the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis' an architect of this name issued a small volume of 'Poems, etc., on Various Subjects.' It was printed for the author by J. Platt, of Plymouth Dock, about 1818. It contains, 'Thoughts in a Country Churchyard, Calstock, at Midnight when alone, during a tremendous storm' ; 'Epitaph on Mr. W. Cox, engraved on his headstone in Rame Church' ; 'The Author to his Wife, four years after marriage ; written in 1805 on the top of St. Michael's Mount' ; 'Cornish Loyalty. Scene, a smith's shop near Redruth.'

We should judge this John Phillips to have been an eccentric man, even for a poet.

He became the owner of a tea-garden at Stonehouse, Devon.

MISS E. PHILLIPS.

Miss E. Phillips, of Aller Vale, Newton Abbot, formerly of Lee Moor, Shaugh Prior, Devon, has for many years been a contributor to the contemporary literature of the two western counties, both in poetry and prose. Of the latter may be mentioned 'Whortleberry Gathering on Dartmoor'; 'An Ancient Manœuvre on Dartmoor, being some legendary particulars of Sir Francis Drake'; 'Kingskerswell in the Olden Time,' etc. Miss Phillips has also been closely identified with the 'Arts and Crafts Exhibitions,' held at Abbotskerswell, Kingskerswell and Coffinswell during the last few years, of which her brother, Mr. John Phillips, is chairman.

In the 'Song of the Three Wells,' which we here append, Miss Phillips has very cleverly allied her poetic thoughts to these Arts and Crafts industries. Her other poems possess great delicacy of thought and treatment, and genuine poetic power.

THE SONG OF THE THREE WELLS.

(ADAPTED TO MUSIC. WRITTEN FOR THE COTTAGE ART CLASSES).

When stars shine bright,
And Cynthia's light
Falls tenderly o'er hill and plain;
When hushed to rest
Each quiet nest,
And shadows deepen in the lane;
Then comes the hour, the mystic hour,
When Arts and Crafts assume their power,
In Coffinswell! and Kingskerswell!
And so in Abbotskerswell too!
For here we merry craftsmen dwell,
And wondrous is the work we do.

This county blest,
That in the west
Lies softly 'twixt the balmy seas,
In days of old
As we are told,
Was famed throughout the world for these,
Our Arts and Crafts, which now *we* ply,
When winter nights go swiftly by,
In Coffinswell! and Kingskerswell!
And so in Abbotskerswell too!
For here we merry craftsmen dwell,
And wondrous is the work we do.

Should storms assail,
Or floods prevail,
We speed across the rugged ground;
For in our lore,
'Tis reason more,
That at our trysting-place we're found;
Thus helping on with heart and hand,
The glory of our native land,
In Coffinswell! and Kingskerswell!
And so in Abbotskerswell too!
For here we merry craftsmen dwell,
And wondrous is the work we do.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

This popular writer was born in India, in November, 1862, his father, the late Captain Henry Phillpotts, of the Indian army, being then stationed there. He was educated at

Mannamead School, Plymouth, under the late Dr. Holmes and Mr. A. Pollard, M.A., the latter-named gentleman being an especial friend. After his school life at Plymouth, which he describes as particularly happy, he came to London—the goal of so many youthful aspirants for fame, literary and otherwise. At the age of seventeen he entered the office of the Sun Insurance Company as a clerk, working there for ten years by day, and following his natural bent—literary work—at night. At the expiration of that time, encouraged by the success which kindly Fate had accorded him, he adopted his present profession, and may be said to have taken a prominent place in the world of letters. Mr. Phillpotts, if not a Devonian, has the strongest claim to be included among the poets of the West Country, for, besides having been educated at Plymouth,

his family have been connected with the county for very many years, the famous Henry, Bishop of Exeter, being his great-uncle. And it will be remembered that the Torquay Division of Devonshire is at the present time represented in Parliament by Commander Phillpotts, and several of his relatives have been connected with the Church in Cornwall. But beyond and above this, his best work has been inspired by, and is redolent of, sunny Devon. 'Down Dartmoor Way' is the latest and best example of this; and 'Folly and Fresh Air' is another. 'The End of a Life,' 'A Tiger's Cub,' 'Some Everyday Folks,' are the titles of other works. In addition to these novels and the charming little poems which have found a place in them, interwoven in the story, Mr. Phillpotts has of late given his attention to dramatic work, his play 'The Prude's Progress' having met with a considerable meed of success. He has been working in collaboration with J. K. Jerome, and also

with Mr. Charles Groves, the comedian. His latest work, entitled 'My Laughing Philosopher' (1896), originally appeared in *Black and White*, a journal with which he is now intimately associated.

The poem 'Vale,' here appended, is taken from 'Folly and Fresh Air,' and is a good example of this author's work :

VALE.

Farewell to thy manifold glories and graces,
Thou sweet heart of Devon, so wild and so free. [places,
Farewell to the peace, and the soft resting-
My short sunny leisure owes solely to thee.
Farewell ! oh, farewell !
For none may foretell
If a vision of rainbow-clad mountain and fell
(As Memory yet in her dreams dimly traces)
Shall ever again be extended to me.

Farewell, lofty tors, in your proud desolation
Of purple and gold, under gray granite crowns ;
Whose kingdoms extend 'neath each throne's elevation,
And valleys still smile, though the lord of them frowns.
Farewell ! oh, farewell !
To slumbering dell,
To the soft-stealing music of river and bell,
To the bountiful charms and delights of creation,
That spread their enchantments for dwellers in towns.

Farewell, happy valleys of sunshine and pleasures,
Where streams sparkle gold, and the wood-pigeons coo ;
Farewell to hushed melodies murmuring measures
That float in the dawn, happy valleys, from you.
Farewell ! oh, farewell !
To nights that befell,
When the moonbeams were filling with mystical spell,
Dim glades, where the fairies find silvery treasures,
And gossamers, stringing pale diamonds of dew.

Farewell to lone churchyard, and village outlying,
Where weary men slumber on Nature's calm breast ;
Farewell to the peace and contentment supplying
Life's needs in the bright humble homes of the West.
Farewell ! oh, farewell !
May trouble ne'er quell
The faith and warm hearts of our kindred who dwell
In the land of the mist ; where, through labour undying,
They love, pray, and suffer, then sink to their rest.

EDWARD TRAPP PILGRIM.

This writer was the author of 'Poetical Scraps on Various Subjects, Serious and Comic, published at Exeter in 1837. His effusions are somewhat above the average, and his epigrams are smart. With regard to the latter, a note is appended, to the following effect :

'The encomiums most kindly bestowed on some of the epigrams by Samuel Rogers,

Esq., has induced the author to submit them to the public, earnestly hoping that they will meet with the same favourable reception.'

Mr. Pilgrim's work does not find a place in the 'Bibliotheca Devoniensis,' nor can we trace it in the British Museum Printed Catalogue.

SONG.

THE LILY, THE ROSE, AND THE CHERRY.

A lily, a rose, and a cherry
By chance met in sunshiny weather;
And each one disposed to be merry,
Agreed they would live all together.

Says the lily, 'But how can it be,
Since our stems are on different ground?
And where aptly to suit all three
Can a dwelling be readily found?'

Quoth the rose, 'I have hit on the place;
Not a lovelier spot can be seen:
Let us meet in Eliza's sweet face,
And embellish her beautiful mien.

'On her forehead the lily shall rest;
And her cheek shall belong to the rose;
Of her lip be the cherry possest—
With vermilion already it glows!'

EPIGRAM.

ON A NOTORIOUS SWEARER.

With your *oaths* and *profaneness* no longer, sir, *bore us*;
They are *wanted below* to enrich the *Grand Chorus!*

EPIGRAM.

ON BEING OVERTAKEN IN WALKING BY A GENTLEMAN ON CRUTCHES.

When you, like me, had legs but two,
I then could walk as fast as you;
But being '*arm'd*' *with two legs more*,
'Twould be in vain to cope with—*four!*

DR. J. PLIMSOLL.

THIS gentleman was, we believe, the brother of the celebrated Samuel Plimsoll, and resided for many years in Devonshire, at Plymouth and Exmouth. He was a very prolific writer, but none of his productions bear his name. They were all printed at Plymouth between the years 1868 and 1874. One of his principal works was entitled 'Ancient Churches, and Other Poems'; and another volume simply bore the general heading 'Miscellaneous Verses.' This contained his 'Burial of Moses,' 'Thoughts on Divine Revelation,' and other poems. He appears to have spent some portion of his life in the East, as his works abound with references to the ancient and ruined cities of the Old World. We give a brief extract from 'The Prince Albert, a Poem,' published 1868.

FROM 'THE PRINCE ALBERT.'

In name though but a Prince, he amongst men,
Substantially, was every whit a King.
In moral splendour, and extent of sway
Over the bias, tastes, and lives of men,
He was without a peer—e'en in this land—
Abounding, though it does, in human greatness,
And where the aim and power to do good
Achieve their noblest sublunary triumphs.
And thus he virtually evinced himself
One of the truest of Earth's potentates.
He needed not the kingly designation
To augment, consolidate and glorify
The sovereignty he wielded o'er men's minds
In Britain and her vast dependencies;
Nor lacked he aught of that commanding presence
And stately bearing rife in mortals born
And nurtured in palatial domiciles,
The dignity and lofty habitudes
That mark those destined to pre-eminence
Of station, and dominion o'er mankind
He ever in his august life displayed.
Like Israel's towering monarch, Saul, he stood—
If not in loftiness of person, yet
In intellectual and moral stature—
A head and shoulders higher than his fellows.
Not only to his own imperial race,
But to humanity in all its grades,
He was a model in his generation.
How gracefully he filled his lofty station!
And with what wisdom and fidelity
He executed the momentous trust
Committed to his honour and discretion,
As Consort of the Sovereign of these realms!
In virtue of these regal qualities
Of mind and soul, his philanthropic aims—
Actions in perfect harmony therewith—
And his potential influence to raise,
And guide propitiously, the national mind,
It may with truth be said that he has shed
More glory on this kingdom, throne, and people,
Than England had so lavishly beamed forth
On him, by that proximity to her seat
Of Empire, and alliance with her Queen,
To which he, by the nation's countenance, grace,
And will—no less than by the Sovereign's choice—
Had been so cordially and justly raised.
His spirit, aspirations, and his deeds,
All sanction the exalted epithet
Which his contemporary fellow-men—
Not Britons only, but the people of all lands—
Unite in giving him,—Albert the Good.

REV. RICHARD POLWHELE (1760—1838).

THE name of Polwhele is so intimately associated with the history and literature of Cornwall that to omit it in this connection would be to commit a most unpardonable error. Few names claim greater recognition than that of the worthy who heads this section of our book, a list of whose works occupies several pages in the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis'; and few men did more than he for Cornish literature.

He was a typical Cornishman, for not only did he rejoice in one of the trio of prefixes always ascribed to Cornishmen, but he came from a good old Cornish stock, several members of his family having at various times attained celebrity. Richard Polwhele, of Polwhele, was born at Truro, January 6, 1760, and was educated at Christ Church, Oxford.

He was successively curate of Lamorran; curate of Kenton 1782; curate of Exmouth 1794; Vicar of Manaccan 1794-1821; Vicar of St. Anthony 1809-1821; curate of Kenwyn 1806; Vicar of Newlyn East 1821-1838. He died at Truro, March 12, 1838, and was buried at St. Clement's.

He was a very voluminous writer, and his published works comprise the Histories of Devon and Cornwall, many religious dissertations and sermons, translations from the classics, and poetical works too numerous to mention. He was also the editor of several series of poems, notably the work frequently quoted in these pages, 'Poems, chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall,' 2 vols., 1792. Many of the poems contained in this compilation were by Polwhele. He was an extensive contributor to the *Anti-Jacobin Review and Magazine*, and his essays and poems are to be found in nearly all the most important journals of his day. We append one pretty trifle by him.

ODE TO A REDBREAST.

Sweet bird, whose melting lay
Deceives the wintry day,
Come to my cot while now the Orient beams!
O'er hills of purpled snow
See faint the radiance glow,
And fleeting shadows brush yon icèd streams.

Approach, devoid of fear;
No cruel heart is here:
On thee shall Pity lift her glistening eye;
Amid yon leafless grove,
Dejected dost thou rove,
And shiver with a solitary sigh.

O, fly the dreary shade,
Which fatal snares invade—
There—there the truant schoolboy bends his way;
No sympathy he feels,
But death around him deals,
Wild as the hawk that pounces on his prey.

Yes, though the morning rise
O'er azure-vaulted skies,
With a pale lustre shines the frosty sun:
For thee my cheerful fire
Shall genial warmth inspire;
Here lurks no springe, nor roars the murderous gun.

My hospitable board
Shall grateful food afford—
Lo, cold and hunger at a distance dwell—
Then listen to my strain,
Come, peck this scatter'd grain,
These dainty crumbs, nor dread my sylvan cell!

What time, to greet the year,
As vernal blooms appear,
Thy brother warblers wake their choral lays.
Go, pour thy little throat!
Go, mix thy tender note
With each sweet song of tributary praise!

JOHN POLWHELE (1606—1672).

This gentleman, one of the ancient and notable Cornish family of that name, was born in 1606, was M.P. for Tregony in 1640, and died at Treworgan, St. Erme, July 6, 1672. He left a number of poems in manuscript, which were in the possession of the family of the Rev. R. Polwhele. The following short extract is given in Worth's 'West-Country Garland':

ON SIR JOHN ELIOT.

Heer a musitian lyes whose well-tuned tongue
Was great Apollo's harpe, so sweetly strunge
That every cadence was an harmonye.
Noe crotchets in his musicke ! onlye hee
Charmed the attentive burgesses alonge,
Ledde by the eares to listen to his songe.

* * * * *

For innocence, sad widdowes' orphans' teares
(The dumbe petitioners of unfeigned feares),
How smoothly could thine eloquence alone
Create a helpinge pittie where was none.

MRS. E. POTTS.

THIS lady (widow of E. Potts, Esq., M.P.) was the author of 'Bardrick, the King of the Teign, a Lay of South Devon, in Ten Cantos,' published in 1869. We regret that, owing to pressure of space, we are unable to give an extract from this spirited piece.

W. M. PRAED (1802—1839).

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED, although born in London, was essentially a Devonshire man. He was the third and youngest son of William Mackworth Praed, of Bitton House, Teignmouth, which, being his father's seat, may be regarded as his paternal home. His

father was sergeant at-law, and for many years occupied the honourable position of chairman of the Audit Board. Winthrop (who was so named after his mother) was born on July 26, 1802. He was naturally delicate, and in early life had a severe illness, which threatened his life. From his earliest years he had a tendency for poetical composition, and in this he was warmly assisted by his father, who was an accomplished versifier. The death of his mother, when he was about seven years old, had a lasting effect upon him, and readers of 'The Troubadour' may remember, in this connection, the beautiful passage:

'My mother's grave—my mother's grave!
Oh, dreamless is her slumber there!
And drowsily the banners wave
O'er her that was so chaste and fair.'

In 1810, being then in his ninth year, he was sent to school at Langley Broom, near Colnbrook, where he continued under the care of Mr. Atkins for about four years. He soon became a special favourite with the master, who found him an adept in learning, and particularly devoted to the classics and the drama. Plutarch's 'Lives' and Shakespeare were his first favourites. He also took much pleasure in chess, in which game he was a proficient all through his life. While at school he amused himself by composing short dramas, in which he displayed that talent for drollery which he afterwards exhibited in so elegant and refined a form.

From Langley Broom School he went to Eton, being placed under the charge of the late Rev. J. F. Plumptre, where he made rapid progress, and gained especial commendation for a copy of Latin lyrics. His ready pen was now actively employed in poetical composition, this faculty being encouraged by his tutor, as well as by his relatives. In the year 1820 Praed started a manuscript journal styled *Apis Matina*, in which several of his pieces appeared. Some of these were afterwards printed in the *Etonian*. It is upon his contributions to the latter periodical that Praed's reputation was founded and maintained. The work was published by Mr. Charles Knight, the well-known publisher, who in his 'Autobiography of a Working Man,' eulogizes Praed both for his compositions and his caligraphy, the latter being, as he observes, 'The most perfect caligraphy I ever beheld. No printer could mistake a word or a letter.' In 1821, Praed went to Cambridge, entering Trinity College as an undergraduate.

His reputation had preceded him, and in the wider field there presented he did not belie his character. In 1822, he gained Sir William Browne's medal for the Greek Ode and for the Epigrams; in 1823, the same medal a second time for the Greek Ode, with the first prizes for English and Latin declamation in his college; in 1824, Sir William Browne's medal a second time for Epigrams; and in 1823 and 1824, the Chancellor's medal for English verse. In 1827 he gained a Trinity Fellowship, and in 1830 he completed his University triumphs by gaining the Seatonian prizes. In the autumn of 1822 Mr. Charles Knight projected the *Quarterly Magazine*, and Praed became its animating and directing spirit. The story of this periodical is well told in Mr. Knight's 'Autobiography.'

In 1825 Praed returned to Eton as tutor to Lord Ernest Bruce, son of the Marquis of Ailesbury. Here he spent two years, and in 1827 went to London and devoted himself to professional study, chiefly to the practice of the law. He was called to the Bar, at the Middle Temple, May 29, 1829, and went the Norfolk circuit. He was soon after returned as a Member of Parliament in the Conservative interest, and made his maiden speech on the Cotton Duties.

He was first returned to Parliament for the borough of St. Germans in November, 1830, and again for the same place at the general election of 1831. In 1832 St. Germans lost its franchise, and he contested the borough of St. Ives, another Cornish town. To this period are to be referred some of his smartest political squibs, he being a consummate master of this style of composition. He lost this election, but in 1834 gained the seat for Yarmouth. In 1837 he retired from Yarmouth and stood for Aylesbury, gaining the election, and holding the seat till his death. During the latter years of his life he held the office of Deputy High Steward of the University of Cambridge; he had several Government appointments, and was always foremost in promoting the interests of the working classes. He was married in 1835 to Helen, daughter of George Bogle, Esq., who, during the four years of their married life, devoted to her husband the most assiduous affection. The winter of 1838-1839 was spent by Praed, with his wife and two infant daughters, at St. Leonard's-on-Sea. His health, which was none of the best, was partially restored, but in June (1839) he rapidly grew worse, and returned to London, where he died at his own house on July 15, and was buried at Kensal Green. He left a widow and two daughters to mourn his loss.

A monumental tablet at Kensal Green bears a highly laudatory inscription from the pen of the Rev. James Hildyard, and beneath a marble bust of the poet, in the possession of his widow, were engraved the following lines by the Rev. John Moultrie, a last tribute paid by his valued friend and brother poet to the memory of Winthrop Mackworth Praed:

'Not that in him, whom these poor praises wrong,
Gifts, rare themselves, in rarest union dwelt;
Not that reveal'd through eloquence and song,
In him the bard and statesman breathed and felt.

'Not that his nature, graciously endued
With feelings and affections pure and high,
Was purged from worldly taint, and self-subdued,
Till soul o'er sense gain'd perfect mastery.

'Not for this only we lament his loss,
Not for this chiefly we account him blest;
But that all this he cast beneath the Cross,
Content for Christ to live, in Christ to rest.'

Praed's chief poems are 'Lilian'; 'Gog'; 'The Troubadour'; 'The Legend of the Haunted Tree'; 'The Legend of the Drachenfels'; 'The Bridal of Belmont'; 'The Legend of the Teufel-haus'; 'The Red Fisherman.'

His miscellaneous poems are very numerous. They were collected and published in two volnmes by Moxon, in 1864, with a memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, from which we have gleaned the above particulars concerning his life and works.

THE NEWLY-WEDDED.

Now the rite is duly done ;
  Now the word is spoken ;
And the spell has made us one
  Which may ne'er be broken :
Rest we, dearest, in our home,
  Roam we o'er the heather,
We shall rest, and we shall roam—
  Shall we not ?—together.

From this hour the summer rose
  Sweeter breathes to charm us ;
From this hour the wintry snows
  Lighter fall to harm us :
Fair or foul—on land or sea—
  Come the wind or weather ;
Best and worst, whate'er they be,
  We shall share together.

Death, who friend from friend can part,
  Brother rend from brother,
Shall but link us, heart and heart,
  Closer to each other :
We will call his anger play,
  Deem his dart a feather,
When we meet him on our way
  Hand in hand together.

TELL HIM I LOVE HIM YET.

Tell him I love him yet,
  As in that joyous time ;
Tell him I ne'er forget,
  Though memory now be crime.
Tell him, when sad moonlight
  Is over earth and sea,
I dream of him by night ;
  He must not dream of me !

Tell him to go where Fame
  Looks proudly on the brave ;
Tell him to win a name
  By deeds on land and wave.
Green—green upon his brow
  The laurel wreath shall be ;
Although the laurel now
  May not be shared with me.

Tell him to smile again
  In Pleasure's dazzling throng,
To wear another's chain,
  To praise another's song.
Before the loveliest there
  I'd have him bend his knee,
And breathe to her the prayer
  He used to breathe to me.

And tell him, day by day,
  Life looks to me more dim ;
I falter when I pray,
  Although I pray for him.
And bid him when I die
  Come to our favourite tree ;
I shall not hear him sigh,
  Then let him sigh for me.

WALTER PRIDEAUX (1806—1889).

Mr. Walter Prideaux, of Goldsmiths' Hall, London, and Faircrouch, Wadhurst, Sussex, was the eldest son of Mr. Walter Prideaux, of Plymouth, by Sarah Ball, daughter of Joseph Kingston, of Kingsbridge. He was born at Bearscombe, near Kingsbridge, April 15, 1806, and resided there with his parents until the year 1812, when his father sold Bearscombe and removed to Plymouth, where he founded the bank now known as the Devon and Cornwall Bank. He was educated firstly at a school at Milverton, and afterwards at

Plymouth Grammar School, of which Mr. Macaulay was then headmaster; later on he was placed under Mr. Josiah Forster at Southgate.

Soon after leaving school he was articled to Messrs. Woollcombe and Jago, solicitors of Plymouth, and after serving four years in their office, completed his articles with their London agents, Messrs. Allison, of Freeman's Court, Cornhill. He was admitted a solicitor in Trinity Term, 1829, and soon after became associated with Mr. John Lane, the clerk and solicitor of the Goldsmiths' Company, with whom he entered into partnership in 1835. In the year 1840 he, with some others, founded the Assam Company, which became, and still is, the most flourishing of the many companies formed for the cultivation of tea in India. He was successively secretary, director, deputy-chairman and chairman of this company. The chairmanship he only relinquished in 1888. On Mr. Lane's death, in 1851, Mr. Prideaux was elected to fill his place as clerk and solicitor of the Goldsmiths' Company, and this post he retained till the year 1882, when he retired, owing to his advanced age and to failing sight.

From his early days Mr. Prideaux evinced a great fondness for literature. He taught himself Spanish, and accumulated a considerable library of works in that language, both in prose and verse, and in some of his poems may be traced the impression which this class of literature made on his mind. He joined the Garrick Club in the early years of its existence, and when it was more exclusively a literary coterie than it has since become, and was intimate with most of its leading members, more especially with Thackeray, in whose company he took many long Sunday walks, and who sketched out to him in one of these rambles his first ideas of the plot of 'Vanity Fair.' During the five or six years preceding his marriage he mixed a good deal also in French society, and was intimate with many of the well-known *littérateurs* of the day.

As his professional engagements became more numerous, and his time more closely occupied, he was unable to devote himself so much to study, but he still retained all his old love for literary research, and accumulated a large miscellaneous library, besides a considerable collection of historical engravings. Until his sight failed in 1885, he was a great reader, and his memory until the end of his life was quite unimpaired. He died March 30, 1889, and was buried at Great Stanmore, Middlesex.

Mr. Prideaux married, in 1843, Elizabeth, daughter of General S. H. Williams, R.E., and by her had a family of two sons and three daughters. His elder son, Mr. (now Sir) Walter Sherburne Prideaux, succeeded him as clerk of the Goldsmiths' Company, a post which he still holds. His other children were, Ellen Elizabeth, who died in 1870, Ada Holland, Sarah Treverbian, the well-known writer on books, book-bindings and book decoration, and Arthur Robert.

Mr. Prideaux published one volume of poems in 1840, entitled 'Poems of Chivalry, Faery, and the Olden Time.' This little volume consisted of the following pieces: 'The Lay of Sir Amys,' 'The Fairy Wife,' 'The Alcayde of Alhama,' 'The Death of Don Alonzo d'Aguilar,' 'Roland and Ferragus,' 'The Dying Crusader,' 'Rolandseck,' 'The Perilous Castle of Douglas,' 'The Faeries' Song,' 'The Hunter's Song,' 'The Friar's Song,' 'The

Maiden's Song,' 'The Christmas Song.' He left a number of sonnets and miscellaneous verses which have been recently printed for private circulation amongst his family and friends. We quote one short poem as illustrative of his poetical talents:

THE CHRISTMAS SONG.

Oh! Christmas-tide is a merry, merry time,
In Old England's country homes;
It comes with the snow, and it comes with the rime,
But with right good cheer it comes.
Then welcome the time, the good old time,
At the close of the changing year;
When old friends meet at the squire's old seat,
To partake of his Christmas cheer.

Brightly the yule-log flames on the hearth,
And the leaves of the holly-bush glow;
The wassail bowl circles with smiles and mirth,
And the blood-red wine doth flow.
Then welcome the time, the good old time,
At the close of the changing year;
When old friends meet at the squire's old seat,
To partake of his Christmas cheer.

Then merrily we dance, and merrily we quaff,
And merrily at games we play;
There's music from the harp, and music in the laugh,
Of the young, and the fair, and the gay.
Then welcome the time, the good old time,
At the close of the changing year;
When old friends meet at the squire's old seat,
To partake of his Christmas cheer.

The Lord of Misrule, and the Christmas Fool,
Make pastime of great and small,
Of the clerk and the squire, of the knight of the shire,
And eke of the dame of the hall.
Then welcome the time, the good old time,
At the close of the changing year,
When old friends meet at the squire's old seat,
To partake of his Christmas cheer.

Then tales are told of the days of old,
Of battles and fierce affrays;
When ladies were fairer, and knights more bold
Than in these degenerate days.
Then welcome the time, the good old time,
At the close of the changing year,
When old friends meet at the squire's old seat,
To partake of his Christmas cheer.

And thus while the snow in the moonlight doth glow,
The merry Christmas-night proceeds;
It glides on a flood of the vine's red blood,
And with right good sport it speeds.
Then welcome the time, the good old time,
At the close of the changing year,
When old friends meet at the squire's old seat,
To partake of his Christmas cheer.

WILLIAM JEFFERY PROWSE (1836—1870).

BORN at Torquay on May 6, 1836, he inherited his literary talents and tastes from his mother, who was an intimate friend of John Keats, and published a volume of poems, as Marianne Jeffery. His parents dying while he was yet a child, he was adopted by his uncle, Mr. John Sparkes Prowse, a notary-public, and ship-broker, residing at Greenwich. He began to write at an early age, his first contributions being to *Chambers' Journal*, *The Ladies' Companion*, and *National Magazine*, and his apprenticeship to journalism was served in the columns of the *Aylesbury News*.

In 1861, Prowse was engaged upon the *Daily Telegraph*, his first article being a report of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race. Being an enthusiastic cricketer, his pen was employed in many articles on that national game, and his last leader was on the death of Tom Lockyer, the cricketer.

For many years he was a conspicuous member of the staff of *Fun*, and for that paper wrote the famous burlesque sporting notes under the pseudonym of 'Nicholas.' In *Fun* he also exhibited his wonderful faculty for imitations of prose style. His love for his native county was displayed by him as early as 1855, in a poem 'Devonshire Worthies,' printed in *The Western Times*. His health, always delicate, began to fail seriously about the year 1861, or 1862, and phthisis declared itself—from that time his life was that of an invalid, until on Easter Day, 1870, he was released from his sufferings. His work for the most part is scattered and lost in the periodical literature of his day; had he lived there can be no doubt but that his unique talents would have won for him a foremost place among the writers of the century. His memory will ever be cherished by those who had the advantage of his acquaintance, for as a companion and friend he has had few equals, and he won for himself a great popularity among the *littérateurs* of his day. That he had a fine poetic gift his verses, from which we make a brief selection, afford ample evidence, and it will be a matter of regret to our readers that we cannot quote more fully. He was the author of 'Nicholas' Notes and Sporting Prophecies,' with some poems, serious and humorous, edited, with a Biographical Notice, by Tom Hood, 1870, with a portrait.

Mr. Clement Scott had some appreciative remarks anent Prowse in an article in the *Lady's Pictorial*, September 26, 1891. They are as follows:

'I always recall Geoffrey Prowse when I read of Philip Wakeham in the "Mill on the Floss." How few of those still alive and at work on journalism have ever heard of "Jeff Prowse." And yet what a gifted little creature he was! The earliest and the best descriptive articles in the *Daily Telegraph* were written by Prowse, particularly those on the Isle of Thanet. He has described Ramsgate and Broadstairs and Margate scores of times in language, and in a style that many of us must envy. If you want to know Prowse as a humourist, read the "Old Man's" sporting articles in *Fun* by Nicholas, when edited by Tom Hood, and see how he was steeped in the phraseology of *Bell's Life* in those days, and how he turned his knowledge to comical account. I dare say that F. G. will bear me out when I say the game of cricket has seldom been so sympathetically described as by the little genius who wrote poems on Alfred Mynn, and whose last leader for the *Daily Telegraph* was a prose pæan in honour of Tom Lockyer, the Surrey wicket-keeper. And if you want to know of Prowse as a poet, purchase the latest edition of "Lyra Elegantiarium," and notice that Mr. Locker Lampson has inserted there that exquisite poem written by Prowse on his deathbed, entitled, "My Lost Old Age," an exquisite lyric that appeared first in the columns of *Fun*. Poor Jeff! Rest in peace, old friend! You have been spared much sorrow and more pain these twenty odd years and more. Friendship and loving kindness could not give you the "lost old age" that you lamented. But God gave you His "beloved sleep," which is better still. I went to see

my old friend's grave last year in the cemetery of Cimies, overlooking Nice, in the South of France.' We give a short typical poem by Prowse.

TRAMP SONG.

Though down in yonder valley
The mist is like a sea ;
Though the sun is scarcely risen,
There is light enough for me.
For be it early morning,
Or be it late at night,
Cheerily ring my footsteps,
Right ! left ! right !

I wander through the woodland
That hangs about the hill.
Hark ! the cock is tuning
His morning clarion shrill ;
And, suddenly awaking,
From his nest amid the spray,
Hurriedly now the blackbird,
Whistling, greets the day.
And be it early morning,
Or be it late at night,
Cheerily ring my footsteps,
Right ! left ! right !

I gaze upon the streamlet,
As on the bridge I lean ;
I watch its hurried ripples,
I mark its golden green.
Oh ! the men of the west are stalwart,
And the western lasses fair ;
And merrily breathes around me
The bracing upland air.
And be it early morning,
Or be it late at night,
Cheerily ring my footsteps,
Right ! left ! right !

REV. G. R. PRYNNE.

The Rev. George Rundle Prynne, M.A., was born at West Looe, Cornwall, on August 23, 1818. His father was John Allen Prynne, of Newlyn East. He was educated chiefly at Mount Wise School, Devonport, under Mr. Thomas Southwood, who was afterwards head mathematical master of Cheltenham College. Mr. Prynne matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in October, 1836, and migrated to S. Catharine's College in the same year ; took B.A. degree January, 1840, and M.A. degree some years after (1861). He was ordained Deacon by Bishop Philpotts, in September, 1841, and Priest the following year by the same Bishop in Exeter Cathedral. Mr. Prynne's first curacy was at Tywardreath, Cornwall (1841) ; from thence, in 1843, he went to St. Andrew's, Clifton. In 1846 he returned to the Diocese of Exeter, at the wish of the Bishop, as the incumbent of the newly-formed parish of Par, Cornwall. In 1847, at the wish of the Bishop of Exeter, he took charge of the parishes of St. Seunen and St. Levan, in the Deanery of St. Buryan, Cornwall. In August, 1848, he was offered by the Bishop the incumbency of St. Peter, Plymouth, which he accepted, and where he has continued until the present time, a period of forty-eight years. A building called Eldad Chapel, of which the Rev. John Hawker had been the minister, and which was secured for the church by the exertions of Mr. Godfrey,

the first incumbent, was licensed for divine service by the Bishop of Exeter in 1848, and consecrated by him as the parish church of St. Peter in October, 1850.

In 1849, Mr. Prynne married Emily Fellowes, daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Fellowes, C.B., D.C.L., by whom he has had issue four sons and six daughters.

During his incumbency Mr. Prynne has built large schools for boys, girls, and infants, and a mission chapel in the poorest and most degraded part of his parish, and in 1880 was enabled to begin the great work which he had ever looked forward to, that of replacing the somewhat unsightly building once known as Eldad Chapel by a more dignified and stately edifice. The new church of St. Peter, built on the same site as the old, and partly with the same stones, was consecrated by the Bishop of Exeter (Temple) on February 2,

1882. The church was erected from the designs of Mr. G. H. Fellowes Prynne, F.R.I.B.A., son of the Vicar.

At the General Election in 1885 Mr. Prynne, in conjunction with Prebendary Sadler, was elected to a seat in the Convocation of Canterbury, as Proctor for the parochial clergy of the Diocese of Exeter.

Mr. Prynne's literary productions, which are numerous, are chiefly of a religious and doctrinal character. He has, during his ministerial life, always been a strong supporter of the great Catholic revival begun in Oxford, in 1833, by the Rev. John Keble and others, and has striven constantly to give dignity and beauty to the services of the church by correct ritual and good music; but many of the practices which Mr. Prynne introduced, when he first came to Plymouth, and for which he was termed a 'Ritualist,' have

now been adopted by many churches in the Three Towns, and indeed throughout the country. But Mr. Prynne is evidently a conscientious man, and a firm believer in the doctrines he inculcates; he is a good preacher, and though hindered, for a time, by a long and painful illness from taking his usual part in the public services of the church, he is now again restored to health, and is able to celebrate the Holy Communion and preach every Sunday, as well as superintend the work carried on, with the aid of three assistant curates, in his poor and populous parish of 12,000 people. A complete list of Mr. Prynne's works will be found in 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis,' vols. ii. and iii. He has written many beautiful hymns, and sacred, as well as other poems; these he collected in 1881, in a volume published by Masters, London, entitled, 'The Soldier's Dying Visions, and Other Poems and Hymns.' In the preface to this little volume, he says, 'The poems and hymns contained in this volume were written in fragments of time during five-and-twenty years of a busy life. The first three were read at social parochial entertainments. Perhaps I may be presumptuous in hoping that a larger public will, to some extent, endorse the approval which they received in a more limited and indulgent circle. Some of the hymns have already appeared in various hymn-books for public worship, and one little hymn has found its way into most English Hymnals. I have always readily acceded to the request for their being thus used, and esteem it a privilege that anything I have written should be thought suitable for so high and sacred a purpose.'

The poem we here append, on the subject of the sending forth of missionaries, is taken by Mr. Prynne's express permission from this volume.

TOIL ON, BRAVE HEARTS.

Toil on, brave hearts, toil on; dimly as yet
Can ye the distant longed-for haven see;
Strong blows the adverse wind, therefore row well
If ye would reach the land where ye would be.

Toil on through weary hours; He sent you forth
Whose holy will ye must for aye obey.
Trust in that mighty Saviour's power and love
To aid and strengthen you upon your way.

The night draws on, slowly the watches pass;
If in your danger Jesus seems not nigh,
Yet struggle on, trust in His promise sure
To hear His servants when to Him they cry.

Pray well in all your trials and your toils,
On Jesus let your faithful hearts be stayed;
And ye in faith shall see your Lord draw nigh,
And hear Him say, 'Tis I, be not afraid.'

ROBERT PULLEIN (TWELFTH CENTURY).

CAMDEN gives this name as a scholar and reciter, who came from Exeter in the reign of Henry I., and acquired great fame from his lectures at Oxford, and was reputed the reviver of learning in that university. He was afterwards called to Rome, and made a Cardinal by Pope Celestine II. Lysons states that he was probably a native of Exeter.*—J. R. C.

* Wood's 'Athenæ Oxonienses'; 'Magna Britannia,' vol. iv., p. 255; Lysons, p. 221.

MISS CATHERINE SMITH PYER.

Miss C. S. Pyer (Kate) was the daughter of the late Rev. John Pyer, Independent Minister, of Mount Street and Wycliffe Chapels, Devonport. She afterwards became Mrs. Russell. Amongst other works, she wrote 'Wild Flowers, or Poetic Gleanings from Natural Objects' (1844); 'Songs of Freedom' (1849); 'Love and Labour' (1860); and a memoir of her father (1865). The following selection is taken from the first-named work:

REMINISCENCES OF BICKLEIGH VALE.

And can a minstrel lyre
Recall the whispers of a spirit's breath?
Its lingering echoes from the shades of death,
With living and immortal tones inspire?

Ah! were the depths of love
Wakened by musings on that yestern scene,
Clothed with rich pathos by some fairy queen,
Its heavenly thrillings *might* thy bosom move.

Oh for the sunshine ray
That robed our hearts in blithesomeness of glee,
And gave to every tall ancestral tree
License with every beating pulse to play.

Methinks the fitful breeze,
That swept its moanings thro' th' embosomed grove,
Soothed every heart with sighings of its love,
And wafted to each burdened spirit—ease.

The joyous sunbeam lent
Its hallow'd brightness to the rippling wave,
Danced on the lucid stream—so proud to lave
The lightsome trippings of its merriment.

The heather blossom smiled
Its home-born welcome to the listening gale,
While graceful fern and mantling moss, with tale
Of love they cherish, weary time beguiled.

The streamlet glided on,
With murmured cadence of its happiness,
And woodland songsters trilled with gladsomeness
The warblings of a deep, unanguished tone.

There in sequestered nook,
Mirrored in very truthfulness, each trait
Of living beauty, as in slumber lay
Upon the tranquil surface of the brook.

High on the mountain brow,
Soft inspiration lingered in each breeze,
And heaven's own angel-harpings seemed to seize
Upon the listening ear—unheard below.

The moss-embedded stone,
Circling the trysting oak of olden time,
To shadowy dreamings of the dread sublime,
Which chafed our spirits, sent no answering tone.

Yet were there blessings breathed
By every living, wild, untroubled thing;
The sportive breezes bore them on their wing;
Trees, birds, and flowers some votive offering wreathed.

Ah, me! what sacred springs
Of hidden feeling, slumbering in the soul,
Were ushered to the spirits' hallowed goal—
That outlet of all wild imaginings.

Nor shall the lingering sigh
Of their deep consciousness be heard no more;
Methinks some angel-messenger then bore
Their record to our treasured home on high.

Heard ye a softened tone
Blend with the zephyr's whispering, dying wail?
Ah! no; it trembled on no passing gale—
It was the breath of prayer—God heard its moan!

JOHN N. PYKE-NOTT.

THIS gentleman is the eldest and only surviving son of the late Rev. John Pyke, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford, and J.P. for the county of Devon, patron and lord of the manor, and for forty-two years Rector, of Parracombe, near Lynton, where he died in 1868. He inherited also, with other property, a moiety of the Combmartin Manor lands, which had been owned by his forefathers from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Of the Pyke family was Henry Pike, Sub-dean of Exeter, 1350.

His mother was daughter of John Nott, Esq., of Bydown, and sister and heiress of John Nott, Esq., of Bydown, Swymbridge, county of Devon, in which parish the family had held lands for centuries; and John Nott, gentleman, their ancestor, who was born *temp.* Edward IV., acted in the transfer of the parish lands in 1524. John N. Pyke-Nott was born in 1841, and educated at Winchester, where he became head of the school, in which position he was succeeded by Dr. John Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury. From Winchester he went to Exeter College, Oxford (the Pykes were kin to the founder, Bishop Stapeldon, by several descents), and there obtained a scholarship in 1860; he was also in the first class in classics in moderation, and took his B.A. degree in 1865. For some time he was laid up with rheumatic fever, his life being in extreme danger, and this illness disabled him from going in for honours in the final examination.

In 1863 he inherited his uncle's property, and in accordance with his expressed wishes he obtained the royal licence to assume the name and arms of Nott in addition to those of Pyke, and for several years he resided at the family seat, Bydown; but his literary taste was stronger than his taste for country pursuits and amusements, though he was once very fond of hunting, and was very good across country. He has been latterly residing in London, and has let Bydown to Viscount Ebrington, M.P., son of Earl Fortescue.

Mr. Pyke-Nott was from his earliest years devotedly fond of poetry, and especially of Scott and Byron, the 'Siege of Corinth' being his favourite piece; but his own first voluntary piece of poetry was a Latin description of the little pack of beagles that his father allowed him and his brothers to keep at Parracombe Rectory, and which Sir Bruce Chichester, the first Baronet, of Arlington, had given them. They were then boys ranging from twelve to eight. The piece was written in the style of Ovid's account of Actæon's hounds; for from the first he had a thorough appreciation of the poetry of the Classics, and later Virgil, Horace, etc., were a pleasure to him and not a grief as they are to most lads. The love of the poets of Greece and Rome still abides with him, and the love of all true poetry grows more and more, though Scott and Byron have ceased to be first favourites.

In 1879, Mr. Pyke-Nott issued his 'White Africans,' a lengthy poem treating of the Zulus and Missionary work in Africa. A second edition was published in 1883, with considerable alterations and improvements, the plot being brought out more clearly. Next appeared 'Gordon in Khartoum,' the first edition in 1884, the second in 1885. Another work was 'Æonial; The Flood; Gehenna (Aurea's Visions),' 1887, in which the writer is

seen at his full strength. It contains many fine passages. The poem is based on Scripture, and deals first with the Flood, and secondly with the sufferings of Christ and His final triumph over evil. The whole is treated with great poetical and dramatic ability, and though it is by no means what is usually understood by a 'religious poem,' yet it clearly displays a spirit of reverence. We select from the first part a dancing chorus as a specimen of the spirited poetry of which the author is capable. It is based on a curious passage in the sixth chapter of Genesis.

THE SONS OF GOD.

Clash the loud cymbals, clash ;
Sweet cymbals, ring ;
Hands on the timbrels dash,
Joy-voices, sing,
Sing, sing !
Catch hands and swing.
Once in the fair lost days
Gods heard the singing ;
Heard, and looked forth from the blue of their skies ;
Saw, and their glory as garments off flinging,
As a diver his robe ere he leaps for the prize,
Leapt, and the sunbeams' shine
Laughed with their laughter divine,
As they sped down the swift bright ways
To the splendour of woman's eyes.

This, of course, is a mere interlude, the poem being mainly written in a different style, of which we may take as a sample the final scene in 'Gehenna,' where Christ is represented, as in the words of St. Peter,

PREACHING UNTO THE SPIRITS IN PRISON.

Then from the gloom's heart broke a golden flush,
Quick-spreading, till the mass seemed chrysolite—
Anon the glimmering aureole waxed bright,
And the load adamantine seemed to melt
And fade like mist before Christ's radiance.
Yet awe-bound lay the fiends, as in a trance,
Prone ; but the rescued souls around him close,
As list'ning, hung'ring, earth's crowds closed Him in ;
And sweet from out the sweet light's deepening rose
His voice flowed. Silently the hearers knelt,
While Love unveiled itself, Love consummate
Through Death and Hell ; and as the spirits felt [sin,
God's mercy's greatness and their own great
The guilt-scars faded from them, spot by spot.

There are many powerful passages in this book, but their force would be weakened by separating them from their context, and the author does not appear to have indulged in the usual flights of fancy of young poets, for we do not find in his works any short poems of a sentimental character, or, in fact, any short poems at all.

His last published work was 'Stapeldon : a Tragedy,' issued in 1892. The subject of this drama was Walter Stapeldon, Bishop of Exeter, and founder of Exeter College, Oxford, who was murdered by the London mob on account of his fidelity to Edward II.

The work has the following dedication : 'To the Rector, Fellows, and Members, past and present, of Exeter College, Oxford, and to all the good folk of Devon, the author of "Æonial" and "The White Africans," a Devonshire and Exeter College Man, Dedicates this Tragedy of the Founder of the College, who was one of the greatest of all Devon's

sons.' It will be evident from this that Mr. Pyke-Nott had an intense admiration for this truly great man; and he appears to have inoculated others with the same spirit, for the heads of the college, many of the tutors and fellows, and several of the Bishops have sent him commendatory letters, while the press criticisms have been uniformly favourable. The author is at present engaged in the preparation of a volume to contain extracts from 'Æonial,' 'The White Africans,' and 'Stapeldon,' together with some shorter pieces, and a poem dealing with social policy, on which he has been for some time steadily at work.

We give some short extracts which are amongst the best things in 'Stapeldon:'

'BLANCH,' A SONG.

Woe for the fond shadow's love for the sun!
To the fringe of his raiment of light
Swiftly she hied;
And awhile she lay stilled with the sight,
Stilled with the joy of his splendour and might;
Lulled, satisfied.
Ah! but in charmèd sight love-charms begun;
And she yearned to press face unto face,
And to feel, though but once, the embrace
Of the bright, the adorable one;
Closely, in closely, she wistfully drew
Then forth from the place of his pride
Careless he looked, and a careless glance threw
Upon her who bent trembling in love at his side;
And the glory that touched her, slew.

'TWO LITTLE FAIRIES,' A SONG.

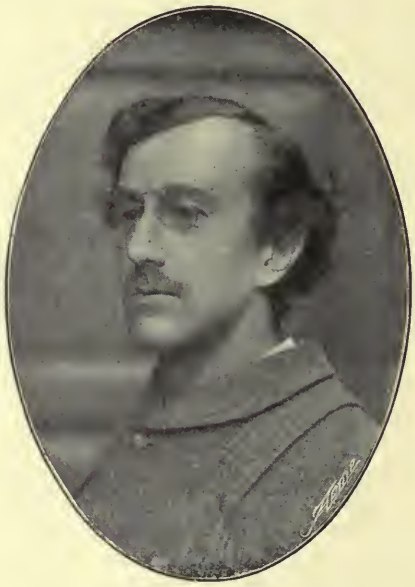
Two little fairies skipped into a heart;
One was called Music, the other called Joy;
Softly Joy whispered, 'How vocal thou art,
When I am gladdest I'm silent and coy!'
'I cannot live, cannot live, and be dumb,'
Thus carolled Music's voice. 'Let's agree; come
(Surely we would not each other annoy),
Not song or silence, then; just a blithe hum;
Let us like humble-bees cheerily hum;
You, the heart's owner, too, hum, little boy!'

EXTRACT FROM 'WHITE AFRICANS.'

On he dashed himself. See! in a moment wide ope
As a door stood the thicket; and slope after slope
Swelled out, and then hid. Sparkled flowers of all dyes,
And with life, bright as flowers winged, or gems, earth and skies
Were all movement and colour; and where the trees' grace
Would be charm's crown, their columns and frondage had place;
Near him two slight forms bending, leaned each toward each,
And their boughs flowed as robes, and as sound of love-speech
All their murmurs; a grim giant here; here a grove,
Where, like athletes, the thronging stems twined limbs and strove;
And with bough-circles wid'ning out round after round,
Till the dark fringes' tips flickering high o'er the ground,
Featherlike, made a tent where a king's court might rest,
A mimosa stood clear on the fairest knoll-crest.

HENRY QUICK (1792—1857.)

HENRY QUICK, of Zennor, Cornwall, was born in 1792, and died in 1857. He was the writer of numerous verses on local and passing events, such as mining accidents, shipwrecks, and other calamities. Quick also wrote a 'Brief Memoir of Christopher Hosking'; 'The Life and Progress of Henry Quick, of Zennor. Written by himself'; 'The World is Not our Own,' and other small matters of little literary interest.



ERNEST WILLIAM RADFORD.

THIS sweet singer of Devon, fourth son of George David Radford, was born at Plymouth, January 24, 1857, and educated at Amersham Hall School, Caversham, Oxon., 1869 to 1873, and matriculated at London in the latter year. He entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge, at Michaelmas term, 1874; took Honours degree in Law in Lent, 1878; took a studentship of £50 at the Middle Temple in 'Real and Personal Property' about 1877. He remained at Cambridge after taking his degree of LL.M., in 1884, for one year, and read for the Moral Sciences Tripos. He won the 'headers' (plunging competition) in the 'Varsity Swimming Matches in 1878, and this he declares is the greatest achievement

of his life. Mr. Radford was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple January 26, 1880. It should be stated that, whilst ostensibly studying and following law as a profession, art and letters absorbed his chief interests; and many days, or, rather, months, which should have been spent in chambers, were spent in picture-galleries at home and abroad, or in the Print Room or Reading Room of the British Museum.

In 1882 Mr. Radford published at Cambridge a little volume of 'Translations from Heine, and Other Verses,' the circulation of which was very limited. In 1884, with what Mr. Austin Dobson would call a 'pleased persistence,' Mr. Radford published the best of these pieces with others in 1884 in a book called 'Measured Steps,' 'got up' by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin in a style which did not commend it to the author's artistic tastes. Since 1884 Mr. Radford has been variously engaged. He has lectured during most of the period on various matters of art and architecture in London and the provinces for the different University Extension Societies. For three years he filled the office of secretary of the society known as the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, of which Walter Crane was president, and most of the great decorative artists of the day were amongst its members.

In 1889 Mr. Radford published a selection from the poems of Walter Savage Landor in the Canterbury Poets series issued by Mr. Walter Scott. This was on the part of Mr. Radford purely a labour of love; but despite that fact, Mr. Radford was, as he considers, 'severely maltreated' by the editor. Another volume, 'Chambers Twain,' was published in 1890, by Mr. C. Elkin Mathews, of London, and is in all respects an advance upon its predecessors. Its 'get-up' is admirable, and is entirely in accord with Mr. Radford's rather severe, almost æsthetic, artistic tastes. It has been beautifully printed at the Chiswick Press, and contains an exquisite frontispiece drawn by Walter Crane. This charming little volume contains some of Mr. Radford's old pieces, and many new ones, but all poetical and musical. He also brought out 'Old and New, a Collection of Poems' (1895), containing many of his best pieces.

In conclusion, it may be added that Mr. Radford is an ardent lover of all honest sports and exercises—riding, driving, sailing, rowing, swimming, and all such; that he is a declared, if not a ferocious Socialist, and, above all things, a sincere lover of his native county, Devon.

The following unpublished poem by Mr. Radford is a true Devon man's song, which he wrote the other day at sea:

OFF NAPLES.

Oh, what know they of harbours
Who toss not on the sea?
They tell of fairer havens,
But none so fair may be

As Plymouth town outstretching
Her quiet arms to me;
Her breast's broad welcome spreading
From Mewstone to Penlee.

And with this home-thought, darling,
Come crowding thoughts of thee;
Oh, what know they of harbours
Who toss not on the sea?

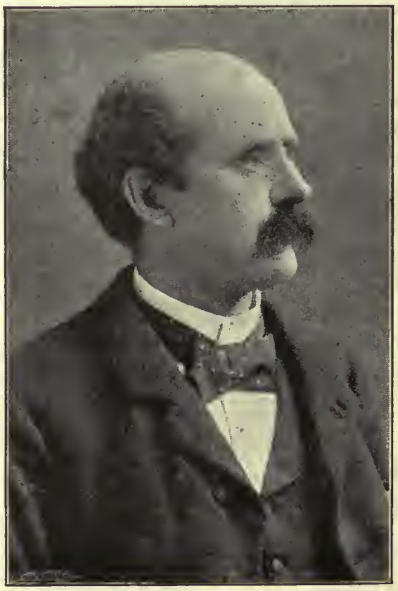
SHAUGH BRIDGE, DEVON.

This gray old bridge shall be my seat ;
  Up here I catch the silver tones
Of maidens who on nimble feet
  Pass and repass the stepping-stones.

On nimble feet, with merry din,
  The blithesome party lightly trips,
They'd scream if one should tumble in ;
  They laugh if any maiden slips.

EVER AND A DAY.

He murmured, 'Love, for ever !'
  And she whispered, 'and a day ?'
And I, whose pain ends never,
  Saw her stand in her bride's array,
And knew that her love was for ever,
  And his false love for a day.



G. H. RADFORD.

Mr. George Heynes Radford, the author of a little book of 'Occasional Verses,' from which the following extracts are taken by the writer's permission, is a native of Plymouth, where he was born in 1851. He is the son of the late Mr. G. D. Radford, and brother of Mr. Ernest Radford, whose poetical works are also noticed in the present volume. Mr. Radford was educated at Mannamead School, under the late Peter Holmes, D.D.,

and afterwards at Amersham Hall, Caversham, near Reading, by Mr. E. West. He was admitted a solicitor in 1872, graduated in laws at the University of London in 1874, and is now practising in London. He also printed 'Shylock and Others, Eight Studies,' London, T. F. Unwin (1894).

RETREAT.

Let the gentle angler stand
Knee-deep in water, rod in hand,
And featly cast his specious fly
While trout and time are fleeting by.

And let the keen pedestrian leave
His bed at dawn and trudge till eve
By dusty roads or shady lanes
Until his welcome inn he gains ;
There let him of repose drink deep
And count his miles and sink to sleep.
And let the ardent lover swear
His idol's exquisitely fair,
And let him tell in doleful rhyme
How when she's absent lags old Time,
Albeit her image will arise
And hide all nature from his eyes.
And let each mortal man pursue
Some object he's a liking to.

But lay me in a mossy nook
Beside some unpretending brook,
Where the bending branches seem
To watch their shadows in the stream,
And let some blackbird—not too near—
Sing—not too soft—in accents clear.
But let no human mortal dare
To sing or speak or whisper there,
Nor any alien sound intrude
To mar the sylvan solitude.

CAREW RALEIGH (1604—1666).

Sir Walter Raleigh left behind him one son, Carew Raleigh, born in 1604, who was appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Charles I., and was made Governor of Jersey in 1659. The genius of the father, however, eclipsed that of the son, who, as an author, is almost unknown. He is recorded to have written several works, principally historical, and in vindication of his father, but among them are some sonnets. Prince describes him as 'a gentleman of dubious abilities, and by writers mentioned with honour, though he was short of his father's as to the sword or pen.' He was buried in his father's grave, 1666, leaving behind him a daughter, his only issue.*—J. R. C.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552—1618).

We are accustomed to think of Sir Walter Raleigh† rather as the splendid courtier, the gallant sailor, the bold adventurer, the implacable enemy of Spain, than as a poet and man

* Prince, 'A Brief Relation of Sir Walter Raleigh's Troubles,' London, 1669, p. 683.

† Raleigh, Ralegh, Raulegh, Rawleigh, Rawly, Rauley, in all these and other ways is the name spelt by his contemporaries. I have adopted the first form as most familiar. though the second was generally used by Sir Walter himself.

of letters. Yet in the estimation of his contemporaries he had no mean claim to this latter character. That time, which I would not call the Augustan age of English literature, only because I think the comparison would degrade it, was remarkable for the union in many of its great men of the active and contemplative life. As instances, I may cite the Earl of Essex, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Henry Wotton, and the most illustrious of them all, Francis, Lord Bacon. Raleigh was of this number, and not the least notable, whether we judge him by his deeds or by his writings. The style of his 'History of the World' justifies the assignment to him of a high rank among prose writers. Of his title to a place among the poets, the evidence is less direct. He himself published none of his poems. His 'Cynthia,' a poem in praise of Queen Elizabeth, mentioned by Spenser, and called by Gabriel Harvey 'a fine and sweet invention,' is lost, I fear, irrecoverably. Of some forty or fifty minor poems ascribed to him in various MSS. and printed collections of the seventeenth century, or by modern editors, there are but fourteen which can with certainty

or without reasonable doubt be received as his, there being for all the rest other claimants, perhaps, in general, with a better show of right. Yet in those short poems which are undoubtedly his, and in the metrical translations which occur in the 'History of the World,' there is evidence of a refined fancy and a practised skill that warrants our acceptance of the judgment of his contemporaries. How high he stood in their estimation we learn from Meres and Bolton, from Puttenham, who says: 'For dittie and amourous ode, I find Sir Walter Rawlegh's vayne most loftie, insolent, and passionate,' and from Spenser, who calls him 'that delicious poet,' 'the summer's nightingale,' and speaks of his 'sweet verse with nectar sprinkled.' There is only one of Raleigh's now extant that answers in kind to the eulogy of Spenser; but this, the first of the sonnets appended to the 'Faery Queen,' is so sweetly fanciful in conception, so refined, and yet so simple in expression, that I should not hesitate on the ground of its merit alone to receive the commendation as not

more than was justly due. There is so little risk that those readers who know the sonnet well will be offended at meeting with it again—so much probability, I fear, that to some readers it will be new, as well as grateful, that I venture to insert it here :

'Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that Temple, where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn ; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair love and fairer virtue kept ;
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen :
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept ;
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
For they this Queen attended ; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse :
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And curst th' access of that celestial thief.'

Mark how skilfully and with what moderation Raleigh uses the alliteration, the artful antithesis of thoughts and words, which was the fashion, and in writers of less ability became the literary vice of his time. Note what wonder there is at the appearance of the 'Faery Queen;' what emphasis is given to its suddenness by the structure of the verse and arrangement of the words, and how, nevertheless, the proper dignity is not lost, because the suddenness is in the vision of the poet and not in the approach of the Queen. Observe, above all, how warm is the admiration implied, and yet with what discernment it is bestowed. The soul of Petrarch weeps, perceiving that the memory of Laura will be lost in the surpassing fame of the intruder, but the spright of Homer feels no fear ; it trembles indeed, but only for grief. A less sincere or skilful eulogist would have made Homer himself give way to the object of his admiration, and by the extravagance of his praise would have impaired while thinking to increase its value.

This sonnet stands alone, as I have said, among the extant poems of its author. Most of them are the production of his later years ; and if more sententious, sadder, and, as the phrase is, more earnest, they show less of fancy, are less exalted in manner, and, in general, less refined in feeling. We may ascribe this in part to the difference between the buoyancy of youth and the gravity of matured age ; partly, it may be due to the fact that in his earlier days the composition of poetry was to him a habitual occupation, while in later life it was an occasional solace amidst many weighty cares ; and a sombre tone may have been given to some of his verses, though we cannot with certainty say which, by their having been written during his imprisonment in the Tower. But I believe that the alteration in manner is, at least in part, to be attributed to influences that were affecting all the poets and poetry of the time. There is a distinct and very remarkable difference in character between the occasional poetry of the beginning of Elizabeth's reign and that of the reign of James I. ; and it must be remembered that in what is called occasional poetry, as being for the most part the production of active men in intervals of leisure, temporary influence may always most clearly be perceived. The Elizabethan poetry is simple in its motives, generally joyous in tone, tinctured always by 'the purple light of love,' artificial in style, though with an artless art, and rich in fanciful adornment ; that of

the succeeding reign is more varied in its theme, often argumentative, generally serious, displaying less of fancy, but perhaps more of imagination, quaint indeed, but with a quaintness which is the result of strangeness of ideas rather than of freaks of style. It would be interesting to seek the causes of this difference, but the inquiry would need more space than the limits of this essay will afford. I can only remark that the change accompanied the disgracing of some of Elizabeth's ablest counsellors, that it was parallel with the spread of Puritanism and political discontent, and that it was contemporary with the introduction of a closer study of Nature and a more methodical inquiry into the causes of phenomena. It was doubtless closely connected with the freer expression, if not real increase, of religious feeling and more general study of Holy Scripture, which are manifest in the great quantity of devotional poetry and the numerous translations of the Psalms and other portions of the Bible published about the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Of Raleigh's earlier poems, one of the least known is 'A Poesie to Prove Affection is not Love,' included in the 'Poeticall Rhapsodie,' a collection made by Francis Davison, of which the first edition was printed in 1602. It is very pretty, though it wants the rare and excellent beauty of the sonnet on the 'Faery Queen.' I will give three stanzas—the first, fourth, and sixth—which I quote from the reprint of the 'Rhapsodie,'* edited by Sir Harris Nicolas:

'Conceit† begotten by the eyes,
Is quickly born and quickly dies;
For while it seeks our hearts to have,
Meanwhile there reason makes his grave;
For many things the eyes approve,
Which yet the heart doth seldom love.

'Desire himself runs out of breath,
And getting doth but gain his death;
Desire nor reason hath nor rest,
And blind doth seldom choose the best;
Desire attain'd is not desire,
But as the cinders of a fire.

'And yet some poets fain would prove
Affection to be perfect love,
And that desire is of that kind,
No less a passion of the mind;
As if wild beasts and men did seek
To like, to love, to choose alike.'

Some of Raleigh's later poems are pretty generally known. Among these is the 'Soul's Pilgrimage,' which Mr. Tytler, with much probability, supposes to have been written soon after his condemnation at Winchester, in November, 1603, and while he was still in the expectation of immediate death. Tired of fighting against the prejudice of his judges, vexed by the insults of Coke, he may well have sighed, 'Give me my scallop-shell

* From the edition of 1611.

† The original meaning of this word was thought or opinion conceived (conceipt), as in Sidney's 'Defence of Poesie': 'The poet doth not learn a "conceit" out of a matter, but maketh matter for a "conceit."' It came by degrees to have the meaning of favourable opinion of another person, in which sense it is used in Raleigh's poem. The word 'fancy' has in a similar manner obtained the sense of liking for a person or thing. Latterly, 'conceit' has been restricted in meaning to a favourable opinion of ourselves—the persons of whom we most frequently entertain such an opinion. All the words of this kind—idea, imagination, fancy, conception, conceit—have been miserably degraded in their use.

of quiet'; wearied with the mockery of a trial where the sentence was predetermined, he may well have uttered that yearning for

'Heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser bought or sold.'

It has been supposed indeed, but, I think, with less probability, that Raleigh wrote this poem in 1618, on the eve of his execution. The same tradition is current respecting several other poems, some of which were certainly not written by him at all.

At this time also he may have composed a couplet 'On the Snuff of a Candle,' which is included in some collections of his works:

'Cowards may fear to die, but Courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.'

The tenour of this is in accord with all that we read of his demeanour during his last hours. He was accused indeed of unseasonable mirth, a charge not unfrequently made against those who have to bear in public, but alone, such great mental anguish as may be caused by the happening or the anticipation of some tremendous calamity. Desirous of hiding from others by an outward calm their inward perturbation—desirous also, it may be, of concealing from themselves the real nature of their position, men in these circumstances are apt to run into an extreme directly opposite to that which they are anxious to avoid. But the behaviour of Raleigh seems to have proceeded from natural courage. In a letter written a few days after his execution, the Dean of Westminster says of him: 'He was the most fearless of death that ever was known, and the most resolute and confident, yet with reverence and conscience. When I began to encourage him against the fear of death, he seemed to make so light of it that I wondered at him. . . . I told him that heathen men had set as little by their lives as he would do, and seemed to die as bravely. He answered that he was persuaded that no man that knew GOD and feared Him could die with cheerfulness and courage, except he were assured of the love and favour of GOD unto him . . . so that he satisfied me then, as I think he did all his spectators at his death.' From another contemporary letter* we learn that all who saw his end said it would be impossible to show more decorum, courage, and piety, and, it is added, 'his death will do more harm to the faction that procured it than ever he did in his life.' If the writer of this letter were correctly informed, even James felt some remorse, for he tells Carleton† a few days later that Sir Lewis Stukely had protested to the king the truth of his accusations against Raleigh, and the king was reported to have replied, 'I have done amiss, his blood be upon thy head.'

There is nothing in Raleigh's extant poems that can be traced to the influence of his

* John Pory to Carleton, October 31, 1618. Cal. State Papers, Dom. Ser., 1611-18, page 588.
† November 7, 1618. *Ibid.*, page 591.

native county. But we may fancy, not unreasonably, that if we could recover those that are lost, we should find in them proof that he was not insensible to the gracious beauty of the land that is blessed 'for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth and the fulness thereof.'

He retained to the last his Devonshire accent in his speech, to the last, doubtless, his natural affection for his native place. I like to think of him, not as floating down through the green gloom of the Guiana woods lit with the flame of trailing blossoms; not as anchoring his little ship, the *Warspite*, the first alongside the great Spanish galleons beneath the walls of Cadiz; not as the most splendid of the courtiers of Elizabeth, glittering to his very shoes with precious stones; not even in his study, the 'little turret that looked into and over the Thames, and had the prospect which is pleasant perhaps as any in the world,' but rather as at Fardel—you may see it now, a long, low farmhouse, from the South Devon railway—sitting in his orchard or on the lawn, taking his pipe of tobacco, some books and charts and a few pieces of armour chased and curiously inlaid lying at hand—a man of good presence, with 'an awfulness and ascendancy above other mortals,' yet with a brightness in the eye and a curl of the mouth speaking the lover of a jest, nice in his attire, his doublet broidered with pearl, a jewel in his hat, and on his finger a ring with a diamond given him by the Queen; but the vision fades before it is complete, and I hear the shriek of the engine and see the white vapour left to melt among the trees.

Mr. Shelly has in the foregoing included extracts from Raleigh's writings; it is therefore unnecessary to add others, as we have done in the case of other writers. We will only append the following verses as of especial interest and pathos.

*SIR WALTER RALEIGH THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS DEATH.**

Even such is time that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave
(When we have wander'd all our ways)
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My GOD shall raise me up, I trust!

* Verses said to have been found in his Bible in the Gatehouse at Westminster. Mr. Tytler mentions a copy of these verses in the Record Office, which I suppose to be the same as that styled in the Calendar of State Papers, 'Verses written by Raleigh on the morning of his death, and given to the Dean of Westminster.' (Cal. State Papers, Dom. Ser., 1611-18, page 587.) Dr. Tounson, Dean of Westminster, administered the Holy Communion to Raleigh before his execution.

JOHN RANDALL.

Mr. John Randall, a well-known inhabitant of Barnstaple early in this century, and a clerk in the Customs House, had a great aptitude for literary composition, particularly satire. Several brochures were attributed to him, but the best was a mock heroic poem, 'The Dapiad,' in six cantos. It was a burlesque imitation of Pope's 'Dunciad,' satirizing one of the local officials of the time, who was nicknamed 'Dap.' It was printed and published in 1806, and was unusually well printed and got up.

REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY.

We have the permission of Canon Rawnsley to include one or two of his sonnets in this volume, and have much pleasure in so doing. This talented writer hails from the East country (he is a Lincolnshire man), and received his early inspiration to write sonnets from the elder brother of the late Poet Laureate, Charles Tennyson, himself a master sonneteer.

In 1886 Canon Rawnsley published a volume, entitled 'Sonnets Round the Coast,' which contains numerous charming pieces relative to the most noted places in Devon and Cornwall. He has also published 'Sonnets at the English Lakes,' 'Literary Associations of the English Lakes,' and his last volume, 'Idylls and Lyrics of the Nile,' is just out (1894). He says: 'But East country as I am, Devon and Cornwall have always made me feel that anyone with a grain of poetry in them must write if they breathe Devon or Cornish air.' He is now Vicar of Crosthwaite, Keswick, Cumberland.

MOUNT ST. MICHAEL, PENZANCE.

Mount of the crescent bay, and Cornish flood,
Green-based and gray with towers, about thy feet
The timid tides for awe will scarcely meet,
Since here th' Archangel Michael gleaming stood;
And at the sight, eye-blind, beneath his hood
The hermit shrank, Tregeagle left his seat,
And all the Fauns and Satyrs in retreat
Went screaming from the dark, mysterious wood.
The woods in Lyonnesse are overthrown,
Peace holds her pleasant castle on the hill,
Below the beast makes havoc of the man;
Still England needs a Michael in her van
To slay the dragon, the Archangel still,
High on his mount of battle must be shown.

OLD EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE, PLYMOUTH HOE.

Not often do we find old age like this,
After long tempest perdurable proved,
From out the rush of water floods removed
And set on sunny earth of calm and bliss;
But it is well, brave tower, though here we miss
The fire of resolute-heartedness we loved,

The zeal for lives, that lost in darkness, roved
Through booming surges and the breakers' hiss.
And if within thy granite-builded core
No longer tempest shakes the heart of man,
Nor waves without lift hands to quench thy star,
The centuries still shall bless thee, and from far,
While nations gather marvelling at thy plan,
Thine age shall grow in honour more and more.

CYRUS REDDING (1785—1870).

This industrious and versatile man of letters was a Cornishman, having been born at Penryn in 1785, being the son of the Rev. Robert Redding. In 1806 he went to London, when, after some experience on the *Pilot*, he returned to the West, and started the *Plymouth Chronicle*, of which he was editor and proprietor from 1808 to 1813, when he sold his interest in the paper. He also organized and started, at the desire of the Liberal party, the *West Briton and Cornwall Advertiser* in 1810. From 1815 to 1818 he resided in Paris, as editor of *Galignani's Messenger*, and in 1820 became co-editor with Thomas Campbell of Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*. The poet was fastidious, and as indolent as fastidious, in discharging his duties, and the stress of the work therefore fell on Mr. Redding. In the first thirty volumes appeared very numerous articles by Redding, whilst in the other twenty he is said to have written no less than 177 articles, besides correcting the whole of the volumes for the press. He was also a frequent contributor to the same periodical from 1844 to the time of his death. During the ten years of his connection with the *New Monthly* he rarely had a holiday, his longest absence extending to only nine days. He joined Campbell, in 1830, in the establishment of the *Metropolitan*, a monthly journal of literature, science, and the fine arts. The first number was published May, 1831. It was jointly edited by Campbell and Redding for about two years, the latter really doing the work and also contributing numerous articles. The publisher failed, and Redding returned to newspaper work; but on Thomas Hood taking the editorship, Redding re-commenced writing for this journal.

Under the auspices of Sir William Molesworth the *Bath Guardian* was commenced, the first number being dated February, 1834. It was edited by Redding for about two years; he left in 1836 to preside over the *Staffordshire Examiner*, a weekly paper started in the Liberal interest. Mr. Redding was an ardent Whig, and his services to the party were numerous and confidential; a consulship dangled before his eyes for many years, but in the political, as, indeed, in the wide world, those *get* who can *take*, and few others. His long and multifarious life brought him into contact with many notabilities, and he turned his experience to account in 1858 in the publication of 'Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal,' followed by 'Yesterday and To-Day' in 1862, and 'Past Celebrities whom I have known,' in 1865. Similarly his long and intimate acquaintance with Campbell supplied material for two volumes of 'Reminiscences and Memoirs' of the poet in 1860. His 'History and Description of Modern Wines' first published in 1833, has passed

through several editions, and is, indeed, a standard work on the subject. He left a large mass of MSS., among which are 'A Life of King William the Fourth,' and 'A Wine-Book of Europe.' He left a widow and two daughters, the elder of whom married and settled at San Francisco, and a short time ago published an account of her residence in that city, under the title of 'Five Years within the Golden Gate.'

Redding died in London on May 28, 1870, and was buried at Willesden, only four persons attending the funeral. Thus are our useful men neglected in these days.

It is interesting to note that his earliest publications were poetical. About the year 1810 he issued a translation of Burger's 'Leonora,' but only twenty-five copies were printed, for presentation to his most intimate friends. About the same time appeared 'Retirement, and other Poems;' this was printed at Plymouth, but also a very limited number. 'Mount Edgcumbe, a Poem,' was published in 1811. He edited the poetical works of Thomas Campbell in 1828. In 1829 he published 'Gabrielle, a Tale of the Swiss Mountains, and Miscellaneous Pieces.' This work contained some of the poetical pieces which had previously appeared in the *New Monthly* and in *Blackwood*. He also contributed a number of lines to Galignani's complete edition of the poets. He translated the 'Sword Song' of Körner from the German, which was published in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1822). His songs and verses appear in nearly all the principal periodicals from 1825 to 1845.

OPENING PORTION OF 'MOUNT EDGCUMBE.'

Mount Edgcumbe! pride of Britain's flow'ry meads,
With tufted woodlands crown'd, and sinking glades,
Bursting through ocean's wave and rearing high
Thy tow'ring summit to the western sky,
Receive the votive tribute that I pay,
And to the Muse thy matchless charms display.
She can extend thy name o'er Britain's land
Where'er the imperial sceptre bears command;
And grave it deep, where Fame's proud temple shines
On walls of adamant, in golden lines:
Where lifted high, the poet's deathless lay
Defies the rage of Time's destructive sway.
Aid me, Oh Fame! and guide my feeble song
A few short years the stream of time along.

Come, Contemplation! nor thy aid refuse,
Thou art the friend and sister of the Muse:
Loveliest inspirer! in whose lowest praise
No poet but would give his happiest lays.
Haste to the scene where Nature strives to shew
No task too mighty for her power to do.
There, lulled by music of old ocean's roar,
In dying cadence on the pebbly shore;
There, cheer'd by Nature in her verdant vest,
In bloom perpetual, and fresh fragrance drest;
Let us indulge the soul-inspiring strain,
Till night's dark mantle overspread the plain;
Twilight and silence hand in hand unite,
And the pale star of eve lead on the night.

REV. JOSEPH REEVE.

THIS gentleman was for many years Roman Catholic chaplain to Lord Clifford's family, and his poem entitled 'Ugbrooke Park' is a sort of grandiloquent description of the seat and its surroundings, including some interesting historical speculations, and winds up with a series of compliments to the different branches of the Clifford family. The poem, as may be supposed, is dedicated to Lord Clifford, Baron of Chudleigh. The first edition was published in 1776, a second, at Exeter, in 1794. The latter has a pretty vignette of the park and mansion of the Cliffords. The Rev. Joseph Reeve also published 'The History of the Holy Bible; a Short View of the History of the Christian Church,' 3 vols., 1802, 1803; and 'Practical Discourses,' 1793. He died in 1820.

EXTRACT FROM 'UGBROOKE PARK.'

When Nature first traced out the vast design,
And with her greater works bade *Ugbrooke* shine,
In style unusual was the plan she drew,
At once to please and strike with something new.
Amid the beautiful we here behold.
Each feature, as it rose, is strong and bold;
Not indigested or confusedly hurl'd,
But fair-proportion'd, as th' harmonious world.
The social parts in one great view appear,
That form a whole both wild and regular,
To those who judge by studied rules of art,
And make the whole subservient to a part.
Whose taste the neat parterre and formal line
Of flow'ring shrubs and circling path confine,
No seemly grace th' unpolish'd draught may show:
'Tis not for them the great sublime to know.
Above the plain see hills on hills arise,
New objects vary still, and still surprise;
O'er cultured vales our eyes unbounded roam
To wilds remote, and still confess their home.
For no mark'd bounds the sev'ral parts control,
Hills, woods and rocks, form one united whole;
Steep *Haldon* here his sable ridge extends;
There *Dart's* high *Torr* in cloud-capt pomp ascends;
Around th' horizon, broken and unev'n,
Dark mountains spread, and hide the bending heav'n.
Quick as we move, they seemingly advance
To meet our steps and mingle in the dance;
Now sideways join, now back diffusedly slide
In rugged groups, and o'er the vale divide.
The lovely vale, diversified with fields,
Amid the waste a pleasing contrast yields.
There devious streams their rapid tribute bring,
T'enrich the current of majestic *Teign.*
The *Teign*, collected in his wat'ry force,
Between the mountains works his various course:
Now clad with green, conceals his silent flood;
Sleek lowing herds along his borders feed,
Amidst his flocks the shepherd tunes his reed.
Heart-cheering gladness breathes in ev'ry gale,
And industry with plenty strews the vale.
No democratic cry, no lawless roar
Of raving Anarchy, assails the shore. . . .

MARY ANNE REEVE.

Miss Mary Anne Reeve was a resident at Penzance, as a companion to Mrs. John Tremenheere, from about 1810 to 1826. But little is known of her. In 1865 she brought out a little volume of poetical pieces, entitled 'Lays from the West,' printed at Odiham, which contains some descriptions of Cornish scenery and a number of miscellaneous pieces. These were mostly written whilst the author was resident at Penzance.

Some of the pieces by this writer are full of melody; many of them possess great poetic merit, whilst a deep religious feeling animates them all. But, as may be expected in such a case, many of the verses are commonplace and wanting in finish; still, no one can read them without being convinced that their author had a deep and lasting love for the scenes she describes. A few stanzas of this poem must suffice:

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

I sing the praise of Cornish land,
Proud barrier of the west;
Thy old gray hills, thy smiling coombes,
In robes of verdure dressed.

A beauteous spot in Britain's realm
Where Nature loves to dwell,
'Mid balmy airs, and fragrant flowers,
Within her own sweet cell;

Where Flora holds her festal court,
Led on by gentle May;
With footsteps light, with brows enwreathed,
Fresh for her gala day.

There dwell the generous and the free,
Let weal or woe befall;
United, they, a brother band,
Their motto, 'One and all.'

As time and tide flow ceaseless on,
So they in faith and zeal;
When noble hearts should zealous be,
When noble hearts should feel.

A true-born race, Cornubia's sons,
In spirit and in might;
In many an olden tale renowned
For braveries in the fight

For Britain's cause and Britain's crown,
And so they would again;
The princely son of Britain's Queen
May of his western men

Be proud to own himself their lord,
For they would list the call,
To rally round, if need should be,
His banner, 'One and all.'

HUGH RHODES (flourished circa 1550).

Our information that Hugh Rhodes was a native of this county [Devon] is derived from a statement in his work, 'The Book of Nurture for Menservants and Children (with *stans puer ad mensam*) newly corrected, very utile, and necessary with all Youth,' Abraham Neale, London, n. d. [1550].* It is written partly in prose and partly in verse, and con-

* Other editions appeared in 1568 and 1577, evidences of its popularity. It was reprinted by the Early English Text Society in 1868, from the last-named edition, under the able editorship of Dr. F. J. Furnival.

cludes thus: 'Compyled by Hugh Rhodes of the Kinges Chappell' (where he was probably master of the choristers). In the opening lines of the metrical portion (9-12) he describes himself:

"'Corrupt in speeche, be sure, am I,
My breefes from longes to know;
And born and bred in Deuenshyre to
As playne my tearmes doe show."

'A careful examination of the work fails to prove that his "tearmes" were specially those peculiar to Devonshire, and this is Mr. Elworthy's opinion.*

'Apart from the general advice and directions for the tuition of those to whom it is addressed, it contains many quaint sayings, proverbs, etc, Here is an example of a well-known proverb, with a singular variant of it,

"'A byrde is better in thy hande,
Then in wood two or three."
* * * * *
"'A byrd in hand, as men say,
Is worth ten flye at large."

'On the authority of Warton (iv. 146), who must have seen a copy, Rhodes wrote a poem of 360 octavo stanzas, printed by John Cawood in 1555, and entitled "The Song of the Chyld-bysshop, as it was songe before the queenes maiestie in her priuie chamber at her manour of saynt James in the ffeeldes on saynt Nicholas day and Innocents day this yeare nowe present, by the chylde bysshope of Poules churche with his company." London, 1555.

'This was evidently a revival of the festival of the boy-bishop. According to Warton it was "a fulsome panegyric on the queen's devotion." But "courtly adulation" of the reigning sovereign was a common proceeding, and even Elizabeth received many high-flown compliments.'—Dr. Brushfield's Presidential Address, Devon Association Transactions, 1893.

REV. MARCUS SAMUEL CAM RICKARDS, M.A., F.L.S.

Mr. Rickards is a native of Devonshire, having been born at Exeter on April 28th, 1840. He spent the first eight years of his life in his native county, and then went to Clifton, where he lived until the year 1889. He is the youngest son of the late Mr. Robert Hillier Rickards of Mount Radford, Exeter, and then of Llantrissant House, Glamorganshire, J.P. and D.L. for the County of Glamorgan, by Caroline, daughter of the late Colonel

* Mr. Elworthy has given a general description of, and many extracts from, Rhodes' work in Trans. Devon Association, xxi., 419-30.

Andrew Knox, co. Londonderry. He was educated at Merton College, Oxford, where he took his M.A. degree in 1878. He is also a Fellow of the Linnean Society. For about eleven years he practised as a solicitor, but then determined to enter the Church, taking Holy Orders in 1875. He has been Vicar of Twigworth, Gloucester, since 1889.

Mr. Rickards has published several poetical works, viz: 'Sonnets and Reveries' (1885), his earliest work, of which a revised and enlarged edition was published in 1889; 'Creation's Hope' in 1890; 'Songs of Universal Life' in 1891; 'Lyrical Studies' in 1892; 'Lyrics and Elegiacs' in 1893; 'Poems of Life and Death' (1895), and 'The Exiles' in 1896.

Mr. Rickards is a nature poet, and is a very serious and thoughtful writer. All his works have been well reviewed, and we are proud to be able to include him amongst our Devonshire worthies.

THE PEBBLE RIDGE, WESTWARD HO!

Born of the vexed Atlantic, whose wild waves
Upheaved thee, back thine age-worn flints shall roll;
Yet ruin waits, till Powers that all control
Rear some new bar that stems the sea and saves
Yon meads; then baffled Sisyphus, that raves
Beneath, shall feel thee lapsing from thy goal;
And boulders, sunk in many a sandy shoal,
Will prove the might that now each storm outbraves.

So rise Faith's bulwarks from the Sea of Thought,
So sink they, each resistless for its term,
And studding Time's shore with august remains;
Outcome of Reason, yet Divinely wrought;
Upraised to check its flood, and standing firm,
Till He replaces them who all sustains.

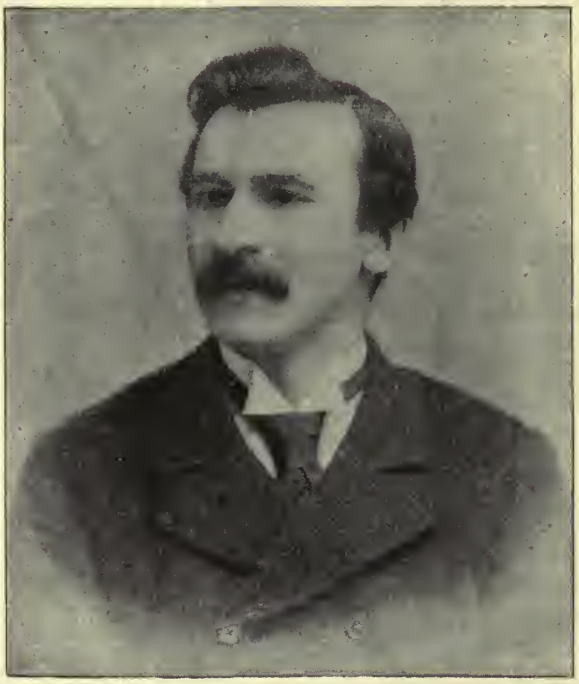
ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

Alfred Farthing Robbins is the youngest son of Richard Robbins, formerly a prominent townsman of Launceston, and for several years a member of its Town Council. He was born in that ancient borough on August 1, 1856, and was educated at the local Grammar School, under the head-mastership of the Rev. S. Childs Clarke, now Vicar of Thorverton, and the writer of some well-known hymns and other works. His earliest literary efforts were a series of political contributions to the *East Cornwall Times*, during the General Election of 1868, and when, therefore, he was only twelve years old; but in 1870, he at his own wish was apprenticed to a chemist at Launceston, and served four years. During that period, however, he wrote many leading and other articles for the before-mentioned paper, as well as a series under the signature of 'Dunheved,' upon the history of his native town, which formed a portion of the groundwork of his 'Launceston, Past and Present,' a voluminous book, published in 1885.

Immediately upon the expiration of his apprenticeship in July, 1874, he joined the editorial staff of the *Western Daily Mercury* (Plymouth), and in the following April that

of the *Bedfordshire Times and Independent* (Bedford), being appointed in October, 1875, editor of the *Luton Reporter*, which post he resigned just twelve months later to become a member of the literary staff of the *Bradford Observer*. While acting in that capacity, he was a frequent contributor to the *Yorkshireman*, a weekly local journal, to which, in 1877, he supplied a series of eighteen biographical sketches of leading Yorkshire politicians, under the title of 'Notable Living Yorkshiremen,' and, in 1878, a serial story, which ran thirteen weeks, entitled 'In Doubt' (and for which he used the pen-name 'Tom Clifton'), as well as many poems and articles.

In December, 1877, his first dramatic effort, a comedietta, 'Helps,' was produced by



the late Madame Beatrice at the Theatre Royal, Lincoln; and in the following September, his farce, 'A Pleasant Hour,' was given by the late Joseph Eldred at Bradford. In March, 1879, he removed to London, and took up the position of 'morning editor' on the Press Association. Immediately upon coming to the capital, the threw all the energy of his leisure into politics, and, within a few weeks wrote, under the pseudonym of 'Nemesis,' a pamphlet, entitled 'Five Years of Tory Rule,' which was published in conjunction with an elder brother, and of which over a hundred thousand copies were disposed of, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and all the other leading Liberals of that period heartily recommending its perusal.

His political activity, which was displayed on the platform as well as in the press, did not, however, prevent a return to more literary pursuits, and in November, 1880, he printed for private circulation, as 'One of the Great Unplayed,' a four-act comedy 'Vote by Ballot,' which has not yet been acted. A four-act drama from his pen—'Over the Cliff; or, By Accident or Design?' founded upon a Cornish story, was, however, produced at Grimsby in February, 1884, and another, with the title 'Notes and Gold,' at Bradford in August, 1885, and both had considerable success in provincial towns, while in June, 1895, his three-act farce, 'Mixed Marriages,' was first given at Hastings, and was received with marked approval. His other works have been mainly political, partly in consequence of which he has been asked by representatives of two constituencies to come forward as a candidate for Parliament; and the most noteworthy, besides various biographical pamphlets (one of which was upon 'Sir Beville Grenville, the Knight of the West,' 1884), have been, in 1887, a series of forty articles, since published in book form, upon 'Practical Politics, or the Liberalism of To-Day' (1888); and in the next year a similar number of anecdotal sketches of then living politicians, under the title 'Leaders and Misleaders,' both of which appeared in the *Halfpenny Weekly* (Liverpool). The principal fruit of his politico-literary labours, however, has been 'The Early Public Life of William Ewart Gladstone,' issued in 1894, which was praised by journals of every shade of opinion for its impartiality as well as its research, and which won spontaneously tendered testimony to its accuracy from Mr. Gladstone himself.

In January, 1888, Mr. Robbins became London Correspondent of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, a position he still holds; and, in the course of his journalistic pursuits, he has contributed special articles to the *Times*, the *Daily News*, the *Globe*, the *St. James's Gazette*, and the *Echo*, as well as to *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Cassell's Magazine*, and some leading provincial newspapers. We append one piece by this writer, as an early sample of his poetic powers.

THE LOVE THAT LOVES ALWAY.

Why should I sigh for a love long departed?
Why should I sigh for a love that is lost?
Why should I frequently feel broken-hearted,
As on life's ocean I'm ceaselessly tossed?

Since my love's hopeless, should it not vanish—
Vanish as if it at no time had been?
Should I not sad thoughts and fondnesses banish,
Cling to the actual, leave the unseen?

Why not, I know not: should I to-morrow,
Next day would bring with it onrush of love—
Love with its pleasure o'ershaded by sorrow—
Sorrow all longing and loving above.

While I remember her tenderness, kindness,
Can I forget what to both my life owes?
Not till I suffer from such mental blindness
As would to me be the greatest of woes.

Think of her, dream of her, ponder in sadness
Over the 'might have been,' over the past;
Such is my portion, and yet I have gladness,
Since that in happiness her lot is cast.

Loved one, God bless you! and should you ever
Think of the time when in friendship we met,
Though seas and continents now do us sever,
Know that I loved you, am loving you yet!

WILLIAM FREDERICK ROCK (1802—1890).

THIS Devonshire worthy, 'Barnstaple's great benefactor,' was the eldest son of Mr. Henry Rock, a highly respectable tradesman who carried on the business of a shoemaker in High Street, Barnstaple. He was born in January, 1802, and educated at Christ's Hospital. Having finished his course of studies at this school, Rock returned to Barnstaple. Shortly after he obtained an appointment in a bank at Bideford, where he soon evinced a capacity for business, and his employer (Mr. Ley) became much attached to him. In the meantime Mr. Rock had developed a poetic taste, and he published numerous poems. In some of these humour and sarcasm, which Mr. Rock could always command, were blended in a manner which gained him many readers, but at the same time gave offence in some quarters. Two ladies, who had accounts at the bank, resented one of these clever effusions, and asked Mr. Ley to get rid of the young author. Mr. Ley declined, remarking that Rock was a very useful clerk, and served him most satisfactorily. He added, however, that he would speak to the young man. The clerk ascertained that the ladies had threatened to withdraw their accounts from the bank, and as he said that he could not allow his employer to suffer on his account, he sent in his resignation. He went to London, and obtained a situation at Alderman Atkins's bank. He next became a clerk in Sharland's bank at Bishop's Waltham, but ere long returned to London, and became partner in a business firm. Mr. Rock had become acquainted with Mr. de la Rue, and with him and Mr. Cornish Mr. Rock started a business as fancy stationers and embossers. The new firm introduced novelties, and before long did a very good business. After a few years Mr. Rock left the firm, and started a business in Queen Street, Cheapside, taking his brother as partner. This business was subsequently removed to Wallbrook, where it is still conducted, but under different management. Mr. Rock remained in the business fifty years from the time he started in Queen Street, Cheapside.

Mr. Rock was a remarkably versatile and highly gifted man. He had most pronounced literary tastes, and was a graceful and fluent writer. He was a true poet, and combined a vivid imagination with polished diction. He published two or three volumes of poems written in moments of leisure. His penmanship was of the kind which compositors rejoice to see. He was a genuine friend to young aspirants, and more than one successful writer and painter owes his prosperity to the kindly words and the practical assistance of Mr. Rock. It was largely due to him that Edward Capern, the Bideford postman poet, was able to issue his first volume of poems. Mr. Rock wrote the libretto of an attractive cantata; and poems from his pen have appeared in the columns of the *North Devon Journal*, and in other papers. In 1867 he published 'Jim and Nell,' a dramatic poem in the dialect of North Devon, having a decade previously issued, 'Anniversary, a Tale.' A volume of his poems, entitled 'Winter Gatherings,' appeared in 1867, with a second edition in 1877.

Mr. Rock always was a great benefactor to his native town, and his numerous princely

gifts, which have extended over half a century, have made his name a household word in Barnstaple. As long ago as 1845 he was instrumental in founding the Literary and Scientific Institute, offering to give £100 a year towards its support. In this he was ably supported by the late Mr. J. R. Chanter and others. In addition to his yearly subscription of £100, Mr. Rock sent valuable donations to the institution, and it is estimated that for a period of forty years his contributions amounted to nearly £200 per annum. This institution has now developed, by the generosity of Mr. Rock, into the North Devon Athenæum, an institution of which any town might be proud. Mr. Rock purchased the premises, met all the costs of fitting up, and endowed the institution with £400 a year. The Athenæum, which is under the control of a Board of Directors, is absolutely free to all comers, and is managed somewhat on the lines of a Free Public Library, but without any support from the rates. This institution was opened in August, 1888, the donor being present, and twelve months later Mr. Rock was present at another interesting ceremony, when he formally presented a public park to the town. His death took place at Blackheath, Kent, February 9, 1890.

SONG.

The Torridge flows gently among its green valleys,
And sings to the woods as it ripples along ;
The wood-dove coos over its musical waters,
Where twitters the skylark its gladdening song.
But how can I list to the music around me,
Or gaze on the charms it invites me to view?
Dejected, I dare not reflect on such beauties,
Alas! I must bid them a joyless adieu.

No more must I sing on the bank of the Torridge,
Waiting Echo's reply from the opposite shore :
Ah ! no ; I must leave the sweet stream in its windings,
And list to the dreams of my fancy no more.
No more view the sun to The Wooder declining
And tinging the wave with its mellowing hue ;
No more hear the low bells of Bideford chiming,
Alas ! I must bid them a joyless adieu.

Bear gently, sweet Torridge, these tears to my fair one,
But, ah ! that such weakness is mine never tell ;
Breathe softly, young breeze, this adieu to my charmer,
But say not who whispers so sad a farewell.
Farewell, ye loved hills, and farewell, ye loved valleys,
Already ye seem to recede from my view ;
Dejected, I dare not reflect on your beauties,
Alas ! I now bid them a joyless adieu.

ROGER THE CISTERCIAN (TWELFTH CENTURY).

FULLER names among the natives of Devon one Roger the Cistercian, so called from the religious order he belonged to in the Church. He states that he was born near the abbey of Forde, and made his profession in that monastery, and continued there a studious and pious life for many years, subsequently joining the Order of Cistercians. He was princi-

pally known by his writings in support and commendation of the so-called miraculous visions and monkish impostures so common in those days, some of these compositions being in rhyming verse, which he dedicated to Baldwin, Abbot of Forde. One of these poems was entitled 'Encomium Mariæ.' Fuller, however, says of him: 'To speak impartially, the legend he wrote of "St. Ursula," a Cornish or Devonshire woman, is full of many falsities.' He flourished about 1180.*

WILLIAM HENRY HAMILTON ROGERS, F.S.A.

This gentleman, formerly a banker at Colyton, Devon, and now retired and residing at Alphington, near Exeter, was born October 1, 1828. He is the author of several very important works of a historical and antiquarian character. He was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, March 21, 1872. One of his works, 'Wanderings in Devon' (Seaton, 1869), contains many excellent examples of his verse-writing, from which we venture to make one brief extract. He also wrote 'The Spirit of the Minor Prophets,' metrically rendered, 1865.

DARTMOOR.

The broad Atlantic bends before thy throne,
Its rocky footstool with white lips hath kissed,
Where, granite-browed, thou sitt'st in grandeur lone,
Thy temples wreathed with heav'n's unsalted mist;
Feet in the brine, and face veiled by the cloud,
And vestiture by changing nature wrought—
Titan of earth and sky—silent and proud,
Even Beauty kneeling hath her homage brought:
Time as a shadow speeds across thy plains,
Leaving no record of his printless feet;
Thy glances follow, as with high disdains
To stop a foe, 'tis aimless all to meet.
And all our generations come and go,
As snow-flakes on thy shoulders melting slow.

REV. EDWARD ROLLE (1705—1791).

This gentleman's claim to be included amongst our West-Country writers rests upon a solitary piece contained in Dodsley's 'Collection of Poems' (1782), which we herewith present to our readers. The name of this writer is not included in any work relating to Devon and Cornwall with which we are acquainted; but on investigation we find that he was of a Devonshire family, and therefore has substantial claims to our consideration.

Edward Rolle was the son of Robert Rolle, of Meeth, Devon, gent. He was entered at New College, Oxford, where he matriculated July 10, 1723, aged 18; he took the degree

* Fuller's *Worthies*, *Devon*, p. 263; Prince, p. 219.

of B.A. 1727, M.A. 1730, B.D. 1758. He became Rector of St. John's, Wilts, and Vicar of Moorlynch, Somerset, 1758; and he was made Prebendary of Salisbury, 1758, which he held until his death, June 30, 1791. These facts are taken from Foster's *Alumni Oxoniensis*.

LIFE BURTHENSOME, BECAUSE WE KNOW NOT HOW TO USE IT.

(AN EPISTLE.)

What, sir, a month, and not one line afford !
'Tis well; how finely some folk keep their word !
I own my promise, but to steal an hour
'Midst all this hurry, 'tis not in my power;
Where life each day does one fix'd order keep,
Successive journeys, weariness and steep,
Or if our scheme some interval allows,
Some hours design'd for thought and for repose;
Soon as the scatter'd images begin
In the mind to rally, company comes in:
Reason, adieu! there's no more room to think,
For all the day behind is noise and drink.
Thus life rolls on, but not without regret;
Whene'er at morning in some cool retreat
I walk alone; 'tis then, I thought, I view
Some sage of old; 'tis then I think of you,
Whose breast no tyrant passions ever seize,
No pulse that riots, blood that disobeys;
Who follow but where judgment points the way,
And whom too busy sense ne'er led astray.
Not that you joys with moderation shun;
You taste all pleasures, but indulge in none.
Tir'd by his image, I resolve anew:
'Tis reason calls, and peace and joy's in view.
How bless'd a change! a long adieu to sense;
O shield me, sapience! virtue's reign commence.
Alas! how short a reign—the walk is o'er,
The dinner waits, and friends some half a score:
At first, to virtue firm, the glass I fly;
'Till some sly sot—'Not drink the family!'
Thus gratitude is made to plead for sin;
My trait'rous breast a party forms within;
And inclination brib'd, we never want
Excuse. ''Tis hot, and walking makes one faint.'
Now sense gets strength; my bright resolves decay
Like stars that melt at the approach of day:
Thought dies; and ev'n, at last, your image fades away,
My head grows warm; all reason I despise:
'To-day be happy, and to-morrow wise!'
Betray'd so oft, I'm half-persuaded now,
Surely to fail, the first step is to vow.
The country lately, 'twas my wish: oh there,
Gardens, diversions, friends, relations, air;
For London now, dear London, how I burn;
I must be happy, sure, when I return.
Whoever hopes true happiness to see,
Hopes for what never was nor e'er will be:
The merest ease, since we must suffer still,
Are they who dare be patient under ill.
Whilom a fool saw where a fiddle lay,
And after poring round it, strove to play:
Above, below, across, all ways he tries;
He tries in vain, 'tis discord all and noise;
Fretting, he threw it by: then, thus the lout:
'There's music in it, could I fetch it out!'
If life does not its harmony impart,
We want no instruments, but have not art,
'Tis endless to defer our hopes of ease,
Till crosses end, and disappointments cease.
The sage is happy, not that all goes right,
His cattle feel no rot, his corn no blight;
The mind for ease is filled to the wise;
Not so the fool's—'tis here the difference lies;
Their prospect is the same, but various are their eyes.

ALFRED ROSKILLY.

Mr. Alfred Roskilly, of Littleham, Bideford, is a native of Marazion, near Penzance, where he was born in October, 1834. His father and family were connected with mining matters, and shortly after the death of the former, when the subject of the present memoir was about twelve years of age, the family removed to Gunnislake in East Cornwall, the elder brother, Peter, being at that time clerk in Devon Great Consols Mine. After some years they settled in the neighbourhood of Liskeard, where Alfred and his brothers were engaged in mining—Wheal Wray, a silver-lead mine, being at one time the property of the Roskilly family. At the age of twenty-four, Alfred decided to qualify himself for the office of schoolmaster. In 1860 he became master of the St. Cleer Village School. In 1863 he was appointed schoolmaster at the Liskeard Union Workhouse, and about this time he married Miss Mann, who had been schoolmistress at the same workhouse, and soon after they were appointed to the same offices in the Exeter Workhouse. In 1871 Mr. Roskilly held for a time the office of Superintendent of a Boys' Home in Gray's Inn Road, London, but not finding the work congenial, he relinquished it and again took to school-teaching as master to a Free School in Tottenham. Three years after the school was placed under Government inspection, and Mr. Roskilly attended the Wesleyan College, Westminster, where he obtained a parchment certificate (2nd class), his inspector being Mr. Matthew Arnold. Mr. Roskilly speaks of the popular poet with great respect and veneration, finding in the inspector a real and earnest friend, who appreciated his humble efforts in a manner unusual under such circumstances. Since that time Mr. Roskilly has continued, as he expresses it, 'in the ranks of the "Army of Sweetness and Light,"' and was until recently master of the Littleham and Landcross Board School, near Bideford. Our readers shall judge by the following specimen if Mr. Roskilly is worthy of a place amongst the poets of the West.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHAIR.

(ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL. A LEGEND.)

The monks within the cloister dim
Are chanting low their vesper hymn;
When suddenly a thrill of fear
Disturbs their accents sweet and clear—
A holy radiance fills the place
That piously they oft have trod,
Suffused with light is every face,
As Moses' from the mount of God.
Thro' oriel pane,
With streaming rays,
Too bright for them on him to gaze,
An angel dread they view askance;
And flee with but a hasty glance,
The holy fane.

On rock o'erhanging the abyss,
From realms of light, from realms of bliss,
Sat he, of angel-hosts the head,
Who oft their symphonies had led—
There Michael sat, with grace bedight,
And glowing countenance serene,
His vesture shining as the light,
He blessed the monks, he blessed the scene;
The rock is now
St. Michael's chair,
And those, 'tis said, of wedded pair
Who dare to fill this rocky throne
Will make, since they shall reign alone,
Their consorts bow.

JOHN ROUNSEVELL.

THIS man was the son of John and Jane Rounsevell, and was born either at Alternon or St. Juliot. He went to South Australia in 1867. He was the author of a small volume of miscellaneous poems, in which he styled himself 'The Tregatherall Shepherd, near Roughtor, Cornwall,' and also 'The Adventures of Joseph Goulding; his courtship and marriage with Flora Pearceval'; 'The Duchess of Boticini; a tale of love, in fairy style, with other poems.' This latter was published in 1864, although, like the former, it bears no date. Very little is known of Mr. Rounsevell, beyond these bare facts.

NICHOLAS ROWE (1674—1718).

THIS man, eminent as a poet, but still more as a dramatist, was undoubtedly a Devonian, though some of his biographers state that he was born at his grandfather's seat in Bedfordshire. It is, however, certain that he was of an old Devonshire family, who had long possessed a considerable estate at Lamerton, near Tavistock. He also married a Devonshire lady, a Miss Devenish. He was born at Little Barford, Devon, June 30, 1674, where his father, John Rowe, serjeant-at-law, was resident. He was educated at Westminster School, studied for the law, in which he made great progress, and, as his biographer, Dr. Welwood, states, might have made a great figure in that profession, if the love of poetry had not too much attracted his attention. His genius was rather delicate and soft than strong and pathetic. He published a great number of works during his career, but has been principally known to posterity by his translation of Lucan's 'Pharsalia' (1718), which has been described as one of the greatest productions of English poetry. Of his plays, 'Tamerlane' (1702), 'The Fair Penitent' (1703), and a few others have survived; but his general and miscellaneous poems, although collected and reprinted by Tonson after his decease (1720), and subsequently admitted into most collections of the British poets, are now scarcely known. 'The Plays of Shakespeare, revised and corrected, with an Account of his Life and Writings,' by N. Rowe, 7 vols., 1709, 1710. The beautiful ballad entitled 'Colin's Complaint' was very popular. Johnson praised the elegance of his diction and the suavity of his verse. His attachment to the Muses did not entirely unfit him for business, as he was for three years Under Secretary of State for public affairs (1708-11). On the accession of George I. he was appointed Poet Laureate (1714), and on his decease found a tomb in Westminster Abbey, where he was buried, December 19, 1718, and his epitaph was written by Pope, which contains a liberal encomium on his genius and patriotism:

> "Enough for him that Congreve was his friend,
> That Garth and Steele and Addison commend;
> Peace to thy gentle shade and endless rest,
> Blest in thy genius, in thy love, too, blest."

THE VISIT.

Wit and beauty, t'other day
Chanced to take me in their way ;
And, to make the favour greater,
Brought the graces and good nature.
Conversation care beguiling,
Joy in dimples ever smiling,
All the pleasures here below
Men can ask or gods bestow—
A jolly train, believe me ! No ;
There were but two—Lepell and How.*

REV. JOHN HUMPHREY ST. AUBYN (1790—1857).

THIS gentleman (a member of the justly celebrated Cornish family, and son of Sir John St. Aubyn) was born in Cornwall, January 22, 1790, and was educated at Westminster, and afterwards at Jesus College, Cambridge. He died at Fontainebleau, in France, July 17, 1857. He was the author of several poems and romances, including 'Phantoms,' a poem in two parts ; with 'Myrrha, a fragment, translated from the Provençal' (1823).

RICHARD SANDYS (BORN 1806).

RICHARD SANDYS was born at Porthalo, St. Keverne, Cornwall, in 1806, and, like his father, was a master-mariner, having served the sea for twenty-six years. He afterwards settled down at Crowan Churchtown, as the landlord of an inn there. He was the author of 'A Budget of Poems selected from the Portfolio of a Cornishman' (1868), being serio-comic, sentimental and pathetic pieces of poetry. He also wrote a poem entitled 'The Ocean and its Missions,' which does not appear to have been published.

A. H. SAUNDERS.

UNDER the *nom de plume* of 'Glenessa,' Mr. Abraham Hosking Saunders published a volume of poems, entitled 'The Discovery, and other Poems' (1886). This volume brought him into notice, and proved him to have poetical talents of a high order. Mr. Saunders was born at Saltash, in Cornwall, September 21, 1848, and was educated at the National School at that place. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to the trade of a blacksmith, which he did not find a very congenial occupation. He, however, acquired

* Lady Harvey, and (subsequently) the poet's wife.

a thorough knowledge of the craft, and at the expiration of his apprenticeship was able to hold his own with his fellows. During this time he neglected no opportunity of prosecuting his studies; and, besides getting a good general knowledge of English literature, made himself familiar with the classics, through the best English translations.

He was brought up in the Church of England, and when a boy held a place in the choir of St. Nicholas Church; but at the age of eighteen his views changed, and he joined the Wesleyan Methodists, in course of time becoming an accredited local preacher.

As a poetical writer Mr. Saunders has certainly done good work, although he has only been enabled to publish one volume of poems—that mentioned above. He has contributed largely to contemporary literature, and has a large mass of unpublished MSS. These works consist of dramas, historic and legendary tales, and lyrics. His chief work (unpublished) is 'Mephistophalia; or, the Revelations of Diabolus,' in which his thoughts and his pen have been engaged, off and on, for nearly thirty years. It contains forty thousand lines, and traverses the whole range of theological and psychological thought; it may be not inaptly described as a poetic study in metaphysics.

Mr. Saunders has of late years been employed as a clerk and timekeeper. We append a short poem, which is a fair sample of his style and poetical abilities.

GEORGE ELIOT.

(A TRIBUTE.)

She's gone! The genius of the age
That gilded many a human page
With star-lit hopes and happy memories,
And stirred the soul-depths of a nation's energies
To nobler work, hath passed away!
It seems but only yesterday
She dwelt among us, doing good,
Not to a few, but unto all mankind,
By lavishing the riches of her wondrous mind,
To feed the yearning soul with satisfying food.

None even dreamt she was to leave so soon
Her native land—thrice honoured in her birth—
When in both hemispheres the gladsome boon
Of Christmastide was dawning on the earth,
To bring us joy, and peace, and hope, and mirth.

But so it came to pass,
While all the world, alas!
Was making ready for the festal day,
And halls and cottages were being made gay
With mistletoe and holly,
One home was draped in black and gray,
And sad and melancholy.

Her pen hath fall'n—that mighty pen!
None greater since the Bard of Avon wrote,
Or, since the day the Man of Nazareth spoke
The grandest precepts to the sons of men.
The life-like portrait of her mental ken
She gave to us as her enduring legacy,
To teach us all the half-learnt mystery
Of human life, and how to live and die.

But now the hand that wrote them lies both cold and still!
Her child-like heart that throbbed for others' happiness
Now rests in peace and passive loneliness,
And leaves a vacant spot no other soul can fill.
Her mind, half unrevealed, half understood by men,
Now muses on some happier shore,
And all the world of thought is lisping one great name,
And uttering a deep wail of sympathetic pain—
George Eliot is no more!

She's dead, men say; yes, such as the world calls dead;

In spirit she is with us ev'n to-day ;
George Eliot cannot die !
Her loving presence from us may have fled,
Her sacred dust may in the tomb decay,
But her immortal memory
Shall ever in a nation's bosom lie !
Her spirit lives, and so shall her great name,
Long as the tongue in which she wrote her thoughts remain.

Sleep on, great one ! great now, but greater far
In the eternal round to be—
When grander strains of minstrelsy
Than those which in our earthly temples are
Shall fill thy soul with sweetest melody ;
There no disturbing elements shall mar
The peace of thy tranquillity.

Sleep on and rest—a rest well earned by thee ;
We do not envy thee thy glorious crown—
For fresh and green shall be thy memory
When days and years to come are past and gone.
Thy loved ones miss thee—they by thee are missed ;
We fain would call thee back from climes afar.
In thee the world hath lost its greatest novelist,
And Heaven hath gained one more unfading star.

ALFRED CAPEL SHAW.

Amongst the many minor poets of Cornwall there are few who have written more acceptable pieces than the one who heads this section of our book. He is not a native of the county, having been born at Leamington, May 24, 1847, but he drew his first poetic inspirations from Cornish scenes, Carn Brea and its rugged surroundings being his first theme.

It appears that when about twenty-four years of age he gave up, for conscience' sake, his chances of promotion in the Baptist ministry, for which he was in preparation, and settled down to the prosy life of a schoolmaster at Redruth, a town in the west of Cornwall. He found the work congenial ; but being of a retiring disposition, and alone in a strange place, he often after school hours wended his way along the many by-ways that intersect the neighbourhood, and spent the quiet evening hours in the calm and beauty of the gloaming, alone on Carn Brea—a spot that seemed to draw him with an irresistible fascination. We are not, therefore, surprised to find that many of the young poet's effusions were addressed to the old Carn, or were descriptive of scenes and incidents connected with it.

Mr. Shaw has written numerous charming lyrics, in all of which we discern a high poetic faculty, and a facility of expression which prove him to be a man of more than ordinary powers. In 1874 Mrs. Tregaskis, of Redruth, published a volume of Mr. Shaw's poems, which was very favourably received, and in 1892 he published 'The Vision of Erin.' From Redruth Mr. Shaw removed to London, and eventually to Birmingham, where he occupies the position of sub-librarian of the Free Public Libraries.

He continues to cultivate the Muses, and his contributions appear from time to time in the pages of *Cassell's Magazine*, *Chambers' Journal*, *Good Words*, *Sunday Magazine*, and other periodicals. Several of his songs have been set to music.

Under the title of 'Two Decades of Song,' Mr. Shaw has now in the press a volume of poems written during the last twenty years—the period of his poetic life. In addition to his poetical gifts, Mr. Shaw possesses admirable business qualities. We append one of his early effusions:

THE VOICE IN THE WIND.

Alone on the Carn! alone,
And the night winds hurrying by
Croon to themselves in a monotone
Their low and wailing cry.
Wailing they come from the far-off west,
Where the weary sun has been soothed to rest
By the wild waves' lullaby.

Alone! and the night grows dark,
And the evening fogs arise,
Through the gloom one star, like a fiery spark,
Flashes, then instantly dies;
And darker and gloomier settles the night
Over the hill, as its tremulous light
Is hidden in mist from my eyes.

Alone! and a mystical spell
Is over my spirit cast;
And I hear the roll of a deep-toned bell
In the moan of the rushing blast:
Clearer and clearer the mournful sound
Rings in the wind, waking grief profound—
'Tis the knell of the vanished past.

'Tis gone! but an undertone
Lingering falls on my ear;
"Grieve not over the flower that is blown,
The leaves that in autumn are sere,
For the falling flower gives place to the fruit,
And the fallen leaves nurture their mother root
By dying from year to year.

"Grieve no more, tho' like flowers
Thy joys bloomed but for a day;
Rather rejoice that a few brief hours
They rendered thy pilgrimage gay.
Grieve no more tho' fortune may frown,
Grieve no more tho' the sun be gone down,
For the darkness passeth away,

"And hope, like the morning star,
Grows bright with the waning night,
And its beautiful beams to the watchers are
The heralds of coming light;
A little while and the silvern ray
Of hope shall fade in a golden day
Of joyance serene and bright."

Alone on the Carn! Alone,
Alone with the hurrying wind,
And I hear no longer that sweet undertone,
But my heart grows calm and resigned;
For its whispered teaching has given me power
To bear the ill of the passing hour
With a firm and manly mind.

H. S. SHEPHERD.

Henry Savile Shepherd was the second son of William Savile Shepherd, Esq., of Coxside, near Plymouth, and was the writer of many acceptable pieces. His 'Poetical Remains' were published shortly after his death (Devonport, 1835), the selection and arrangement having been undertaken by a friend of the poet's (the Rev. Joseph Garton, M.A., Perpetual Curate of Millbrook Chapel, near Devonport). The editor expresses the opinion that the poems evince intellectual powers far beyond the ordinary standard, and

afford satisfactory evidence that, had the author himself been spared to revise them, and produce others under more favourable circumstances, and with a matured judgment, he would have merited and obtained, as a poet, the approbation which is due to the possessor of real genius.

ON TIME.

Time flies, like a spoiler, in silence and haste,
Before him a garden—behind him a waste ;
We look for the future which Fancy foretold,
She prophesied roses—but thorns we behold.

And scenes of past pleasure we cherish in vain ;
The more they enchanted, the deeper they pain ;
We cannot recall them, and still, if we might,
Ah ! where is the heart they once filled with delight ?

Yea, could we revoke them, what would they impart
To gladden or comfort the wither'd in heart ?
The sunshine and shower may genially fill
The desert—yet lo ! it is desolate still.

Fond wretch ! O forget thy distresses awhile ;
Seek God, and rejoice in the beams of His smile ;
And Hope, while it springs in the light of His love,
Shall gild the dark vapour of life from above.

Then why should the mourner unceasingly sigh
O'er objects which wisdom has destin'd to die ?
If Time is conducting the soul to the skies,
Eternity brightens the further it flies.

MARTHA LENNOX SHERWOOD.

This lady was the author of a small volume of poems entitled 'Rural Imagery,' and dedicated by permission to Mrs. Graves, of Hembury Fort. It was published at Exeter, 1812, and is dated 'Coombhays, September 21, 1812.' Also, 'Amusing Translations ; or, Classic Tales from the French,' Exeter, 1814.

FROM 'MATERNAL TENDERNESS.'

Oh, could the Muse but paint the rapturous
Ecstasy of joy the mother felt, when
First she pressed the blooming cherub to
Her fragrant breast : what soft delight and sweet
Maternal transport thrill'd through her glowing
Heart ! The crystal drop of soft affection
Gently moisten'd her fairer than lily
Cheek. Heavens ! with what enchanting tender pride
She views the smiling graces mantling o'er
His face ; the soft blue eyes that beam'd, the sweet
Ingenuous worth ; the infant smile that
Dimpl'd on his cheek ! How did she mark the
Budding treasures of his youthful mind ; how
Frequent trace, ere yet the tender blossom
Was expanded to maturer years, the
Manly virtues that would grace his soul !

REV. PROFESSOR HENRY CARY SHUTTLEWORTH, M.A.

THIS very popular London preacher and divine is a Cornishman, for he was born at Egloshayle Vicarage, October 20, 1850. He is the eldest son of Edward Shuttleworth, M.A., Vicar of Egloshayle, and Honorary Canon of Truro (died 1883). He was educated at Forest School, Walthamstow, Essex, under the late Dr. Guy. Obtained King's College Prize, 1868; and a Dyke Scholarship at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, January, 1869. He migrated to Christ Church, and took his B.A. degree with high honours in 1873. Was appointed Chaplain of Christ Church in 1874. Was appointed Minor Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1876. He became Rector of St. Nicholas Cole-Abbey, London, in 1883, a position he still holds. While at Oxford he edited the *Undergraduates' Journal* for some time, and has written many articles for the *Church Times*, *Minster*, *Monthly Packet*, *New Review*, *Goodwill*, the *Western Morning News*, and other publications. He is Professor of Pastoral Theology at King's College, London, appointed 1890, and holds other important appointments in the Metropolis.

He married, in 1878, Mary, eldest daughter of Dr. Thomas Fuller, New Shoreham, by whom he has five children. Professor Shuttleworth, besides being an extensive leader-writer and contributor to magazines, is the author of many short stories, addresses, sermons and verses. One of his works, 'The Place of Music in Public Worship' (Stock, 1892), has been and is, very popular. His latest work is 'Some Aspects of Disestablish-

ment' (Innes and Co., 1894); and he has another work, 'Addresses to Lads,' in the press.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

A murmuring of many wings
  Was in the wondering air,
An echo as of one that sings
  Far up a heavenward stair.

For the angels of the Holy Night
  Bowed over Bethlehem;
The Shepherds, through the pale starlight,
  Hasted to kneel with them.

A maiden wept at the stable shrine,
  That never a gift she bears;
'Nor fleece nor flower for the Babe is mine;
  I have nought save love, and tears.'

Then the Herald of the Holy Night
  Stooped down and kissed her eyes:
Lo! the fields were aflame with the red and white
  Of roses of Paradise.

She laid them pure on the Babe's pure breast
  She wreathed them about His bed,
Till the humble manger stood confest
  God's rose-garden, white and red.

Still this poor earth, 'mid winter snows,
  With blossom of heaven is bright,
For the maiden's gift was the Christmas Rose,
  The Flower of the Holy Night.

Still oft, when the world is wintry and bare,
  When we weep for the hopes we miss,
The sound of a going is in the air,
  On our eyes an angel's kiss;—

And life's dim dusk is touched with light,
  Heaven breaks over land and sea;
God send from His height, this Holy Night,
  A Christmas Rose for thee!

DOUGLAS BROOKE WHEELTON SLADEN.

This gentleman is not a West-Countryman, but as the author of a popular volume of poems entitled 'In Cornwall and Across the Sea' (1885) he may fairly be included in this work as a West-Country writer. He was born in London, in 1856, and is the son of the late John Baker Sladen, D.L., J.P., of Ripple Court, near Dover. Mr. Sladen was educated at Cheltenham, then entered Trinity College, Oxford, and finally joined Melbourne University. He graduated B.A. in 1879, and at Melbourne graduated B.A. and LL.B. In 1879 he went to Australia, and in 1882 was appointed to the Chair of History in the University of Sydney, New South Wales.

In 1886-87 Mr. Sladen made a prolonged tour abroad, chiefly through Europe, and later he made the tour of the world, spending some time in Japan. The results of the latter trip are to be found in his work 'The Japs at Home' (1892), and his numerous contributions to the *Queen* and other journals. He has produced many poetical works, and has edited several collections of Australian poems for English publishers.

Mr. Sladen gave material assistance both by voice and pen to the Committee who promoted the Armada Tercentenary Celebration, and wrote a poem on the occasion. He

was one of the most active promoters of the Authors' Club in London, and is now well known in the Metropolis by reason of his versatile writings and his genial hospitality.

ST. IVES, CORNWALL.

The day that I wandered down to St. Ives
I saw no man with a number of wives,
Or cats or anything else of the kind,
Of which the old legend put me in mind.

But only the town with its quaint old streets,
And the quaint old quay with its fisher fleets,
And sunburnt fishermen watching the tide,
Or drying their nets on the Island side;

And fisherwomen, hard-worked but gay,
For fine it was, nor the boats away,
And sturdy children, some swimming about,
Some bare on the sand, when the tide was out.

When the tide was out there was gleaming sand,
Stretching leagues away upon either hand,
Dividing the dark blue sea and the shore,
With its crown of boulder and healthy moor.

There's little to laugh at about St. Ives;
Its story's a serious story of lives
Nightly in risk on the pitiless sea
To earn the fisher's inadequate fee;

A story of lifeboat, rocket and belt,
A story of woe, not talked of, but felt,
When a lugger puts out to sea and goes
The way that all know of, but no one knows.

Good-bye, little town by the Severn sea,
With your sands and old inns, and your busy quay,
And your carven church, and your antique streets,
And your sun-burned heroes of fisher fleets.

Good-bye! when I read the name of St. Ives
The wives I shall think of are fishermen's wives,
Rearing their sons to be heroes at home,
While the wild wind lashes the western foam

Round the boats in which brothers and husbands sail
To win their bread from the teeth of the gale,
Or to carry a chance of life to wrecks,
At the risk of their own stout hearts and necks.

FREDERIC C. SMALE.

Among the most popular writers of the day, at the Queen of Watering Places, Torquay, is undoubtedly Mr. Fred C. Smale. He was born at Barton, near St. Mary Church, Torquay, April 7, 1865; he is by profession a florist, and is an occasional contributor to gardening journals. He does not appear to have discovered his poetic faculty until quite recently, as we find that his first published poem appeared in the *Torquay Times* on April 13, 1888; it was entitled 'The Lion Queen.' Since that time, however, his pen has been very active, both in poetry and prose, as the columns of the Torquay newspapers testify. 'Number Twenty-Three,' an exciting Dartmoor story, appeared in the *Torquay Directory*, June 14, 1888, and a skittish sketch of the Industrial Exhibition held at Torquay in August of the same year, entitled 'The Torquaries,' attracted considerable attention. In the same way the 'Land of Gold,' a skit on the recent gold craze at Torquay, which appeared in the *Torquay Times*, was a very popular production. Mr. Smale has also written a series of pieces called 'Fireside Ballads,' commenced at Christmas, 1888, and continued fortnightly for some months; these pieces remind one of some of the most affecting ballads of G. R. Sims, the style and general run of subjects being very similar. Another series of papers contributed by Mr. Smale to the *Torquay Directory*, entitled 'A Roundabout Trip,' gives a humorous account of a trip through Jersey and Brittany in the summer of 1889; this series ran for about three months. Some of Mr. Smale's productions have appeared in *England*, and other London papers, and others in Devonshire papers published outside Torquay. He has written many short poems, but has not published them in a collected form. Recently Mr. Smale has turned his attention to burlesque writing, a skit on 'Trilby' from his pen having been produced at the Torquay Theatre in April, 1896. Mr. Arthur Roberts, the well-known comedian, considers Mr. Smale's work in this direction excellent.

FOR THE KING.

The shadows fall on mountain-side,
And o'er the uplands gently glide;
The murm'ring breezes sigh farewell as fades the parting day.
The mist is rising in the dale,
Gray pioneer of night's dark veil,
And o'er the landscape far and near is hushed the song-bird's lay.

Sleep on, oh calm and peaceful vale!
But thou canst not blot out the tale
Of that fierce fight thou hast beheld since dawned the golden morn;
When echoed loud the battle-cry,
"God save the King, for him we die!"
As on to death the warriors marched beneath their banner torn.

But now in peaceful death they rest;
The light is fading in the west,
And creeps the sad gray mist along to form their burial shroud;
And from the mountain's crest on high,
There comes the night-bird's mournful cry,
Be this thy only funeral hymn, oh, rest, ye warriors proud.

But one there is who liveth yet, [sweat;
Though damp his brow with death's cold

A captive to the rebel host within the city gates.
He dauntlessly this day has fought,
But honour has been dearly bought,
And ebbing out his death-blood now, he calmly death awaits.

Oh noble youth ! oh gallant knight !
Who, ever foremost in the fight,
To battle for thy country's King, a hundred foes hast slain ;
Thy might is gone, thy voice is still,
For evermore o'er vale and hill
The clarion note of war's alarm shall call to thee in vain !

No more at solemn eventime
Shall toll yon belfry's ancient chime,
To greet the ardour of thy youth in tones of hope and joy ;
No more thy merry voice shall sound
To wake responsive echoes round ;
To life's bright summer bid farewell, oh proud and gallant boy !

But soft, oh dying hero, list !
There trembles on the silver mist
The Ave Maria evensong in sweet and solemn chant ;
And softly from the sleeping dell
The mystic sound of vesper bell
Floats gently on thy dying ear, peace for thy soul to grant !

* * * * *

When came the guard at break of day
Their captive foe to lead away,
Beyond their reach for evermore his soul had taken wing ;
And 'neath his doublet gray they found
Enveloping his body round,
All torn and stained with crimson blood, the banner of his King.

ELIZABETH SMITH.

This lady was the author of 'Life Reviewed, a poem; founded on reflections upon the silent inhabitants of the churchyard of Truro, in the County of Cornwall; to which is added, an Eulogy on the late Rev. Mr. Samuel Walker, who was many years Curate of that Borough.' Exeter, printed for the author, 1780.

The work is dedicated to Mrs. Wills, wife of the Rev. Thomas Wills, late of St. Agnes, in Cornwall. There are ten notes containing biographical notices of persons mentioned in the text. The list of subscribers is one of the most extensive to be found in any book relating to the county; it comprises upwards of 2,000 names, a very large proportion being those of residents in Cornwall and Devon. The work was also published 'for the author' at Ilminster, 1781; Birmingham, 1783; Gloucester, 1783.

Elizabeth Smith also wrote 'The Pinkmores, a Satire,' which is said to refer to the Thomas family of Truro.

JAMES SMITH (1604—1667).

James Smith, son of Thomas Smith, Rector of Marston Mortaine, Beds, in 1598, was born in 1604. He matriculated from Christ Church, Oxford, on March 7, 1622-1623;

was naval chaplain to Admiral Henry, Earl of Holland; domestic chaplain to Thomas, Earl of Cleveland; Rector of All Saints, Wainfleet, Lincolnshire, 1634; Rector of King's-Nympton, Devon, 1639-62; Archdeacon of Barnstaple, July 30, 1660; precentor, January 27, 1661-1662, and canon of Exeter Cathedral, 1662. He was also Rector of Alphington and Exminster respectively, and died at Alphington Rectory, June 22, 1667; he was buried in the chancel of King's-Nympton Church.

His works were as follows: 'Wit's Recreations, selected from the finest fancies of modern muses, with a thousand outlandish proverbs, 1640, to which are annexed memoirs of Sir John Mennis and Dr. James Smith. Reprinted with all the wood engravings and improvements,' 2 vols., London, 1817. 'Musarum Diliciæ; or, the Muses' Recreation, containing several pieces of poetic wit, by Sir J. M. and J. A. S.,' London, 1655; second edition, 1656. 'Facetiæ Musarum Deliciæ; or, the Muses' Recreations, containing severall pieces of poetique wit, by Sir J. M. and J. A. S.,' London, 1656. 'Wit and Drollery: jovial poems, never before printed, by Sir J. M., J. A. S., and other admirable wits,' 1656; second edition, 1661; 'Wit Restor'd, in Several Select Poems, not formerly publish't, by Sir J. Mennis and J. Smith,' 1658.

Wood informs us that Dr. James Smith was in much esteem with the poetical wits of the time, particularly with Philip Massinger, who called him his son. A specimen of his poetry, called 'King Oberon's Appeal,' is given in Ellis's 'Athenæ Oxoniensis,' which we append to this brief notice.

When the monthly horned queen
Grew jealous that the stars had seen
Her rising from Endymion's arms,
In rage she throws her misty charms
Into the bosom of the night,
To dim their curious prying light.

Then did the dwarfish fairy elves
(Having first attired themselves)
Prepare to dress their Oberon king
In highest robes for revelling:
In a cobweb shirt more thin
Than ever spider since could spin;
Bleached to the whiteness of the snow,
As the stormy winds did blow
It in the vast and freezing air;
No shirt half so fine, so fair.

A rich waistcoat they did bring,
Made of the trout-fly's gilded wing.

* * * * *

The outside of his doublet was
Made of the four-leaved true-love grass.

* * * * *

On every seam there was a lace
Drawn by the unctuous snail's slow trace;
To it the finest silver thread,
Compared, did look like dull, pale lead.
Each button was a sparkling eye,
Ta'en from the speckled adder's fry,
Which in a gloomy night and dark
Twinkled like a fairy spark;
And for coolness, next his skin,
'Twas with white poppy lined within.

* * * * *

A rich mantle he did wear,
Made of tinsel gossamer,
Bestarred over with a few
Diamond drops of morning dew.
His cap was all of ladies'-love,
So passing light that it did move
If any humming gnat or fly
But buzzed the air in passing by;
About it was a wreath of pearl
Dropped from the eyes of some poor girl
Pinched because she had forgot
To leave fair water in the pot;

And for feather he did wear
Old Nisus' fatal purple hair.
The sword that girded on his thigh
Was smallest blade of finest rye.
A pair of buskins they did bring
Of the cow-lady's* coral wing,
Powdered o'er with spots of jet,
And lined with purple violet.
His belt was made of myrtle leaves,
Plaited in small, curious threaves,
Beset with amber cowslip studs,
And fringed about with daisy buds;
In which his bugle-horn was hung,
Made of the babbling Echo's tongue.

THE REV. J. B. SMITH (DIED 1837).

THE information we have been able to glean respecting the subject of this notice is of a very scanty description; and as to his early years, we have to rely entirely on the allusions thereto which are to be found in his poems. From a retrospective passage in 'Seaton Beach,' it would seem that the early home of the poet was

'Near Medway's stream, and on the banks of Thames,'

but that he was educated at Axminster, since he thus apostrophises the river Axe:

'Hail! much-loved stream, familiar to my sight,
Recalling many a sense of past delight.
On thy fair banks, in youth's advancing morn,
I strove my mind with science to adorn,
And often spent sweet relaxation's hours
A student then in academic bowers.'

We are indebted to a local paper for the following account of his later years:

'Mr. Smith became resident at Colyton as minister of the small Unitarian congregation of George's Meeting in 1830, and remained between three and four years, suffering many privations from the scantiness of his income. Various reasons for his dismissal were freely expressed at the time, and he was generally considered an ill-used man. He describes himself at Seaton as

'"Driven to thy shores by Persecution's hand,
A pensive wand'rer on thy sea-beat strand."

'Many passages in his poems refer to the unkindness he had experienced, and during the two or three years which intervened between his dismissal and his death, which took place in the spring of 1837, his extreme privations were alleviated by few, if any, besides members of the Church of England. Unfortunately, his great sensitiveness prevented him from allowing the extent of his poverty to be known, and it was rumoured at the time that he actually died of starvation, while sitting in his armchair. His age when death

* The ladybird.

relieved him of his troubles would be about forty. He left a widow, and an only son, a youth of from eight to ten, to mourn his loss.'

The only poems which came from Mr. Smith's pen with which we are acquainted were written at Seaton, and are of a local character. They are 'The Solitary Sea-gull' (1834), 'Seaton Beach' (1835), and 'Shute Park' (1838).

'Seaton Beach' is a poem 'descriptive of various phenomena of the ocean, and a summer spent by the seaside.' It extends to 113 pages, and contains many passages of considerable poetic beauty, and much descriptive power, especially in delineating the various characters who frequented the pebbly shore. But this poem has acquired a singular distinction through a remarkable prophecy, contained in a passage descriptive of a party of Oxonians, in which he ventured a forecast of the high and honourable position some of the party would attain :

'E'en now in vision to the Muse appears,
Through the long vista of succeeding years,
What these ingenuous youths in time may be,
Whose budding powers in embryo we see ;
And if Lavater rightly has defin'd
From signs external, features of the mind,
Their destiny the curious eye may trace
While gazing on the soul-illumin'd face.
He who near yonder cliff we see recline,
A *mitred prelate* may hereafter shine ;
That youth who seems exploring Nature's laws,
An *ermined judge* may win deserv'd applause.'

It was by Lord Selborne himself that attention was first called to this remarkable prophecy. At a banquet held in his honour at Exeter in 1882, he being then Lord High Chancellor, he alluded to the above passage as follows :

'It may perhaps interest some of you to hear that a Nonconformist minister of that place [Seaton] happened at the same time to be engaged in composing a poem upon the beauties of his native village, and I suppose, there being a dearth of subjects, he introduced our reading party, and, with prophetic instinct for the future, he bestowed on one a mitre, and on another the ermine of a judge, and when I was first made Chancellor ten years ago, the present Archbishop of Canterbury reminded me of that fact. I am sorry to say that the poet is forgotten in his own country, for when we were at Seaton the other day we endeavoured to find a copy of the poem ; but it was not to be found.'

Lord Selborne was in error in supposing Seaton to have been Smith's native place, and also in supposing him to have been forgotten. The Archbishop referred to was A. C. Tait of Canterbury. 'Shute Park' was published after the author's decease, and inscribed by his widow to Sir W. T. Pole, Baronet, of Shute House. It extends to twenty-six pages, and abounds with classic and historic allusions, and as a poem is unquestionably superior to the other two. At the time of his death subscriptions were being invited for the publication of a poem on 'The Fall of Southdown Cliffs,' but we are not aware that it ever saw the light. He was buried in Seaton Churchyard, and a stone was erected to his memory, which has since disappeared.

W. R. SOLEMAN.

William Robert Soleman is a native of Devonport, and was born January 15, 1838. His father, William Soleman, was a native of Truro, and his mother was born at Torpoint. He was educated at Devonport Naval and Military School, and at the Training College, Borough Road, London, 1858, and became a certified schoolmaster.

In 1860 he printed for private circulation 'Songs from the Heart.' This was followed, in 1872, by 'Songs from the West,' published in London; 'Caxtonia's Cabinet,' 1876; 'The Rector of St. Judy,' a novel, 1876; 'Razo, a Political Sketch,' 1872. His verses are not of a high order of merit. We append one short extract:

MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

O, lovely mount! in my young days
In rugged verse I sang thy praise;
I peopled thee with knight and dame,
Who whispered in thy groves love's name;
Thy stately hall I gazed upon—
A noble vision out of stone.
It was a pleasure dear to me
To walk thy woodland paths, and see
Old Ocean rolling all around,
And hear great Nature's voices sound!
The grandeur of thy noble head,
The mossy lawns around me spread,
Filled my young heart with ecstasy,
And nursed the germ of Poesy,
And took away the sting of cursed poverty.

PAUL SPECCOTT (died 1644).

Paul Speccott was the son of John Speccott, Sheriff of Cornwall, 1622. He became M.P. for Bossiney, 1625, and died at Penheal in 1644. He, like his brother Peter, is credited with having contributed verses to the 'Threni Exoniensium' (Oxon, 1613).

PETER SPECCOTT (born 1595).

In Boase and Courtney's 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis,' we find the record of verses by Petrus Speccott, born 1595. The verses are included in a work entitled 'Threni Exoniensium in obitum D. Johannis Petrei, baronis de Writtle,' Oxoniæ, 1613.

THOMAS SPRATT (1634—1713).

Thomas Spratt was the son of a clergyman and was born at Tallaton, near Ottery, Devon, 1634, and, as he tells of himself, received his early education there in a little school by the churchyard-side, and then proceeded to Wadham College, Oxford, matricu-

lating therefrom November 12, 1651. He was B.A. in 1655; M.A., 1657; B. and D.D., 1669; and Fellow of his College, 1657-70. In 1658 he wrote a Pindaric ode on the plague of Athens. He became a voluminous writer, and took a leading part in promoting the literature and learning of the times, having been one of those who laid the foundation of the Royal Society in 1662, of which he subsequently published (in 1667) a history. Winstanley, a contemporary biographer, says: 'His judicious history of the Royal Society, for the smoothness of the style and exactness of the method, deserves the highest commendation.' He has also been ranked as one of the best writers in the reign of Charles I. His poems were printed in two volumes (1742), and have also been admitted into most of the collections of English poets, and his life is among the biographies of Johnson. The ode on the death of Cromwell exhibits proof of strong intellectual exertion, but is encumbered by much unskilful decoration. 'There is in his few productions,' says Dr. Johnson, 'no want of such conceits as he thought excellent, and to his own memory the passage in the ode to Cromwell may apply, "Fame, like man, will grow white as it grows old."*

Macaulay has left the following observations on his poetic character: 'He was a man to whose character posterity has scarcely done justice. Unhappily for his fame, it has been usual to print his verses in collections of the British poets; and those who judge of him by his verses must consider him as a servile imitator, but those acquainted with his other works, will form a very different estimate of his powers. He was indeed a great master of our language, and possessed at once the eloquence of the orator, of the controversialist, and of the historian.'

Thomas Spratt's after career may be summarised as follows: Canon of Lincoln Cathedral, 1660-69; Chaplain to George, Duke of Buckingham, and to Charles II.; Minister of St. Margaret's, Westminster; Rector of Uffington, Lincoln, 1670; Canon of Westminster, February 22, 1669; Canon of Windsor, January 14, 1681; Dean of Westminster, 1683-1713; Bishop of Rochester, November 27, 1684; Dean of the Chapel Royal, 1685; Clerk of the Closet, 1685; died of apoplexy, Bromley, Kent, May 20, 1713; buried in Westminster Abbey. With reference to him and his works, Professor Henry Morley says: 'If Thomas Spratt had ever really loved a lady who was drowned, could he have written such a cold lament as this?'

ON HIS MISTRESS DROWNED.

Sweet stream, that doth with equal pace
Both thyself fly and thyself chase,
Forbear awhile to flow,
And listen to my woe.
Then go, and tell the sea that all its brine
Is fresh compared to mine;
Inform it that the gentler dame,
Who was the life of all my flame,
In the glory of her bud
Has passed the fatal flood:
Death by his only stroke triumphs above
The greatest power of love.
Alas, alas! I must give o'er;
My sighs will let me add no more.
Go on, sweet stream, and henceforth rest
No more than does my troubled breast;
And if my sad complaints have made thee stay,
These tears, these tears shall mend my way.

* 'Anderson's Poets,' vol. vi., p. 735; 'The Book of Authors,' p. 81.

JOHN STACKHOUSE, F.L.S. (1741—1819).

THIS gentleman was the son of the Rev. William Stackhouse, Rector of St. Erme, and was born at Probus, Cornwall, in 1741. He was a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and succeeded to the Pendarves estates in 1763. He erected Acton Castle in Perranuthnoe for the purpose of pursuing his researches on marine algæ, *circa* 1775. He died at Bath in 1819. His works were chiefly scientific, but he wrote 'A Poetical Sketch of the Revolutions that have happened in the Natural History of our Planet, intended as a Specimen of a Philosophical and Theological Poem;' Bath, 1786. With the exception of the preface, this work consists of alternate pages of Latin and English.

CHARLES TAYLOR STEPHENS (DIED 1863).

YET another postman-poet! The Western counties appear to be prolific of these erratic versifiers, and the fact proves beyond a doubt that the vocation of a rural letter-carrier is one that tends to the cultivation of the Muses. Charles Taylor Stephens was born at Liverpool, but his mother was a Cornish woman, a native of St. Ives. He was by trade a shoemaker, but became rural postman from St. Ives to Zennor, and died at St. Ives, December 12, 1863. He issued a small volume of poems, entitled 'The Chief of Barat-Anac, and other Poems, Songs, etc.,' in 1862, of which a second edition was published the same year. Zennor cromlech and its imaginary history is the subject of this poem. Stephens announced another work as preparing for the press, to be entitled 'Chimes from the Lapstone, and the Lament of Saint Ia, a Poem,' but he did not live to publish it. In the preface to the first-named work, he says: 'These poems were not written with any intention to publish them, nor would they now appear in print if the writer was able to earn a livelihood at his trade. Whatever their merits or demerits may be, the author trusts he will not be severely censured for devoting the wearisome hours of eleven years of sickness and privation to such a purpose. His publishing them is solely an effort to live by the fruits of his own industry.' And in the second edition he refers to the success of the first as exceeding his most sanguine expectations.

THE GRASS OF THE EARTH.

None careth to sing of the down-trodden grass,
Men heedlessly over its virtues will pass;
Few care to extol so lowly a thing,
To tree-tops the lofty mind loveth to wing.
The horse, which doth from it his mighty power draw,
Strides ruthlessly o'er it, its heart's core to gnaw,
Apt emblem of tyrants, who scorn the mean birth
Of God's toiling millions, the Grass of the Earth.
Oh! who has not heard of the gossamer thread
That spider-hands weave as a crown round its head;

The rich clusters of pearls which zephyrs do throw,
Like circlets of glory, round its despised brow?
The gayest apparel which monarchs can wear
Will fall 'neath the touch of the following year;
But its richer adorning will ever be new,
Whilst the day follows night, or clouds distil dew.
The east wind may blight it, the sun's rays may scorch,
The heavy hoof crush it, and brutes fully gorge;
E'en man may despise it, as of little worth--
Jehovah will honour the Grass of the Earth.
The wide-spreading oak, and the towering pine,
And the hoar-headed yew, admirers can find;
To gold-tinted flowers men homage will yield—
How few of them honour the Grass of the Field!
The skylark which higher than eagle can soar,
That trills its sweet notes round the homes of the poor,
Doth love, in the grass, to nestle and hide
The young of its bosom, its joy and its pride;
But when from the pit of perdition shall rise
A smoke that shall darken the sun and the skies,
Though locusts shall widely spread terror and dearth,
They shall not have power o'er the Grass of the Earth.

JOHN LEE STEVENS.

This writer was a native of Plymouth, and was a member of a well-known and highly-respected Plymouth family. He published in 1820, by subscription, a small volume of poems, entitled 'Fancy's Wreath.' He also published 'Lyrics' (1837), and a number of fugitive pieces, which appeared in the local periodicals, notably in the *South Devon Museum*, published at Plymouth (1833-36). Mr. Stevens was a graceful writer, but wrote chiefly for his own amusement, and published at his own expense in days when to publish meant a large outlay, with little chance of a return. The following piece will sufficiently illustrate the style of this writer:

ON THE HOE, PLYMOUTH.

Speak not of Italy! She cannot show
A brighter scene than this; a richer glow
Decks not the azure of her ev'ning sky
With rarer tints than those we gaze on here;
Her zephyrs cannot wing a sweeter sigh
Than we inhale. O, favour'd England! dear
Art thou to all thy sons, but dearer still
To me; for I have never wandered forth
To seek a better home, and yet each thrill
Of fond affection—honour, virtue, worth—
I've found. Old Ocean girds thee round; his tide
Swells proudly to embrace thy rocky strand,
And play upon thy shores; thou art *his* pride,
And I exulting boast, 'Thou art my native land!'

HENRY SEWELL STOKES (1808—1895).

THE subject of the present notice (the late Henry Sewell Stokes), formerly of Truro, and late of Bodmin, who for twenty-five years was Clerk of the Peace for Cornwall, and afterwards clerk of the Cornwall County Council, was born at Gibraltar, June 16, 1808, where his father practised as proctor and notary. That gentleman was a native of Dartmouth, and educated at the Grammar School there, when the father of the late Rev. John Russell, of Tor Down, was its headmaster. Mr. H. S. Stokes at the age of seven was brought to England, and placed at St. Saviour's Grammar School, Southwark, and subsequently at the school of Dr. Giles at Chatham, where he had for school-fellow the late Charles Dickens. In 1823 he returned to Gibraltar, and studied English and foreign mercantile law for three years, and the French, Spanish, and Italian languages and literature. He then came to Tavistock, and served his articles with the late Mr. C. V. Bridgman, solicitor; and in 1834 he settled in practice at Truro, of which town he became Mayor in 1856, and was subsequently Town Clerk (1859) till his appointment as Clerk of the Peace for the county in 1865, which he held until his death.

In 1836 he produced the first edition of 'The Vale of Lanherne,' which his wife (a daughter of the Rev. W. Evans, of Parkwood, Tavistock) adorned with a sketch of Lanherne Nunnery and the Church of Saint Mawgan. The former compositions of Mr. Stokes had procured him the privilege of acquaintance with the poet Campbell, with Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Bowring, and Mr. John Herman Merivale, one of the translators of the

Greek Anthology, and he received from his faithful friend and patron, the late Mr. Humphrey Willyams, of Carnanton, valuable suggestions in his poetic descriptions. This work was noticed with much commendation in some of the principal periodicals of the time, and brought to the author at his residence in Truro a most unexpected visitor in the person of Alfred Tennyson, from Mr. Hawker's rectory at Morwenstow.

In 1853 Mr. Stokes published an enlarged and illustrated edition of 'The Vale of Lanherne,' which met with much appreciation by the public press in the West of England, and was cordially noticed in various periodicals, notably in the *Quarterly Review*, in an article on Cornwall by the late Herman Merivale. He also received gratifying letters from several eminent writers and critics, including Mr. W. S. Landor, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer (afterwards Lord Lytton).

In 1855 Mr. Stokes produced a booklet of verses, entitled 'Echoes of the War,' containing a 'Lament for Eliot,' being an elegy on the death of the Hon. G. C. C. Eliot, who fell at Inkerman. These 'Echoes' have long been out of print, but the 'Lament' has been since reprinted by Mr. Stokes among his 'Rhymes from Cornwall.' A critic in the *Westminster Review*, in July, 1855, described the 'Echoes' 'as the sincere response of a warm British heart to the tales of noble deeds, and nobly endured suffering, which have come to us from the Crimea,' and said the poem on Inkerman was 'an easy, spirited ballad of the kind we wish our war-poets had hit on more frequently, instead of the high-flown metaphysical strain.' Of the 'Chantry Owl, and other Verses' (1881) two editions have appeared, which were received favourably by the press; and his later volume of 'Restormel' (1875) was also noticed with special favour. Of his longer poem, 'Memories, a Life's Epilogue,' an edition was published in 1872, and a revised edition in 1879. It was favourably noticed in nearly all the principal journals, and reviewed at some length by Mr. Gosse in the *Academy*, who said that 'since the death of Hawker, in 1875, the mantle of Cornubian song had fallen on the shoulders of his old friend and fellow-singer, Mr. Stokes.'

Besides these publications, Mr. Stokes has produced a small book of verse called 'The Gate of Heaven, etc.' (1876), an ode on the Queen's Jubilee, and various elegies. In 1884 a new edition of his 'Poems of Later Years' was published under the title of 'The Voyage of Arundel, etc.,' with additions, including the 'Lament for Eliot' and other poems. This recent volume contains a lithograph of the fine rock called the Armed Knight, from a sketch by Mr. R. H. Carter, of Falmouth.

Besides these poetical works, Mr. Stokes has written and published various papers relating to Cornwall, and particularly one giving an account of books and MSS. relating to Cornwall, read before the British Archæological Association at Bodmin in 1876. Mr. Stokes also published the *Cornish Guardian and Western Chronicle*, 1833-1837, and he was for some years the writer of the leaders in the *Devonport Independent*, when that paper was published by W. Byers, and had a large circulation in Devon and Cornwall. He has also been an occasional contributor to the *West Briton*.

In November, 1891, Mr. Stokes was the recipient of a portrait of himself, now placed

in the Council Hall, Truro, and on the same occasion a cheque for £500 was presented to him by the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, as a token of the high esteem in which he was held by all classes throughout Cornwall.

In 1894 the freedom of the city of Truro was presented to Mr. Stokes, the incident being made the occasion of a popular demonstration in his honour. He did not long survive this last proof of his popularity, for he passed away in April, 1895, at the ripe age of eighty-seven. He was well styled the 'Grand Old Man of Cornwall,' and he undoubtedly merits the appellation bestowed upon him by the Western press of *the* Cornish poet.

We append one of Mr. Stokes's spirited poems, not by any means his best, but one peculiarly Cornish:

GALLANTS OF FOWEY.

I.

Gallants of Fowey! gallants of Fowey!
Good hands to get freights or take prizes—Ahoy!
Though I hang for it shortly, I'll hazard the trip,
And be one of the crew of that sea-going ship.

II.

The anchor is up, and the harbour-chain down,
And the bells they ring merrily out from the town;
We shall soon find a Spaniard or Frenchman, they say,
And bring something back to this snug little bay.

III.

To take from such prowlers it can be no crime.
We've no letters of marque, but can get them next time;
So away! and at last we are out on the sea,
And the cliffs of old Cornwall fade fast on the lee.

IV.

And bold is our captain as ever set sail,
As brave in a fight as he is in a gale;
He sunk a big galiot when last he went out,
And the cheeses and Dutchmen went bobbing about.

V.

A sail, boys, to windward! which soon we'll o'erhaul,
Set royals and spanker, and studding-sails all;
She sees us, and seems in no haste to escape,
A fine Spanish galleon in rig and in shape.

VI.

But our captain looks ugly the nearer we come,
He whistles and swears—then looks awfully glum;
We are caught! 'tis a frigate! her colours display'd
Shows she comes from the land where those cheeses were made.

VII.

A shot from her stern-post comes bowling along—
She'll take us and keep us, I'll bet you a song;
Our skipper at once sends his flag to the peak,
But all of a sudden grows civil and meek.

VIII.

Their boats have now reached us, the pick of the crew,
All armed to the teeth, with lieutenants no few;
'What's your name?' quoth Mynheer as he muster'd his men;
'Honour'd sir,' said our skipper, 'I'm Captain Polpen.'

IX.

'And where do you hail from, and where are you bound?'
'From Fowey, sir, I come, and must make Plymouth Sound,
And thence to the Scheldt for a cargo of cheese;
And here are my papers, to see, if you please.'

X.

'I see,' said the Hollander, with a queer smile,
'But I think you'll be safer with us for awhile;
Your pikes, guns, and swivels, and shot so well ranged,
No doubt were to be for Dutch cheeses ex- [changed.'

XI.

And then to the Scheldt without stopping we went,
But not with our will, and to prison were sent:
'Twill be many a month ere I shout 'Ship ahoy!' [Fowey!
A long, long good-bye to the sweethearts of

WILLIAM STRODE (1600—1644).

William Strode was born in or near Plympton, of an honourable family on both sides, being grandson of Sir Richard Strode, and his mother being one of the Courtenay family. Having distinguished himself at the University for his talents, in 1629 he was chosen public orator, and in 1638 was installed Canon of Christchurch, dying at an early age in March, 1644. He held several preferments in different parts of the country. He is described as 'a person of great parts, an exquisite orator, and an eminent poet,' worthy to be reckoned among the very first of that age. A catalogue of his printed works is given by Prince. Among them are 'The Floating Island,' a tragi-comedy in five acts and in verse (1655); several poems, that had musical compositions of two and three parts, set to be sung by Mr. Henry Laws; a book of anthems, particularly one to be sung on Good Friday. He left behind several other volumes, fairly written, which were never printed, and, as Prince pithily remarks, now never will be. He was buried in the Divinity Chapel, Christ Church Cathedral.

A PICTURE OF PLYMOUTH IN 1625.

This poem, by William Strode, is declared by Mr. R. N. Worth ('West Country Garland,' 1875) to be the earliest example of the Devonshire dialect on record.

Thou n'ere woot riddle, neighbour John,
Where ich of late have bin-a;
Why, ich have bin to Plimoth, man,
The like was yet-n'ere zeene-a:
Zich streets, zich men, zich huegeous zeas,
Zich things and guns there rumbling;
Thyzelf, like me, wood'st blesse to zee
Zich 'bomination grumbling.

The streets pe pight of shingle-stone,
Doe glissen like the sky-a;
The zhops ston ope, and all ye yeere long
I'se think a faire there bee-a.
And many a gallant here goeth
I' goold, that zaw the king-a;
The king zome zweare himself was there,
A man or zome zich thing-a.

Thou voole, that never water zaw'st,
But think-a in the moor-a,
To zee the zea wood'st be a' gast,
It doth zoo rage and roar-a :
It tast's zoo zalt thy tonge wood thinke
The vire were in ye water ;
And 'tis zoo wide noe lond is spide,
Look nere zoo long there ater.

The water from the element
Noe man can zee chi-vore ;
'Twas zoo low, yet all consent
'Twas higher than the moor.
'Tis strange how, looking down a cliffe,
Men do looke upward rather,
If there mine eyne had not it zeene,
'Chood scarce believe my vather.

Amidst the water wooden birds
And flying houses zwim-a ;
All full of things as ich h' heard,
And goods up to ye brim-a ;
They goe unto another world,
Desiring to conqueir-a,
Vor wch those guns, voule develish ones,
Do dunder and spett vire-a.

Good neighbor John, how var is this?
This place vor I will zee-a ;
'Ch'ill moape no longer heere, that's flat,
To watch a sheepe or zheene-a ;
Though it zoo var as London bee,
W'ch ten miles ich imagin,
'Ch'll thither hye, for this place I
Do take in great induggin.

THE REV. CHARLES STRONG (1784—1864).

THIS writer, born 1784, was a native of Tiverton, Devon, being the son of Richard Henry Strong, gentleman. He matriculated at Wadham College, Oxford, May 14, 1801, at the age of seventeen; took his B.A. degree in 1805 ; M.A., 1810 ; was select preacher 1816 ; was Rector of Broughton Gifford, Wilts, from 1811 to 1848, and died January 27, 1864. He was the author of 'Specimens of Sonnets from the most Celebrated Italian Poets, with Translations' (1827). He also published, in 1835, 'Sonnets,' dedicated to the Earl of Harrowby, and dated Torquay, May 4, 1835. This work contains fifty-two sonnets, in which the author divides his favours between Devonian and Italian scenes and subjects pretty equally. A second edition was published in 1862, when the author appears to have been located at Dawlish. He seems to have been thoroughly imbued with the charms of Devonian scenery, as the following extract will show :

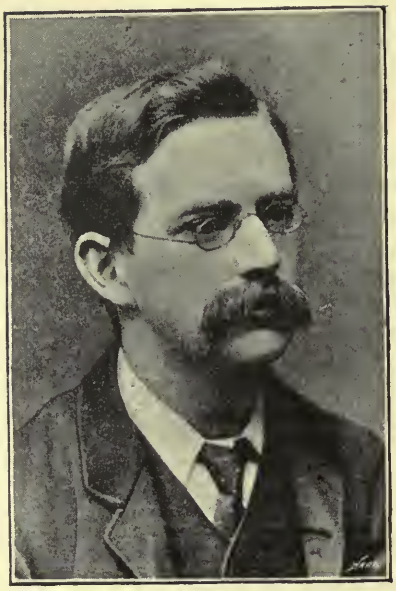
SONNET.

LOUISA ! guarding still the name of WINN,
Rememberest thou Devonia's vernal hue,
Her orchards blooming flowery vales within,
Her dewy skies, and sea of softest blue?

Rememberest GREENWAY, and th' expanding view
Of Dart's full waters, Becky's thundering din,
And northward, when, oak-garlanded anew,
Down from the mountain-lair career'd the Linn?

That valley, too, strange wilderness of stone,
And the bold path hung midway from the surge,
And sky-built crags, old Druid's misty throne.

These scenes remembered, I, too, may emerge,
Who gazed with thee, however dimly shown,
Content, if seen within the picture's verge.



HUGH WESLEY STRONG.

Hugh Wesley Strong, youngest son of Thomas and Anne Strong, was born at Liskeard, Cornwall, December 23, 1861. He gained his earliest literary distinction in *Young England*, *Every Boy's Magazine*, *Union Jack*, and other magazine competitions. Early in life he took to journalism, and established the *Newmarket Journal*, a flourishing weekly in East Cambridgeshire. He has also been associated with other papers, and in 1886 became editor of the *North Devon Journal*, one of the oldest-established newspapers in North Devon, having been in existence since 1824. It is published at Barnstaple. Whilst Mr. Strong was resident in Barnstaple he wrote and published several books and pamphlets, the chief of which was 'Industries of North Devon,' a series of articles reprinted from his paper. 'The Westminster Abbey of North Devon' (Tawstock Church) is another of Mr. Strong's local literary productions. He also issued 'Charles Willshire: a Panegyric,' on the death of that gentleman; 'Open Letters' to various M.P.'s; 'Guide to Lynton;' 'Series of Sketches of the Scenery, Botany, and Celebrities of North Devon,' specially written for the columns of the *North Devon Journal* by Mr. Strong, who has also contributed in prose and verse to many monthly magazines and weekly publications. In 1891 he was appointed editor of the *Daily Argus* (Birmingham). He is a Vice-President of the National Institute of Journalists, and has just retired from the presidency of the Birmingham Press Club.

FROM ASHFORD CHURCH.

ON A MAY AFTERNOON, 1890.

A perfect day. The free, fair land has rest
Far as the eye can see. The sun slants west,
The tide runs swift and strong, and lazy barges creep
Up the broad brimming river, while the sweep
Of lightly-feathered oars a whisper brings
To this grand outlook as of seamew's wings
Skimming the surface. Bathed in the rosy rays
Of setting Sol, the dun brown sails of ships
Are glorified to amber shadows, and, in sweet eclipse
Of coarse and common things, the sunshine plays
On the white, fluttering canvas of the sailing boats,
Till, like the ethereal fleet that skyward floats,
Their gliding keels of silvery light are lost
Beyond the heaven-kissed hill, and, no more tost
By ruffled waters, quiet havens reach,
Where Taw steals up the sylvan-shaded beach.
The garish glitter on the sandy marge,
From whence the lighthouse light will flash anon,
Is sweetly tempered by the landscape large
Of vernal woods, green fields, and sombre hills,
As East and West the glorious picture fills,
Ere Night her curtain drops and we are gone.
A peace that passes thought is on the land;
Exhaled, it seems, from where, o'erawed, we stand
On sacred soil. No song of bird is heard
Save cuckoo's wandering voice, and, at her call,
We look on field and flood, manor and hall,
Park, pleasaunce, farm, and woodland stirred
At news of summer, brought by that bright bird,
And think 'This is the fairest scene of all.'

REV. JOHN SWETE, OF OXTON (1752—1821).

In Foster's 'Alumni Oxoniensis,' 1888, we find the following entry:

'Tripe, John, son of Nicholas of Ashburton, Devon, gent., University College; matriculated 19 Oct., 1770, aged 18; B.A. 1774, M.A. 1777.'

Lysons' 'Devonshire' states that the Rev. John Tripe, of Ashburton, whose family had been long settled at Dawlish, took the name of Swete, by Act of Parliament, in 1781. He died in 1821, and was succeeded by his eldest son, John Beaumont Swete, Esq., who is representative also of the ancient family of Martyn.

This, then, is the gentleman whose name heads this sketch. John Swete was admitted a prebendary of St. Peter's Cathedral, Exeter, August 27, 1781, *vice* Theophilus Blackall, deceased; and he was succeeded by John Moore, afterwards Stevens, admitted November 16, 1821, *vice* John Swete deceased.

In the 1811 edition of Risdon's 'Survey,' the last sixteen pages (but unnumbered) were supplied by the Rev. John Swete, and there is a letter by him, prefixed. This document shows that the Rev. John Swete had three seats—Oxton House, parish of Kenton; Train, parish of Modbury; and Moreleigh Court, parish of Moreleigh.

Swete also contributed a number of pleasing sonnets to the collection of 'Poems, chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall' (1792), made by Polwhele. It is stated that up to that time none of his verses had appeared in print. We subjoin one of his effusions:

ALL FOR THE BEST.

Two friends by chance together met,
Who long had lived, and far asunder;
And while they took a morning's whet
They told such news as raised their wonder.
But now from politics and powers majestic
Their converse dropped, and turned on things domestic.

Says Hodge, 'How fares it with you, friend?
I hope as how you're in a state of thriving?'
'Why, since we parted I've had much to spend,
And that I got without much care, by wiving.'
'Ah! that looks well.' 'Nay, not so good:
The wife I wedded was a cursèd scold.'

'That truly might all other joys exclude.'
'Not so; for she was worth her weight in gold.'
'Well, there indeed you had your consolation;
For wealth will doubtless heal the word vexation.'

'Would that it had so happened; but alas!
Fate otherwise decreed. It came to pass
That with her cash I bought a numerous flock,
Then farmer turned: I ranged my fertile plains,
And, buoyed with hope, I counted countless gains;
The murrain came, and perished all my stock.'

'Good lack! good lack! nay, that's indeed distressing,'
'Nay, not so bad; in every ill's a blessing.
You little think it, yet your wonder'll cease
When I inform you from the woolly fleece
I even had a full redressing.'

'Indeed! well, that was lucky! Fortune sure
Hath now been kind, and made your state secure.'

'Ah, no! one night, one fatal night,
My sorrows reached their utmost height:
Ere from the market I could home return,
My goods, my houses, and my cattle burn.'

'Alas! my friend, the Fates have spun thy threadful;
Sure, never yet was heard a case so dreadful.'
'Why, so at first 'twould seem; but yet, believe me,
Kind Fortune now did most of all relieve me;
What, can't you guess? Why, odd's my life!
With house and goods and cattle burnt—my wife!'

REV. RICHARD TAPRELL.

In the year 1806 the Rev. Richard Taprell printed and published 'Barnstaple, a Poem.' It was a lengthy affair of 115 closely-printed pages, and professed to be a dignified composition in blank verse, but was written in such an absurd and stilted style as really to be a burlesque. He states in his preface that the plan of the work is simple. 'A few friends are supposed at different times to pass through the streets of Barnstaple, to examine some of its public buildings, to visit its public walks, to consider and admire its different views, and to draw such moral, religious, entertaining, and improving reflections from the whole, as such a variety is in its own nature calculated to suggest.' He opens with an apostrophe:

'O Barnstaple, how favourably thy
Situation—thine unborrowed native
Essential excellencies how great,
How grand, how numerous, how important,
Rescued shalt thou be from the slander of
Ignorant or designing tongues, which take
Unjust delight in pronouncing thee low
And dull—a foe to health, but friendly to
Vapour and disease.'

He then proceeds to describe the streets and town in detail; but we cannot burden our pages with these uninteresting lines.

R. H. TAYLOR.

Mr. Robert H. Taylor, the author of 'Carmina,' resided at Billacombe, near Plymouth, about sixty or seventy years ago. The little book was printed at Plymouth; but it bears no date. He was also the author of 'The Breakwater: a Poem,' by Robert Taylor, Plymstock. 'Carmina' was dedicated 'To his esteemed Preceptor, Mr. N. T. Carrington.' The poems are for the most part juvenile effusions, and were written during the years 1819-21.

LESLIE THAIN.

This gentleman was born at Stoke Damerel, Devon, in 1853, being the son of the late Captain James G. H. Thain, R.N., J.P. He was educated at the Plymouth Grammar School, and studied medicine under Dr. W. Paul Swain, a well-known medical man of Plymouth. Having completed his medical studies, Mr. Thain went respectively to the Royal Albert Hospital at Devonport, and the University College Hospital, London. He obtained his degrees of M.R.C.S. (Eng.) and L.S.A. (Lond.); and after various appointments as assistant-surgeon in Essex, London, and Portsmouth, he finally settled at Clodock, in Herefordshire, under the shadow of the Black Mountains. He there holds the position of Medical Officer of Health for the Longtown District, and has also an extensive private practice. From his earliest years he was addicted to verse-writing, and his contributions to contemporary periodical literature have been considerable. In addition to these, he has printed, for private circulation, several poetical works, amongst which may be mentioned, 'Muriel Beatified,' 'Timotheus,' 'Aunt Hilda's Story,' 'The Prayer of Callirhoe,' 'Œnone's Lament,' etc. In some of these works, especially in 'Muriel,' the author has given very graphic descriptions of the scenery in and around Plymouth, where

he spent his early years. We append one of his most recent effusions, which is a fair example of Mr. Thain's powers of versification :

SOUVENIR DE MALMAISON.

She planted this rose-tree years ago
With her tiny spade on a rainy day—
No hat on her head, and it vexed us so ;
But she said 'I shall' in her petulant way.
So I got an umbrella, old and vast
(One my dear grannie left by will),
And with mother's shawl o'er her shoulders cast,
She toiled whilst I grew damp and chill,
And her wicked smile I remember yet,
When she said, 'I don't care if I'm wet.'

Whether it was that the shrub was strong,
Or that all things prospered she undertook,
I cannot tell ; but each summer long
Folks came at the wondrous flowers to look.
So the rose was famous for scent and hue,
But no one could get a cutting to grow ;
And it pleased me rather because I knew
She had toiled for me in the rain and snow.
How strange that I should place such store
On the smile of a child I might see no more!

She went to Venice, and I was told
What great sensation her beauty made.
The court bards hymned to her locks of gold
That I had seen tangled and disarrayed.
They should have watched her, with shovel small,
Planting this tree 'mid snow and mire,
My gingham warding off wet and squall,
And her aunt gazing down with eyes afire.
Sure never Æa looked half so wild,
Chasing the roe, as that wilful child.

I know we shall never meet again,
But the odour of kindness endures for long,
And so I puzzled to-day my brain,
And sought to embalm her deed in song ;
For I love to hear from a friend abroad
Of her grace and beauty, and how she sped.
And the poor round her salt lagoons applaud
Their bright Contessa (for she is wed),
And the hands that planted this tree so fair
Make coats for those fisher-folk to wear.

ANN THOMAS.

In the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis,' vol. ii., p. 72, we find the entry :

'Thomas, Ann. — Poems on various subjects, by Ann Thomas, of Millbrook, Cornwall ; an officer's widow, of the Royal Navy, Plymouth. Printed and sold in London by B. Law, 1784. 4to., 3s.' *

No further particulars are forthcoming respecting this lady ; we must therefore content ourselves with this bare statement, and append a specimen of her poetical effusions :

SHETLAND.

Dear Shetland ! where the northern billows roar,
The humble Muse sprung from thy rocky shore,
Oft wanders 'midst thy numerous craggy isles,
Where Nature, artless Nature, sweetly smiles ;
And views thy hardy sons devoid of art,
For sweet simplicity informs each heart :
Cold is thy region, and thy air how bleak,
And on thy shore the dashing surges break ;
O'er thy brown heath doth blooming Health reside,
And finny nations through thy waters glide.
Dear Shetland ! let me not conceal the truth,
To thee I owe the guardian of my youth :
Greenwall, whose heart with every virtue shines,
If e'er thine eye should meet those artless lines,
The humble Muse, by kindred blood ally'd,
Oft hearts thy virtues with an honest pride.

FREDERICK THOMAS.

Mr. Frederick Thomas, of Exeter, has most certainly earned the title of 'Devon's poet and humourist,' for few men have contributed more towards keeping Devonshire men in good humour than the subject of this short sketch. He was born at Bristol. At a very early age young Thomas showed an aptitude for verse-writing. At the age of fourteen he was put to learn the hat manufacture, and shortly after completing his seven years' apprenticeship he started business in Exeter on his own account. During the term of his apprenticeship young Thomas was continually dabbling in rhymes, in consequence of which his companions dubbed him 'Shakespeare.' He commenced his business at Exeter nearly forty years ago, and it was his original mode of advertising his hats in rhyme that first brought him under the notice of the public.

Mr. Thomas is, and always has been, a very advanced Radical, so much so that nearly all his trade advertisements had a leaning in that direction. He published three political satires : 'Interest and Principle' ; 'Benjamin's Mess' (a skit upon Disraeli) ; and 'William

* The work is dedicated 'To the Right Honourable Lady Eliot, of Port Eliot, in the county of Cornwall,' and contains a lengthy list of influential subscribers.

the Conqueror' (Gladstone); and although they were strongly flavoured they were without spleen or bitterness; and it is said that no man more eagerly read or enjoyed more heartily the witty political verses of the Radical poet than the late Lord Iddesleigh, who, in his Memoirs, devotes one or two pages to the Exeter poet. Mr. Thomas also wrote 'Humorous and other Poetic Pictures, Legends and Stories of Devon,' Plymouth, 1883, pp. viii., 296.

The late Sir John Bowring used to say that it was a sin that thoughts and ideas displaying such exquisite poetic feeling and fancy should be prostituted to trade purposes, and suggested that the Advertisement Song 'O play that air again' should be made the subject of a ballad. This was done, and the song was dedicated by special permission to the Princess of Wales, and the Queen accepted the manuscript.

Mr. Thomas is undoubtedly a man of remarkable gifts, an inveterate humourist, a clever speaker, and ready wit; and an all-round good fellow. His rhythmical descriptions of Devonshire scenery are very good, and some of his songs are very pretty and musical. Many of Mr. Thomas's pieces were written for public recital, and he is particularly happy in hitting off local eccentricities and passing events. This he has done in the case of several of his burlesques and whimsical poems, to wit, 'Exmouthesia and the Good Fairy of Honiton's Clyst'; 'Britanniarum; or, The First of the Bareuns'; 'Benjamin's Mess,' and others. One of his drollest compositions is entitled 'Father Peter's Soiree: a Story of Christmas Eve, 1868,' in which the statue of Father Peter invites all the figures in front of Exeter Cathedral to an evening party.

But although Mr. Thomas is essentially a humourist, yet he has penned many pathetic little poems, in spite of his propensity for turning his effusions into an advertising medium.

Mr. Thomas is a striking personality, and seems always (in spite of his losses and crosses) to be in a happy vein. It is needless to say that he is splendid company, and whether as a lecturer, a political speaker, or an after-dinner orator, he is always at home, and never at a loss for a *bon mot* or a *repartee.*

Mr. Thomas is now engaged in writing for the London papers and magazines, and many clever skits, poems, and ballads are appearing by this clever poet and humourist of Devon.

THE HATTER POET'S DREAM.

I looked, and saw a lovely autumn sun
  Gilding the hills around with burnished gold;
And, as the labours of the day were done,
  On to the village green I gently strolled.
The air was laden with the rich perfume
  Of May flowers around each cottage door,
And all seemed happiness, life's sweetest boon;
  With such the greatest monarch needs no more.
'A charming spot,' I whispered, as I gazed;
  'It does, indeed, my weary soul entice';
And sitting down upon a bank, I praised,
  In tuneful thoughts, this earthly paradise.
But how 'The World' comes back upon the man!
  I mused awhile, then all fine feeling went,
And I concocted then and there a plan
  To make this spot my next 'advertisement.'
The word 'advertisement' was scarcely uttered
  When all became as dark as blackest night,
And many voices disapproval muttered,

As 'fore mine eyes appeared a wondrous sight :
Departed poets of a hundred years—
Pope, Shelley, Southey, Byron, Moore and Scott—
Their pugilistic aspect raised my fears ;
I felt inclined to run to 'scape the lot.
Southey first spoke : ' And is it thus you use
The power we once possessed that made us great
To sell your hats ; thus prostitute the Muse ?'
' He should,' said Moore, ' have my " Veiled Prophet's " fate.'
Then each in turn upbraided in his way,
As o'er the vales their hollow voices ran.
So when they'd finished what they had to say,
I summoned courage up and thus began :
' Why condemn me, ye grim departed elves,
For doing that which each of you has done ?
Was it for honour only with yourselves ?
No ; you went in for guineas every one.
At Abbotsford it paid your rent, friend Scott ;
And Shelley, you were paid to write your book ;
For your translation, Pope, you bagged a lot ;
And you, Tom Moore, did well with " Lalla Rookh." '
I tackled Southey—almost drove him wild—
And quoted ' English Bards and Scotch Reviews ';
That pleased Lord Byron, for I saw he smiled,
And said, 'Let's remonstrate, but not abuse.'
Then Wordsworth gnashed his teeth and frowning, groaned,
' Using our God-sent talent in a trade,
Only by death such wrong can be atoned ;'
And for my safety I was sore afraid.
Ere I had time to say another word
Dryden sprang forward, seized me by the beard—
From every voice a horrid doom I heard,
Worse far than in my inmost heart I feared.
Then one—I think 'twas Pope—seized my right arm,
Moore took the other, Southey held my head,
Then threw me o'er a cliff in dread alarm ;
I woke and found I'd tumbled out of bed.

HERBERT THOMAS.

The subject of this notice comes of a family of working-class folk, who have shown natural ability and enterprise. Some of his ancestors were miners, and went to distant parts of the earth, others have obtained good positions at home. At the age of fourteen Mr. Thomas left school, but being of a studious disposition his education continued, even when he was most busily engaged in earning a livelihood. When twenty-one he tried his fortune in California, and spent a short time in San Francisco, where he obtained an introduction to city editors of newspapers, and got an engagement on the *Examiner*, a leading daily paper, as a reporter. In spite of the attractions of his position, however, love of home soon brought our young Cornishman back to Cornwall. On his way back, after about two years' sojourn in San Francisco, he stopped at Salt Lake City, and his first book, 'Mormon Saints' (1890), was the outcome of personal interviews with Mormons and Gentiles, in the late Brigham Young's stronghold. Returning home, he got attached to the staff of the *Cornishman*, and then began to write sketches, stories, and critical

notes, during the intervals of reporting. Although his own work was for the most part immature, he endeavoured to stimulate the ambition of other young Cornish verse-writers and himself by organizing and publishing 'Poems of Cornwall' (1892). It contained some pieces of real merit. Mr. Thomas next issued 'The Socialist's Longing, and other Poems' (1893), a volume which has had many favourable press notices. 'The Flooding of Wheal Owles' (in the Cornish dialect) was described by the *Echo* as a splendid piece of realism.

Mr. Thomas has also published the 'Romance of a Cornish Cove' (1893), which has had a good sale. It gives in forcible language a good description of the life, the love, the plots, and the superstitions of an every-day Cornish village. He has also contributed a series of articles to the *Cornishman* entitled 'The Tolscadlum Club Lecture.' Mr. Thomas is now editor of the *Cornish Post and Mining News* (Camborne), and has a book of 'Cornish Mining Interviews' in the Press.

The piece which follows, 'To Mad Anarchy,' perhaps represents Mr. Thomas's style at its best. This is one of the latest effusions from his pen.

TO MAD ANARCHY.

Red Anarchy! what meaneth thy mad quest,
Through seas of blood, for some dim isle of rest—
Through hell's black pit, for heavens of the blest?

Above thy crimson robe I see a face
Down whose white cheeks in livid channels chase
Hate's smoking tears, like Etna's lava-race.

From Fury's deeps the sulphurous flames upcurl,
I see the assassin's dagger wildly whirl,
And deadly bombs thy bloody fingers hurl.

What madness runneth riot through thy brain!
Chaos, perchance, the fruit of love and pain,
A noble wrath, or Envy's foulest stain.

Thou criest, 'Death to tyrants of mankind,
Whose chains of steel our bleeding muscles bind,
Whose greed the grave-clothes of the poor doth wind!

'Death to the haughty foes of liberty!
Up the red banner of wild anarchy!
In freedom's name I strike at tyranny!'

Blind wretch! thy lurid bombs asunder burst
The refuge-city of the poor and cursed,
Thyself, like Nero, of the tyrants worst!

Because, forsooth, the order of the world
Is constituted war, thy flag 's unfurled
That deeper into hell we may be hurled!

The struggling toiler—honest, careless, gay—
Old age, young beauty, children blithe at play,
Are shattered, slain, to speed a happier day!

Grim paradox! Canst thou not see how mad
Thy plan?—'Bring tears to eyes once glad;
Till laughter leaps to lips once grave and sad!'

Thou would'st pluck grapes from thorns; from weeds of hate
Would'st grow love's flowers; out of chaotic state
A world of order and delight create!

Canst thou not see a system, which has grown
Through hoary ages, ne'er can be o'erthrown
Save lives are crushed with every falling stone—

A system built on myriad brains and hearts,
With growth of nations and expanding marts,
Fitting in Life's machine its million parts?

Hearken! O wild-eyed spirit of red hell!
The way to happiness is not where dwell
The grinning ghouls who toll the funeral bell!

Only with love can hate be overcome;
Time only solves Life's long perplexing sum,
And never till the dogs of war are dumb!

When the red flames engulf the works of man,
When the red knife cuts short life's little span,
Barbarians we, as when the world began!

Go, Anarchy! we hate thy awful name,
Thy red flag is a winding-sheet of shame,
Make one last fire and perish in its flame!

And we will slowly mount Life's spiral stair,
Evolving into worlds sublimely fair,
With natures fit to breathe Elysian air!

REV. JOHN WESLEY THOMAS (1798—1872).

THIS well-known writer was a native of Exeter, where he was born August 4, 1798. He became a Wesleyan minister, and served for many years in Cornwall. He died at Dumfries

in 1872. A full account of him will be found in the Rev. S. W. Christopher's 'Poets of Methodism' (1875). Mr. Thomas was the author of 'Lyra Britannica, or Select Beauties of Modern English Poetry, consisting chiefly of Extracts from the Works of the most Eminent and Celebrated Poets of the Present Age, with some Original Pieces' (1830). This was published whilst the author was at Helston, and contains 'The Wrecker,' a piece of local interest. Another of his works was 'Poems on Sacred, Classical, Mediæval, and Modern Subjects' (1867). Some of the poems in this volume originally appeared in the *Royal Cornwall Gazette.*

Mr. Thomas also translated Dante into English in the metre and triple rhyme of the original; with notes and illustrations (1859-66).

JOSEPH THOMAS (DIED 1894).

THE late Mr. Joseph Thomas (who died in June, 1894) was well known throughout West Cornwall as an authority upon antiquarian matters and legendary lore, and well versed in the local customs of his district.

Mr. Thomas was born at Clabar-Garden, in the parish of Mullion, his father (Mr. John Thomas, who died at Predennack, Mullion, April 25, 1886, aged 71) being the local steward of Lord Robartes. His mother was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, from whom, undoubtedly, he inherited much of his versatile knowledge. He was educated at Penzance, and on leaving school spent some time with Mr. Sylvanus Jenkin, of Liskeard, studying land-surveying. While living at Predennack, he was engaged by Lord St. Levan as assistant agent under Mr. Edward St. Aubyn, and gained such a position of confidence that a great deal of the management of the estate was entrusted to him of recent years. When he died he was steward of St. Michael's Mount, and enjoyed the fullest confidence of Lord St. Levan. Mr. Thomas, like many other members of his family, was a preacher, and connected with the United Methodists. Had Mr. Thomas devoted more time to literature he would have made his mark in portraying, in Cornish dialect, the quaint stories and incidents with which he was so familiar. Miss Courtney, who is certainly an authority on Cornish folk-lore, spoke in high terms of the dialect poems which, under the *nom de plume* of 'Innispriven,' he contributed to a local annual at the commencement of the current year. They were termed 'Randigal Rhymes,' and were recently issued in book form with a glossary, under the same title, by Mr. Rodda, of Penzance. Their humour is indisputable, and their construction admirable. One of them, 'Kitty Cornish,' so captivated Mr. R. Heath, of Redruth, now of Johannesburg, that he set the words to music; and many of these accurate combinations of vanishing words are worthy to stand alongside any of the prose or verse of Tregellas —the first talented recorder of Cornish humour. Mr. Thomas obtained his materials at first

hand, by chatting with all sorts and conditions of men and women in a homely and friendly way that elicited superstitions, droll fancies, and curious reminiscences. He was always of a studious disposition, and made good use of the libraries that were at his command. When the Lady Elizabeth Hall was opened at Porthgwarra a year or two ago, he spoke of the great advantages, which the young people of the present age have over those who lived, like himself, in remote country villages thirty or forty years ago. His social qualities made his company highly entertaining, and he took a genial interest in all phases of life. He attended fairs, mixed with the fisher-folk and farm-labourers, and from them all gleaned interesting facts and obtained glimpses of life which were turned to good account in his writings.

KITTY CORNISH.

Come all ye jolly tinners, who
To Camborne Town belong,
Sit down and touch your pipe, my dears,
And listen to my song ;
Hundards of fitty-looking maids
In Camborne you may see,
But little Kitty Cornish is
The crop of the bunch to me.

I saw her as I came from Bal,
Her gook, I caan't tell how,
Fell back upon her nuddick, and
The sun shone on her brow ;
Her cruddly hair was plethoned up
So beautiful to see,
And little Kitty Cornish is
The crop of the bunch to me.

Her smile was bright as May, her cheeks
Had caught the rose's hue,
Her eyes were blue as guckoo flowers,
And sparkled like the dew.
Her lips were red as haggalans,
Full ripe upon the tree ;
And little Kitty Cornish is
The crop of the bunch to me.

I called—she had her towser on,
A mooling of the bread ;
And as she put the dough to plum,
This here is what I said :
' I'd like some of that fuggan, dear,
If I may stay to tea.'
And little Kitty Cornish is
The crop of the bunch to me.

I've heard the lark sing in the sky,
The grey bird in the brake,
I've heard the choir at ' Wesley,'
(That's grand, and no mistake) ;
But sweeter far her whisper, when
She promised for to be
My own dear Kitty Cornish, and
The crop of the bunch to me.

'Tis sweet to feel the sunshine, as
You come from underground ;
'Tis sweet to breathe the fresh, fresh air,
And see the flowers around ;
But sweeter than the sunlight,
Or honey from the bee,
Is my own dear Kitty Cornish—
The crop of the bunch to me.

R. HEWETT THOMAS.

This gentleman is a native of St. Day, Cornwall, and is the son of Mr. R. H. Thomas, a jeweller of that town. He is a professor of music, and studied at the Royal Academy

from 1880 to 1884, since which time he has followed the somewhat uneventful career of a music master in his native town. He has written several plays, his first comedy having been produced at Camborne in 1890. A novel by him ran through a Redruth magazine, and his poems have appeared in the *Weekly Sun* as well as in some of the West Cornwall papers. Some of his sonnets are very pretty.

BEETHOVEN.

He breathed into his art the living soul
Of a true sympathy that quick impelled
The utterance of ennobled thoughts that swelled
In mystic harmonies. The thunder-roll
Of proud defiance scornèd the control
Of any fate that fought in vain. Love swelled
From out his heart, in melodies that held
The ear in strained desire to sip the whole
Of life and love. Reason is here subdued
By that fine inner instinct, that explains
The wondrous meanings that the worlds include
Of here and the hereafter, and regains
The vigour of a lapsing life renewed,
And all the worth of all worth's power attains.

REV. HENRY THURSTON THOMSON, B.A. (1812—1855).

Mr. Thomson (born at Exning, Suffolk, 1812) was the author of 'Esther, a Sacred Poem, in Three Cantos,' brought out in three parts and printed at Truro (1837); also some hymns and other poetical works. He was a schoolmaster at Redruth in 1837-39, and subsequently curate of Chard, where he died in 1855.

REV. R. TOMLINS (1817—1889).

He was the second son of Thomas Tomlins of Shrewsbury, and was born 1817. He took his B.A. degree at Oxford, 1839; M.A., 1842; held several curacies, and was chaplain of Her Majesty's Prison, Manchester, 1864-83. He died about 1889.

A little book entitled 'Poems,' by the Rev. Richard Tomlins, M.A., was published in London in 1844, the dedication to his father being dated 'Plymouth, the Feast of St. Matthew, 1844.'

FRIENDSHIP.

As the small streamlet from its native hill
Flows deep and deeper, wide and wider still,
Whilst, in its course through rocks and lonely dells,
Enriched by tributary tides, it swells,
Another and the same, it eddies past,
Till in one mighty stream 'tis lost at last;
So Friendship rolls a deeper, mightier wave,
Till blended with the yawning sea — the grave.

S. E. TONKIN.

Mrs. Sarah Eliza Tonkin was the eldest daughter of James Jones of Ludlow, and was born at Manchester, June 12, 1831. She married in 1855 Joseph Tonkin of Buryan, Cornwall, who died in 1882. She is the author of 'Rostherne Mere, and other Poems,' published in 1886. This work contains several Cornish poems. She also contributed poems and songs to several Cornish periodicals.

MOONLIGHT AT ST. LOY, NEAR THE LAND'S END.

When moonlight streams above St. Loy,
Sweet twinkling on the crested waves,
How gladsome then the silent stroll,
Among the rocks and pebbly caves!

Methinks the spirit of the night
Is hushed in slumbers sweet and blest;
No sound disturbs the breathing calm,
Save murmuring waves that never rest.

Ah! lovely now the crescent moon,
I watch it soothing Cairn Boscawn;
Or mark it shining through the trees,
Aslant Boskenna's velvet lawn.

Now every wave leaps into life,
Made silver by the magic ray;
The day is gone, yet living light
In sweet remembrance seems to stay.

On, on, ye waves, with murmuring sounds,
Gentle as infant lullaby;
Still hush the birds and flowers to sleep,
With voice of vesper melody.

Say, treacherous waves, when night is passed,
Will ye arise in feathery spray,
To kiss the verdure-crownèd cliffs,
And woo them in your sportive play!

Say, will ye lash with fury wild
The granite rocks that skirt the shore,
Foaming along the pebbly strand,
Triumphantly in mighty roar?

Or will ye tranquil rest till morn
Dispels the mist from earth and sea?
Calling brave hearts from loving homes,
To launch their boats rejoicingly?

O blessèd Ocean! when at peace,
Calmly and fair thy wavelets lie—
Yet, when in anger swells thy breast,
How awful is thy majesty!

The only birds a-wing are those
That in the sea their white breasts lave,
And then, as dove into the ark,
They soar to cairn or rocky cave.

A beauteous light shines o'er the deep,
The Lizard's sparkling diadem,*
Guiding the coast-bound mariner,
Like 'wise men's' star of Bethlehem.

Alas, that peaceful scenes like these
Should pass from our enchanted eyes!
And yet within a loving heart,
Fond memory bids them perfect rise.

And when we leave fair Cornwall's shore,
And mingle with the city's din,
Oft will we close the eye of sense,
And drink the purer joy within.

Farewell, loved spot! the moments fly,
E'en now we sadly say adieu!
Yet often turn from orchard path,
To take a long, last, lingering view.

One moment more, and moonlit sea
Is lost! we thread the flowery dell,
We climb 'mid ferns the steep ascent,
And bid St. Loy a last farewell!

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* The lighthouse at the Lizard Point.

REV. A. TOPLADY (1740—1778).

The Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, B.A., was born at Farnham in Surrey, November 4, 1740, and received the first rudiments of his education at Westminster School, where he early evinced a peculiar genius. While a student he accompanied his mother to Ireland in reference to some property. In the year 1759 he published a small volume of poetical pieces, which were chiefly written, by way of relaxation from his studies, between the age of fifteen and eighteen. These poems display considerable spirit and force, some of the verses are truly poetical, and many of the thoughts new. He entered the Church June 6, 1762, and shortly after was inducted to the living of Blagdon in Somersetshire, which he soon resigned. In the year 1768 he took possession of the vicarage of Broad Hembury, in Devonshire, which he held until his death.

In 1776 he published a collection of psalms and hymns. These hymns have always been exceedingly popular, there being a peculiarly ethereal spirit in some of them, very much akin to the writings of Charles Wesley. His 'Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me' will always be appreciated. His death took place on August 11, 1778, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and he was buried at Tottenham Court Chapel, in the presence of several thousand persons. The Rev. Rowland Hill delivered a funeral oration on the occasion, full of deep feeling and pathos.

THE DYING BELIEVER TO HIS SOUL.

Deathless principle arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies,
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before His throne;
Deck His mediatorial crown;
Go, His triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

Lo, He beckons from on high!
Fearless to His presence fly:
Thine the merit of His blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hov'ring round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

Is thy earthly house distrest?
Willing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but she, must die;
Fly, celestial tenant, fly.
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away,
Singing, to thy crown remove;
Swift of wing and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on Him—
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave;
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through!
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.
Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore.

Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above,
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes;
Such the glorious vista faith
Opens through the shades of death!

ELIAS TOZER (1825—1873).

Elias Tozer was born at Exeter, November 21, 1825. He died December 13, 1873. He was engaged for many years as a reporter on the *Western Times*, a paper published in Exeter. He afterwards bought a newspaper, *Chambers' Exeter Journal*, which was at length merged into the *Devon Weekly Times*, of which he became joint-proprietor.

He published in 1873, with the *nom de plume* of 'Tickler,' a book entitled 'Devonshire, and other Original Poems, with Some Account of Ancient Customs, etc.' This book was very popular; as was also another work entitled 'Devonshire Sketches: Dartmoor and its Borders' (1869). From the former we give the following extract:

SATAN'S VISIT TO NORTH LEW.

AS TOLD BY MA GRANFER.

The devil he cum to our parish wan day,
But he zed he didden intend vor to stay;
He was gwain on varther to vetch a vat Prior,
The layder of Tavistock's vair Abbey quire,
Who'd a been a behavin as no Prior shude do,
And he'd vix'd to make un a vine brimstone stew.

Now Granfer and Varmer Jan lik'd the old chap,
Vor he'd offen cum'd up pin tap of yon 'nap'
To ha a 'leet' chat, and tu drink zider cup,
And arterwards go wi' em hoam vor tu sup.
So Granfer and Varmer Jan zed in a trice—
'No, be darn'd if old Nick shall ha Jolly Price!'

Vor thit wos es nam bevor he wos priest—
Tha zin of a rich squire, nit proud in the least.
So they whisper'd together, and then zed to Nick:
'Plaize, yer Hi'ness, the raws be mortally thick
Wy mud up to ankles, and there's bogs on tha way,
So with us yu had better a leetle while stay.'

The Devil he did zo, till the vrost ded zet in,
An wan mornin he zed he wid start wi' the zin,
Old Granfer laff'd inwards, and zo ded old Jan
And they zed wan they paerted, 'Good-bye, thee doom'd man!'
The devil rawd on, and bamby cum a shout;
The vrost strook his tail, and ha died like a lout.

MISS ELIZABETH TREFUSIS (1762—1808).

This lady, according to the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis,' was the second daughter of Robert C. Trefusis, and sister of Robert G. W. Trefusis, seventeenth Baron Clinton.

She was born January 16, 1762, and died at James Street, Westminster, August 8, 1808. She was buried at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Her name is included in Rowton's 'Female Poets of Great Britain' (1848); and Polwhele has a poem in one of his collections addressed to her. Her chief work appears to be 'Poems and Tales,' in two vols., published 1808, dedicated to William Gifford, Esq., as follows: 'To you, my dear Sir, whose indulgent approbation of my productions first encouraged me to publish, I dedicate these poems. I confide in your known liberality to forgive the liberty I take in doing so without your permission. Three of them only have appeared in print, and these I presented to the Editor of the *Satirist*. The dedication, as a tribute of friendship, is but small; for had I known a man of superior worth and talents, to him I should have inscribed them.'

The British Museum copy of Miss Trefusis' poems contains extensive manuscript additions, being poems, songs, and tales by her. This copy was purchased at the sale of the Rev. F. J. Stainforth's Library, in 1867. Some verses by her appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1808.)

THE BLUSH.

In vain the timid maid may seek
To hide the weakness of her heart,
Since traitors lurk in either cheek,
The darling secret to impart!
O there's a witness in each eye,
Whose honest evidence is clear!
O there's a proof in every sigh!
A confirmation in each tear!
While, needle-like, the conscious face
Points to the heart, its polar star,
A blush is youth's sublimest grace!
The sunbeam stolen from Phœbus' car!

J. T. TREGELLAS (1792—1863).

Mr. John Tabois Tregellas, one of the most popular and voluminous writers of Cornish stories was born at St. Agnes, in 1792, educated at St. Agnes and Liskeard; became a merchant, and was in business at Truro, from 1840 to 1857. He was purser of several mines, and was the introducer of the cast-steel borer into mines, in 1848. He gave lectures on the peculiarities of the Cornish dialect, and wrote many dialect stories and poems. He died at Maesmawr, Llangollen, Wales, on March 13, 1863, and was buried at Llantysilio. He was twice married. A full list of his works may be found in Messrs. Boase and Courtney's 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis.' Mr. Tregallas's Cornish stories are too lengthy to be quoted in their entirety, and as they are all continuous narratives, it would be impossible to give an extract from either of them which would do justice to the author; we therefore reluctantly pass over his works with this brief notice.

SIR JOHN SALUSBURY TRELAWNY (1816—1885).

ALTHOUGH the worthy baronet has not courted the Muses to any great extent, we feel justified in including him in our work by virtue of the fact that he, in conjunction with Sir R. P. Collier (the late Lord Monkswell), produced a translation of the two first books of Lucretius (1842). The first book was by Sir John Trelawny. (See also Monkswell, Lord.)

Sir John Salusbury Trelawny, second son of Sir W. L. S. Trelawny, was born at Harewood, June 2, 1816, and baptized at Calstock Church. He was educated at Westminster School, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1839. He was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, in 1841, and succeeded his father as ninth baronet in 1856. He was a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Cornwall, was appointed in 1840 Captain of the Cornwall Rangers Militia, and was for some time Captain-Commandment of the 2nd Cornwall Rifles Militia. He unsuccessfully contested East Cornwall in 1841, Brighton 1852, Bedford 1854, and Liskeard 1854; he was M.P. for Tavistock from 1843 to 1852, then retired, and was again elected in 1857, retiring at the General Election in 1865. He was elected for East Cornwall in 1868, and held that seat till 1874. He was well known in the House of Commons as one of the leaders of the Anti-Church-rate Movement, and for several years proposed a motion on that subject. In 1870, he was appointed one of the Commissioners to inquire into and report upon the administration and operation of the Contagious Diseases Acts. He married in 1842 Harriet, eldest daughter of J. H. Tremayne. She died November 5, 1879. He died at Trelawne on August 4, 1885.

OPENING LINES OF LUCRETIUS 'DE RERUM NATURA,' BOOK I., TRANSLATED.

Parent of the Æneadæ—delight
Of gods and men—benignant Venus! thou
Who 'neath the gliding spheres of heaven adorn'st
The ship-supporting main and fruitful lands;
Since through thee is each living thing conceived,
And, risen into being, sees the light:
Thee, goddess, flee the winds, the clouds flee thee
And thy approach; to thee the dædal earth
Sends forth her fragrant flowers; with tranquil smile
The sea looks up at thee, and heaven's expanse
By storms unruffled shines with light diffused.
For when the year assumes its vernal garb,
And freed Favonius, increase-giving, rules,
Thee, goddess, and thy new presence felt,
Smit with thy power, aërial birds confess:
Then thro' glad pastures maddened cattle bound,
Spurning the torrent's course; won by thy charms
With amorous speed, where'er thy course inclines,
All animated nature follows thee:
In fine, thro' rapid streams, o'er mountain-tops,
'Mid leafy haunts of birds and blooming fields,
Kindling sweet love within the breasts of all,
Thou biddest every glowing tribe transmit
From age to age its own vitality.

Since thou alone the universe control'st,
Nor aught of lovely or desirable,
Save at thy nod, partakes of light and life—
My Muse invokes thee her associate,

While she expounds eternal Nature's laws
To Memmius, my friend, whom thou wouldst see
Excel in learned lore all other men.
Therefore the more with sempiternal charms
Invest my words ; grant that the din of war
May cease meanwhile, subdued by land and sea.
For thou alone canst mortal men delight
With tranquil peace, since over battled hosts
Armed Mars presides, who oft falls on thy breast,
By love's eternal tribulation torn :
When looking up, his taper neck reclined,
Gazing on thee he feeds his eager looks,
Whilst on thy lips his glowing spirit dwells ;
Throw, goddess, round his form thy sacred arms,
And from thy lips, renown'd one, pour sweet plaints,
Imploring gentle peace may rest on Rome ;
For 'midst distracting cares of warlike strife
My Muse cannot her placid course pursue ;
Nor should the offspring of a noble line,
E'en for philosophy, forsake the State.
And, now, my friend, lend me attentive ears ;
From cares estranged, explore true Reason's paths,
Nor spurned reject, before yet understood,
These gifts for thee with studious care prepared.
For 'tis my purpose to unfold, at large,
The laws of heaven, the nature of the gods,
The elements primordial of things
Whence Nature forms, augments, and nourishes [resume
Her products, which in course prescribed
Their simple state called matter, primal germs,
Because from all these forms material spring.

But to the nature of the gods belongs
Immortal life, enjoyed in peace profound,
From every human care remote ; with them
Nor pain nor danger dwells ; each passion sleeps
Serene, with native gifts content ; applause
No merits win, no vice provokes to wrath.

* * * * *

But if from nothing aught could spring, each form
Might also spring from each distinct in kind.
First from the sea might men arise, from earth
Each sort of fish ; then from the sky might birds
Break forth ; sheep, cattle, every sort of beast
Would find their place, in waste or fruitful clime,
By chance alone ; the fruit of trees would change
Inconstant ; whilst on all all sorts might grow.
Forsooth, if things had not peculiar germs
How then should kinds from kinds so certain spring
As they so spring, in fact, by certain laws,
But there appearing to the light of day,
Where first are found parental germs of each?
Forms then spring not from forms distinct in kind,
Each has in truth but one productive source.

ALBERT JOSEPH TRELOAR.

Although Mr. Treloar bears such an essentially Cornish name, yet he is not a Cornishman by birth, he having been born in London in 1870. Still, he comes of a Cornish stock, his ancestors having been settled at St. Gluvias, near Penryn, for several generations, tracing their origin to a Huguenot refugee who fled into Cornwall. His mother is of a Nottinghamshire family, and at the age of fourteen, and during his school career at Nottingham,

he commenced to write poetry, and used to visit the haunts of Henry Kirke White, the Nottingham poet. In 1885 he removed to London, and during the succeeding years he wrote a great deal. In 1892 he visited Cornwall for the third time, and also spent a few months in Devonshire. He now resides at Edmonton, near London, within five minutes' walk of the grave of Charles Lamb and his cottage, and in close proximity to the house where Keats served his apprenticeship. Cowper and Leigh Hunt are also familiarized and connected with the neighbourhood. It is therefore in the lanes and walks in and around Edmonton, Southgate and Enfield, that his hours of retirement and inspiration are chiefly spent.

He has contributed to numerous papers in all parts of the country, and edited for a while a small monthly magazine, *The Fingerpost.* All his work is of a religious character; and with a view of entering the ministry a great deal of his time is devoted to mission work.

LIFE'S EVENTIDE.

Fair be thy eventide!
With thee the fight is nearly o'er,
Soon wilt thou see the golden shore,
And bow before the throne;
Bravely and well amidst the fight
Christ's banner hast thou kept in sight;
And now, at eventide,
His promises are precious still,
And sweet as ever His blest will,
And nearer still thy home.

Bright be thy eventide!
Fast fades the sunlight on thy brow,
But only that thou mayest know
The never-fading light;
For when the shadows flee away,
Before thy view a brighter day
Shall evermore abide.
The Light will be the Lord of all,
Low at His feet thou then wilt fall,
And rest beneath His sight.

Calm be thy eventide!
May peace attend thy latest breath,
E'en till the icy hand of Death
Strikes but a fancied blow;
For thou, whose trust is in the Lord,
With little dread will hear the word
Which calls thee to His side;
Thy soul with joy will haste away
To spend the long, eternal day
In joys the angels know.

Glad be thy eventide!
When former joys dispel and flee
Find truer joys in Calvary,
And in the saving blood;
Know God's eternal love is sure,
And must for evermore endure,
For ever must abide;
Find perfect joy, and sweetest rest
Upon the Master's loving breast
And trust the Lamb of God.

Then, when at eventide,
The shadows gather round thy head,
The Christ will give true light instead
As thou dost cross the stream;
And if thou canst not see him near,
Trust still—and know the mist will clear
And show Him at thy side;
And though the mists be thick and dark,
Press onward—ever t'wards the mark—
The mark which is in Him.

God bless thy eventide!
He all the way has marked thy course,
Has heard each sigh, seen thy remorse,
And wiped thy tears away.
God bless thee; and as falls the night,
At eventide may there be light—
Such light as shall abide;
And in this light behold the day
Which never more shall pass away
Where eventide is day.

JOHN TRENHAILE (1792—1867).

Mr. John Trenhaile (son of William Trenhaile) was born at Truro, October 31, 1792, and died at Devonport, July 10, 1867. He was a versatile writer, and a thorough Cornishman. His first work was entitled 'Recreations in Rhyme,' by a Cornubian (1834), and it contains a poem entitled 'Dolly Pentreath,' the last person who could converse in the Cornish language, with a woodcut representing this celebrated Cornish worthy. In 1837 he published 'The Ocean, in Six Cantos, and other Poems'; in 1846 'Original Poetry for Children, Designed to Instruct and Entertain'; followed in the same year by 'New Nursery Rhymes.' 'Poems for the People' appeared in 1846, dedicated to Alfred Rooker, Esq. He also published 'Dolly Pentreath and other Humorous Cornish Tales in Verse.'

In the Preface to 'The Ocean' he describes himself, from which we gather that his position in life was that of a stipendiary clerk in an attorney's office. This avocation he followed from boyhood.

FLOWERS AND FEMALE BEAUTY.

Whence is your origin, delicious flowers?
Ere Eden owned you, tell me where ye grew.
Did ye not deck the everlasting bowers?
Were ye not steeped in heaven's nectareous dew?
Angels might joy your deathless wreaths to wear;
Your breath, your robes, your lineage declare.

When Paradise was formed, celestials brought
Their floral gems for earth's predestined queen;
Brighter enamel she could not have sought,
To variegate her garden's living green:
Ye, like herself, immortally had bloomed,
Had not the serpent on her bliss presumed.

What heart insensate has not wept o'er thee,
Lost Eden! seat of infinite delight,
Where man held converse with the Deity,
And entertained, as guests, the sons of light?
Who has not mused till fancy's magic glass,
Before his sight made all thy glories pass?

But many a relic yet on earth is found
Of ruined Eden's gardens, lawns, and groves;
And woman's footsteps still press hallowed ground,
When (fair as Eve) amidst her flowers she moves:
Attendant angels surely must be there,
The incense of her heart to heaven to bear.

And see (the peerless!) what rare flower that blows,
A rivalry with her would dare pretend?
'Her bloom surpasses mine!' exclaims the rose;
The snowy lily cries, 'To her I bend!'
All Nature's paintings true delight impart;
Incarnate beauty wins alone the heart.

Woman and flowers! I blend you in my lay,
Ye are the brightest ornaments of earth;
But unallied ye seem to earthly clay,
Your attributes proclaim a loftier birth,
Heaven is your native soil—your genial clime
Far from the withering elements of time.

REV. BENN WILKES JONES TREVALDWYN.

THIS gentleman, the Rector of St. Martin-by-Looe, though not of Cornish extraction, as his name would seem to imply, is yet of the kindred race of the Cymri, being a scion of an old Welsh family who derived their name from the town now called Montgomery, but in the ancient tongue of Wales, Trefaldwyn. Born in 1830, and privately educated, he was at first intended for another profession, but in 1855 entered Holy Orders, and commenced his clerical career as curate of Launceston, Cornwall, in 1858. In 1859 he became curate of Rugby, under its poet-pastor John Moultrie, and afterwards had sole charge of Sibson, Co. Leicester, for eight years; and was then presented by Earl Howe to the Rectory of Whitacre, Co. Warwick, which he held for twenty-three years; then becoming by exchange Rector of St. Martin-by-Looe, in what he delights to call 'West Wales.'

Mr. Trevaldwyn's muse has taken only short and occasional flights, and his verses have been chiefly of local interest. In 1887, however, he wrote an 'Ode on the Queen's Jubilee,' which had a considerable circulation, and copies of which were graciously accepted by Her Majesty. One or two of his songs have attained some popularity, notably 'Steer right on,' a song for the Navy, and another for British soldiers, entitled 'United we Stand,' dedicated to Lord Wolseley, who expressed the hope that its patriotic sentiments would always animate the British Army. We understand that Mr. Trevaldwyn is now collecting his scattered verses, and intends publishing them shortly in a volume. We give a specimen of Mr. Trevaldwyn's verse, which narrates an incident in the annals of the neighbouring town of Looe, formerly incorporated in the parish of St. Martin's, of which the author is the Rector. This ballad has received the highest encomiums from other writers of repute.

THE 'GEORGE OF LOOE,' 1600.

O 'twas merry down to Looe when the news was carried through
That the *George* would put to sea all with the morning tide,
And all her jolly crew hurrah'd till they were blue,
When the captain said, 'My lads, we'll tan the Frenchman's hide.'

For Captain Davy Dann was a famous fightin' man,
Who lov'd the smell o' powder and the thunder o' the guns,
And off the coast o' France often made the Frenchmen dance
To the music from his sloop of only ninety tons.

So at the break o' day there were hundreds on the quay
To watch the gallant ship a-warping out to sea,
And the mayor, Daniel Chubb, was hoisted on a tub,
And he cried, 'Good luck to Dann, with a three times three!'

For the news that came from Fowey was that ev'ry man and boy,
And all the gallants there were expecting of a ship,
And the lively lads o' Looe, they thought they'd watch her too,
Lest the Frenchman showed his heels and gave 'em all the slip.

So along by Talland Bay the good ship sailed away,
And the boats were out at Polperrò to see what they could see,
And old Dann, he cried 'Ahoy! you'd better come to Fowey,
And help to blow the mounseers to the bottom o' the sea.'

Now 'twas almost set o' sun, and the day was almost done,
When we sighted of a frigate beating up against the wind,
And we put on all our sail till we came within her hail,
And old Dann politely asked, 'Will you follow us behind?'

But the Frenchmen fore and aft only stood and grinn'd and laughed,
And never guess'd the captain was in earnest, don't you see?
For we'd only half her guns, and were only ninety tons,
And they thought they'd blow us easy to the bottom o' the sea.

But our brave old Captain Dann (Oh, he *was* a *proper* man!)
Sang out with voice like thunder unto ev'ry man aboard,
'Now, all you men of Looe, just show what you can do,
And we'll board her, and we'll take her, by the help o' the Lord!'

Then up her sides we swarm'd, and along her deck we storm'd,
And sword and pike were busy for the space of half an hour;
But before the day was done, tho' they number'd two to one,
Her commander had to yield, and his flag to lower.

Then we turn'd our ship about, and while the stars came out,
We tow'd our prize right cheerily past Fowey and Polperrò,
And we blest old Captain Dann, for we hadn't lost a man,
And our wounded all were doing well adown below.

And when we came to Looe, all the town were there to view,
And the mayor in his chain and gown he cried out lustily:
'Nine cheers for Captain Dann, and three for ev'ry man
And the good ship *George* that carried them to victory!'

MAJOR J. F. TRIST (1822—1890).

John Fincher Trist was the eldest son of the late Captain Thomas Trist, of the H. E. I. Co.'s Bengal Army, by Frances, daughter and co-heir of the late John Grose, Esq., of the H. E. I. Co.'s Bengal Civil Service, and of Bloomfield House, near Bath.

He was born July 16, 1822, at the old Vicarage House of Veryan in the County of Cornwall, and educated at the King's School, Sherborne, Dorset.

He entered the H. E. I. Co.'s Madras Army in 1839 as ensign in the 25th Regiment, subsequently exchanging into the 41st Regiment, with which regiment he served in China during the campaign of 1842, remaining with it after the Treaty of Peace was signed, to assist in garrisoning Hong Kong until the return of the regiment to Madras in 1844.

He left Madras for England on sick certificate in September, 1845, and retired from the service in 1848, when he married, on April 13 of that year, Jane Warren, eldest daughter and co-heir of the late Rear-Admiral Richard Devonshire, R.N.

He joined the Royal Cornwall Rangers Militia as Lieutenant in 1852, and retired from it as Major, in 1869, with Her Majesty's permission to retain his rank.

He was appointed Justice of the Peace for the County of Cornwall in 1852, for the Borough of Plymouth in 1866, and for the County of Devon in 1869. He was also appointed a Deputy-Lieutenant for the County of Cornwall in 1854.

He had a family of eleven children, several of whom pre-deceased him. For some years he resided at Plymouth, but had also a residence at Tristford, Harberton, South Devon. He died November 5, 1890, in London, whither he had gone for medical advice, and was buried in the family vault, Veryan, Cornwall.

He was the author of several poetical works, of which the following are the most noticeable: 'The Language of Flowers in Verse, and other Poems,' dedicated in all love to his dear ones at home, A.D. 1885. Of this work three editions were published, the last at Totnes, 1888. The first edition was issued in 1872 for the benefit of the South Devon and Cornwall Institution for the Blind, and in connection with a bazaar.

His next work was entitled 'A Loyal Ode to Commemorate the Events that Occurred at Harberton on Her Majesty's Jubilee Day, June 21, 1887.'

Another work was entitled 'The Apostles' Creed, Penitential, and other Poems,' versified by Major Trist, of Tristford. Printed at Totnes, 1889-90.

None of these works evidence great poetic powers; but they were written and published with the most worthy motives, and with an earnest desire to do good.

Major Trist was a gentleman of the old school, and a thorough Conservative in politics; but he was a liberal supporter of many philanthropic and public institutions, among them the Totnes Cottage Hospital, of which he was President and a generous patron. His private generosity was unbounded.

AN IMAGINARY SHIPWRECK.

DEDICATED TO THE CREW OF THE NEWQUAY LIFE-BOAT.

'A wreck! a wreck!' this fearful cry
Is heard above the storm.
'Man! man the lifeboat! Haste, away!
And gallant deeds perform!'
A ship has struck upon the rocks,
To pieces she must go;
The roaring billows o'er her dash,
The winds most fiercely blow.

The waves are rolling mountains high—
The noble ship is doom'd—
On shore the cry is 'Save the crew,
Lest they should be entomb'd!'
The lifeboat's launch'd right speedily,
As quickly is she mann'd;
Most fearlessly they breast the waves,
A strong, determin'd band.

'See—see her signals of distress!
See—see her rockets fly!'
They say as plain as words could speak—
'Oh! save us or we die!'
The crew have taken to the masts,
Their only refuge left;
The raging waters sweep her deck,
Of hope all seem bereft.

'Cling fast, my lads!' their captain cries,
'And trust to One on high!
He won't desert us in our need,
If we on Him rely.'
As if in answer to the prayer
The lifeboat soon is seen,
They hail her with a shout of joy,
On hope they once more lean.

High on the crest of a huge wave
The noble boat appears;
Manned by a crew of gallant men
Who laugh to scorn all fears.
They, splendid fellows, do not know
The meaning of the word.
Fear! Who *dare* feel it, when the cry
Of 'Man the boat' is heard?

They near the wreck—one 'fear' alone
Does each man's heart enthral;
The *fear* that they may be too late—
The fear the masts may fall!
Should that occur the hapless crew
Would to a man be lost;
No earthly power could save them then,
By boiling billows toss'd!

Upon the rocks they perish must—
'Pull on, pull on, my men!'
The coxswain cries. 'We near them now!
Prepare the rope, and when
I give the word, with lusty arm,
On board let it be cast! [God!
Now—now 'tis done! 'Tis caught, thank
They will be saved at last!

'Keep off—keep off! Haul taut the rope,
And on our anchor bear!
The surf's so very strong and high,
We dare not go too near!
As each man drops into the waves
We'll haul him safe on board,
And each shall be, please God above,
To his dear friends restored.'

Thus the most gallant coxswain speaks;
With pride I could not smother,
I'd hail each man of that brave crew
As gallant friend and brother!

REV. F. TRUSCOTT (1766—1833).

The Rev. Francis Truscott was born in the parish of Creed, in the county of Cornwall, June 24, 1766. He says, in the Memoir appended to his 'Select Remains' (Helston, 1833): 'As soon as I could well pronounce my letters I was taught to read; and as early as I can remember I loved books, and no present or gift from my parents was more welcome, or afforded me more gratification, than a new book. The love of truth was at that time predominant; and when any new fact or character was laid before me, my first question generally was, Is this true?'

But he confesses that he soon degenerated, and took to spending his Sabbaths in pastimes and his leisure hours in card-playing. He, however, became converted, and in process of time joined the Methodists, eventually becoming a local preacher, which position gradually led to his accepting the position of minister, in which capacity he served for many years in his native county of Cornwall and elsewhere. In 1792 he was stationed at Plymouth Dock (now Devonport), and at that time he made the acquaintance of Miss Martha Melhuish, whom he married in 1795. He died at Plymouth, February 17,

1833, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was a highly religious man, and of a very lovable disposition.

Mr. Truscott was the author of several small pamphlets; he also contributed largely, under the signature of *Alpha*, to a publication entitled 'Sketches of Sermons,' which was published in eight volumes; and occasionally he wrote papers, chiefly biographical, for the *Methodist Magazine*.

In the 'Select Remains of the Rev. Francis Truscott,' edited by Richard Treffry (1833), we find a number of biographical sketches, outlines of sermons, essays, letters, and poetry, the latter of no high order of merit.

REV. W. J. TUCKER (1743—1831).

THE Rev. William John Tucker (son of William Tucker), the author of 'Honiton Hill, a Poem' (published 1811) was a native of Kilmington, Devon. He was born about 1743; he entered Queen's College, Oxford, in 1761, took his B.A. degree 1764, M.A. 1770, and became Rector of Widworthy, Devon, in 1770, a position which he filled until his death in 1831. We find no other trace of any work from his pen than the one named above, from which we here give the opening lines:

HONITON HILL.

'Now from the steep, 'midst scatter'd farms and groves,
Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves.'—GAY.

Thus sung our native bard;
O may the Muse, that strung his tuneful lyre,
The last, the meanest of her sons inspire!
Who fain would tell, in simple, artless tale,
The varied beauties of this favour'd vale,
Where scenes enchanting open to the view,
Such as Claude's matchless pencil never drew.

Where shall the Muse begin, what first unfold,
Where all is cast in Nature's happiest mould?
Shall yon proud hills, that rear their heads so high,
Or scattered groves attract th' admiring eye?
Shall Otter's winding stream, that rolls its way
Through meads and pastures ever green and gay?
Shall towers and temples, rais'd by pious hands
To God supreme, who all our love commands,
Where we, oh, blest employ! our souls may raise
In prayer to Heav'n, or join in hymns of praise?
Shall the fair town, my own, my last retreat,
Where industry and health have fix'd their seat?
Shall farms or cots that thick around us spread,
Or yonder dome that lifts its stately head?
No! far to the east, and scarcely in the view,
My earliest lays to Widworthy are due;
Thy sacred duties first engaged my care,
To Heav'n for thee shall be my latest pray'r.
Lo! on a rising ground (by pious hands
There placed), a cross in shape, thy temple stands,
In beauteous order stands, divinely fair,
As suits the heav'nly house, the house of prayer;

All, all within, without, inspire, and raise
The soul to heav'n, in grateful songs of praise.
  Here many a weeping marble tells
What tenant's mould'ring dust beneath it dwells ;
Oh, rest in peace ! here my forefathers lie,
Fam'd for their pious deeds and honesty ;
Here Bacon's skilful hand, surpass'd by none,
Gives more than female beauty to a stone ;
Shepherds succeeding shepherds with their sheep,
Here a long train from earliest ages sleep ;
And when thy tuneful merry bells ring round,
The country gladdens at the cheerful sound.

  Unworthy servant of a gracious God,
With feet unhallow'd I thy temple trod,
A worthless herald, and with harp unstrung,
Yet heav'nly tidings dwelt upon my tongue :
Sinners, Salvation ! Oh, the joyful sound !
For every sin-sick soul a cure is found ;
A bleeding Lord was my enraptur'd theme ;
Wash and be clean in that all-healing stream.

* * * * *

NELSON RICH TYERMAN.

This sweet versifier, though not a native of Devon, has resided so long in the west, and his poems have mostly such a West-country flavour, that we are constrained to include him in our anthology. In fact, his chief pieces have been inspired by Devon scenes and Devon subjects, and his works were published during his sojourn in the western land.

Nelson Rich Tyerman is the son of Charles Rich Tyerman, of London, and was born in 1859. In 1880 he published, at Hastings, two poetical brochures, now out of print. From 1881 to 1889 he resided in Devonshire, chiefly at Sidmouth and Paignton, devoting the chief part of his time to the study of poetry. In 1884 he published 'A Child-Fantasy, and other Poems' (Elliot Stock, London), and in 1889 'Day-dreams in a Devon Valley' issued by Mr. A. Iredale, Torquay. Both these volumes have been favourably received by the Press. The 'Devon Valley' alluded to in the latter volume is Sidmouth, and it is an attempt to reproduce a March morning in that favoured spot. Mr. Tyerman has devoted considerable labour to translations from the French nineteenth-century poets, some of his versions from Victor Hugo forming a considerable portion of the Hugo volume in the 'Minerva' series (Ward, Lock, and Bowden), and also in that published by Messrs. Bell in 1887. Besides his poems, inspired, as we have said, by Devon, Mr. Tyerman has also written a novel, the scene of which is laid chiefly at Sidmouth. He left Devon a short time since to settle down at Bedford.

PAIGNTON SANDS.

On Paignton sands the sea-waves—wild elsewhere—
  Lapse lightly, lest they break the lonely land's [bear
Deep hush ; no ranks of trampling billows
  On Paignton sands.

Round all the sunbright bay no spot more fair
Smiles to the face of heaven ; no happier bands
Of swallows flash and twitter in purer air.

From out the darkling world of toil and care
The kind waves called us.—Lo ! one understands
At length the rapturous glee all children share
  On Paignton sands.

REV. JOHN VINCENT (1778—1818).

THIS gentleman was curate of Constantine, Cornwall, from 1801 to 1814; but by birth he was a Devonshire man, being the son of Thomas Vincent, of Hardwick, Devon. Besides several sermons, published whilst residing at Constantine, he was the author of 'Fowling: a Poem in Five Books, descriptive of Grouse, Partridge, Pheasant, Woodcock, Duck, and Snipe Shooting.' This was published in 1808, and a second edition in 1812. He matriculated at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1795, aged seventeen. On leaving Constantine he, in 1814, accepted a chaplaincy in the Honourable East India Company's service in Bengal, and was chaplain at Cawnpore, where he died, 1818. We give a short extract from the poem mentioned above:

FROM 'FOWLING.'

(GROUSE SHOOTING.)

As up the rugged path I press, how wide
The prospect opens, but not here bedeck'd
From Summer's varied and fantastic loom,
But clad in mantle coarse of sober brown
And dusky purple mix'd; one homely hue
Stretches unvaried round, save where some rock
Lifts its gray forehead, furrow'd by the hand
Of ruthless Time; or, if the curious eye
A wider circuit take, perchance it marks
Upon the moorland's edge (deserving note
But as contrasted with the neighb'ring waste)
The green potato-ground, with simple fence
Enclos'd, and, at one end, the clay-built cot
Scarce from the heath distinguished;—not a bush
Shelters the bleak abode. No towering trees
In these rude solitudes diffuse a shade:
Their loss not felt, whilst my observant eye
Follows my ranging setters. How they wind
Along the bending heath! and now they climb
The rocky ridge, where 'mid the broken crags
The whortle's purple berries peep. 'Take heed!'
The pack is near at hand; the wary dogs
Draw slowly on. They stand immovable,
Backing the leader. Now my pulse beats quick
With expectation, but by practice train'd
At once subsides, that coolness may assist
My steady aim. Meantime my well-taught dogs
Enjoy their sett: I hie them in; the birds
On sounding pinions rise, and with affright
Swift as the winds make off, yet not so swift
But that the whistling shot o'ertakes their flight.
One flutt'ring beats the ground with broken wing
And breast distain'd with blood; the rest far off,
Urged on by fear, skim o'er the distant moors,
'Till, by the haze obscur'd, my eye no more
Discerns their flight. Vain is their hope of peace,
Their hope of safety vain, tho' by no eye
Observ'd, save the high tow'ring hawks', or larks',
Their fellows of the air—they drop at once,
Then cow'ring run to where the bushy ling
Offers a shelter, or the deep black rut
A safer seeming hold; each for himself
Seeks a retreat, where still and close he lies,
The thund'ring gun yet sounding in his ears.
Short is your respite! with sagacious nose
My dogs far off shall wind you, till at length,
Upon your foot advancing, they denote

With steady sett your hiding-place. Again,
Upstarting from the ground, where close they lie,
Till the reloaded gun shall give them leave,
They bound along, and spreading o'er the heath,
With circling footsteps ply their busy work.

Light is my heart, with joyful hope elate,
As I pursue their course; no careful thoughts
Have room to enter; the cerulean sky,
Th' unclouded sun diffuse a livelier joy;
The very passing breeze, with breath as soft
As youthful virgin's breathing purest love,
Whispers delight. Nature and health and sport,
Life's chiefest goods, are mine. What need I [more?

EDWARD VIVIAN, J.P. (1808—1893).

The late Mr. Edward Vivian, whose death took place at Torquay on March 30, 1893, in his eighty-fifth year, was an occasional versifier. When the British Medical Association held their last meeting at Plymouth, he produced a poem entitled 'Dr. Syntax Redivivus,' in which, with considerable humour, he described the adventures of that section of the members who made an excursion to Torquay.

Mr. Vivian was born at Bushey, in Hertfordshire, April 2, 1808. His father was the Vicar of Bushey, and gave his three sons a home education. Soon after the decease of his father, Edward Vivian went to Oxford, and graduated B.A., 1828; M.A., 1869. While at Oxford, he was the personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, and that friendship continued to the end of his life.

About the year 1828 he first came to Torquay, and was so pleased with the place, that he shortly after settled down there, at St. Mary Church. Later, one of his brothers established the Torquay Bank, which Mr. Vivian afterwards joined. From that time to the end of his life he was foremost in every good and public work in Torquay and neighbourhood, and became thoroughly identified with all the associations of the district. For many years he edited the *Torquay Directory*, and was closely associated with the late Mr. Pengelly in the exploration of Kent's Cavern. He was also connected with the volunteer movement in Torquay from 1853. He was an amateur artist, and a man of large knowledge and versatile talents. He was one of the original members of the Devonshire Association, and was its treasurer from 1864 to the time of his death. He was a frequent contributor of poetical trifles to the local newspapers. In 1865 and again in 1868 he contested the parliamentary representation of St. Ives. He died at Woodfield, Torquay, on March 30, 1893.

REV. THOMAS WARWICK.

The Rev. R. Polwhele includes several poems by this writer in his collection of 'Poems, chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall' (1792), and prefaces them with the

following remarks: 'For the poems signed "W.," we are indebted to the late Rev. Thomas Warwick, a gentleman of Cornwall, who, though his publications, from a strange fatality, have been little regarded, was yet gifted with the *vivida vis* of the poet, as his lyrics evidently show. His odes, it must be owned, are often obscure; but this is owing to an abruptness which is never forced or affected. They are fiery; they are enthusiastic; they will remain, indeed, the too expressive types of a life irregular and eccentric, and of a death that put a sudden period to the career of his genius and his pleasures.'

The information concerning Mr. Warwick, or Warrick, as he is variously styled, is very meagre; but from Messrs. Boase and Courtney's 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis,' we find that he was born in Cornwall, being the son of Thomas Warrick, of Levalga, Truro. He matriculated at University College, Oxford, May 14, 1771, aged sixteen; was made B.C.L. January 27, 1779; Fellow of University College, and died in or near Bath. He was the author of several poetical works.

RHAPSODY,

WRITTEN AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

O, first and boldest of the tuneful throng
That drew from Nature's source the powers of song!
If from the orb of some propitious star,
Serenely gliding at the close of day,
Thy spirit love to tread this hallow'd ground,
Which saw thy birth, and hail'd thy virgin lay,
Let not unmark'd a youthful suppliant kneel,
Immortal Shakespeare! He with infant zeal
Thy flights rever'd, and worshipped from afar,
His moral guide to life's uncertain bound,
The child of fancy by the virtues crown'd.

Unrivall'd yet on earth! However Greece
Exalt her fathers of poetic lore;
Whatever Rome's high boast, when new to peace
Her arts conceal'd that freedom was no more;
Far less by those their heirs of later days,
With all the self-plum'd tribe of modern Gaul,
Whose powder'd critics join at fashion's call
To mock with feeble light thy noontide rays.

Nor thine with servile efforts to retrace
What arts of elder times had made their own,
Selected features of ideal grace
In breathing paint, or Promethean stone,
Or verse that time respects, and worlds admire.
Self-rich in Nature's elemental store,
Perennial fountain! unexhausted mine!
Thine, like a God, with absolute control
To sway the movements of the various soul,
O'erleap the walls of empyrean fire,
And sketch with awful hand the vast design.

REV. STEPHEN WESTON (1747—1830).

This gentleman was son of Stephen Weston, Esq., and Elizabeth, his second wife, widow of Mr. Northmore, and grandson of Stephen Weston, Bishop of Exeter. He was baptized in Exeter Cathedral, June 8, 1747; matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, June 7, 1764, aged seventeen; B.A., 1768; Fellow, 1768-84; M.A., 1770; B.D., 1782; orientalist;

instituted to the Rectory of Mamhead, March 29, 1777, and to the Rectory of Little Hempston on January 17, 1784; resigned the Rectory of Mamhead in the beginning of 1791, and the Rectory of Little Hempston in 1823. He died in Edward Street, Portman Square, London, January 8, 1830, aged eighty-two. He was one of the contributors to 'Poems, chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall,' frequently cited in this work, and the editor says of him: 'The literary world are greatly obliged to this gentleman for his elaborate criticisms, both classical and scriptural, in which he hath displayed a familiar acquaintance with the Greek and Hebrew languages.' His name is attached to upwards of forty publications.

ON ABSENCE.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to part,
When Love's enchantments hold the lingering soul;
Ah! who can tell how many a faithful heart
Hath felt the horrors of a distant pole,
And droop'd in absence 'neath affliction's dart;
Forc'd by derision's taunt, by beauty's scorn,
And dull delay's procrastinated goal;
In single wretchedness hath wept forlorn,
From love and dear embraces rudely torn!

Yet not to all alike ungrateful flies,
Nor sad alike is separation's hour
To him, for whom the pencil's magic power
Has trac'd the unrivall'd shape, and peerless eyes.
O sweet illusion! Art's and Nature's dower!
That from the grave bring'st back the rose's hue,
And deck'st with promis'd joys the bridal bower;
To thee my plighted vows I will renew,
To thee I swear I ever will be true.

Come, then, expressive image of my fair,
Reveal thy beauties to my longing eyes,
The graceful person and the matchless air
That youthful poets feign and painters prize.
With thee my silent widow'd hours I pass,
And gaze incessant on thy colours sleek,
To catch, ah me! in dim reflection's glass
The smile that hangs upon Eliza's cheek
And drink the dulcet words she seems to speak.

REV. JOHN WHITAKER (1735—1808).

The Rev. John Whitaker, 'the veteran historian,' as Polwhele describes him, was born at Manchester, April 27, 1735. He was educated at Manchester Grammar School, and went to Oxford 1752. He took the various University degrees, and obtained several Church preferments, eventually becoming Rector of Ruan Lanihorne in 1777. Here he continued until his death, which took place at Ruan Rectory, October 30, 1808.

His chief work was the 'History of Manchester' (1771-75). He wrote many other works, including 'Mary Queen of Scots Vindicated' (3 vols., 1788-90). His principal local work was 'The Ancient Cathedral of Cornwall Historically Surveyed' (2 vols., 1804), and he also contributed a portion of the third volume of Richard Polwhele's 'History of Cornwall' in 1804. His poetical writings were few, and they are chiefly contained in the

collection edited by Richard Polwhele, entitled, 'Poems, chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall' (2 vols., 1792). The editor says with reference to these: 'Those signed W. R. were written by the Rev. John Whitaker, Rector of Ruan Lanihorne, in Cornwall, whose friendship the editor is proud to boast. The veteran historian disdains not to come forward as a poet, and it is with some degree of triumph that the editor announces his appearance, since the same vigour of mind, the same uncommon nervousness, and the same fervour that distinguish his historical works, are equally characteristic of his poetical.'

A BRIDAL ODE.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE AUTHOR'S BROTHER, NOVEMBER, 1768.

I.

Hail to the morning's gentle light,
That, peeping o'er yon rocky height,
Streams through my curtains with a yellowish ray:
Struggling through dark November's skies,
It bids the slow morn earlier rise,
And calls me to my Brother's Bridal Day.

II.

This day no mercenary bands
Form the mere union of the hands,
And leave Indifference freezing in the breast:
Love claims the day as all his own;
His rival, Prudence, marks it down;
Bright burns the torch of Love, by Prudence drest.

III.

This day no trifling, transient loves,
Soon kindled and soon burnt, approves;
The mere creation of a young desire:
Worth lighted up the gentle gleam,
Acquaintance fann'd it to a flame,
And Friendship watches now the glowing fire.

IV.

In the white robes of office drest,
The Friend, the Brother, and the Priest,
Solemn begins Religion's holy rite:
In all, awe's soft emotions reign,
The Bridal Pair, the incircling train;
And hovering angels gladden at the sight.

V.

The rite proceeds; the pious strain,
Deep-sounding through the vaulted fane,
Shows the first pair in Eden's blissful bower;
The hands are joined, the blessing given,
Invoked the choicest gifts of heaven,
And Pleasure pointed out as Virtue's dower.

VI.

And may Eternal Goodness shed
Each wished-for blessing on your head,
The Sister by a Brother much approv'd!
And may Eternal Goodness send
Each wished-for blessing to attend
On you, my Brother, long so greatly lov'd!

VII.

May round you rise a little race,
The mirrours of each parent face,
The better mirrours of each parent mind;
'Till you your courtship shall renew,
James in his boys again shall wooe,
And Betsy in her girls again be kind!

VIII.

May each in other yearly trace
Borrow'd from each some mental grace,
Softening his mind, and giving strength to hers!
And may, much more, Religion's power
Progressive mark your every hour,
Raise you o'er Time, and fit you for the Stars.

REV. H. J. WHITFIELD (1808—1855).

THE Rev. Henry John Whitfield was the son of John Clarke Whitfield, and was born in 1808. He was educated at Shrewsbury Grammar School; matriculated at Cambridge, 1826; scholar, 1830; migrated to Downing College, M.A., 1843; Vicar of Granborough, Bucks, 1845-55; resided at Penzance for some years for his health; became officiating chaplain at Scutari, 1855, and died at Scutari June 17 of the same year. In 1852 he published 'Scilly and its Legends,' dedicated 'To Augustus Smith, Esq.,' printed at Penzance. His chief work was 'Rambles in Devonshire, with Tales and Poetry' (Penzance, 1854).

FROM 'RAMBLES IN DEVONSHIRE.'

Shadow of the Beautiful!
  Spirit, pure and bright!
Streaming from a fountain, full
  Of a golden light.
Flashed from angels' pinions nigh,
  Caught from angels' shells,
Where the song of lauds on high
  Ever, ever swells!

Where the sense of beauty speaks
  With a conscious sigh;
Where the gift of beauty seeks
  For a kindred eye;
There thou smilest from above,
  From a source divine,
Breathing of a fount of love,
  Holier far than thine.

Thou art where the sunbeam floats,
  Thou art in the shade,
Whispering in the wild bird's notes,
  Wandering in the glade.
Angel of the Beautiful!
  Whither dost thou come?
Teach us all thy love to cull,
  Tell us of thy home.

Rising from thy throne on earth,
  Spread thy wings abroad;
Show our faith thy place of birth,
  Lead our hearts to God.
Like the moonlight at its full,
  Like the smile of even,
All thou hast of Beautiful,
  Spirit, is from Heaven!

GEORGE WIGHTWICK (1802—1872).

THIS talented architect and successful literary man was connected with Plymouth for many years. He was born at Mold, in Flintshire, August 26, 1802. His father, William Wightwick, was a country gentleman, and inherited a small estate at Albrighton, in Staffordshire. He sold this and bought a place called Alyn Bank, near Mold, and married Anna Maria, daughter of George Taylor, a portrait painter. George Wightwick was educated chiefly at Wolverhampton Grammar School, where he was a boarder, and at Tooting School. He afterwards studied architecture under Mr. Lapidge and Sir John Soane. At the age of twenty-five he made a tour in Italy, staying in Rome four months, in Florence two, and at Venice one month. On his return to England he married, and settled at Plymouth in partnership with Mr. Foulston, architect, in the year 1828. He was

very successful in his profession, and retired in 1851, when he removed to Clifton. After this he and his wife (who had been a great sufferer from gradual paralysis for many years) went to live at Portishead, Somerset. In 1859 Mr. Wightwick made a tour in search of health to Gibraltar, Granada, and the neighbouring places, being greatly interested in the Alhambra, of which he commenced a large drawing, unfortunately never finished. His wife died in 1867, and in the following year he married Isabella, eldest daughter of Samuel Jackson, landscape painter, of Clifton. Mr. Wightwick died on July 9, 1872, and was interred at Portishead. There were no children. Mr. Wightwick was highly talented and industrious, and did a considerable amount of writing and lecturing even after his retirement. He was a profound student of Shakespeare, and gave numerous readings of his plays in public as well as at his own house and those of friends. He also lectured on architecture. He possessed brilliant powers of conversation, with an unusual amount of wit, which made him a great favourite in society. His nature was upright and kindly. He was one of the leading members of the 'Blue Friars,' a small coterie of wits and literary men, which existed at Plymouth from 1829 to 1846, and under the *nom de plume* of 'Brother Locke' he contributed many amusing papers to *Frazer's Magazine* in its palmiest days.

Mr. Wightwick's principal works were 'The Palace of Architecture' (1840); 'Hints to Young Architects' (1847); 'Life of an Architect' (his own) published in *Bentley's Miscellany*, from 1855 to 1858. 'Essay on the Architecture and Genius of Sir Christopher Wren,' 'The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick,' two vols., 1829; 'The Tin Box'; 'Guide to Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport' (1836); 'Blacklock Forest,' which came out in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine* about 1870. While residing at Plymouth he wrote some very amusing comic songs, and used to sing them to his own accompaniment on the piano; he also wrote two plays in verse, 'Richard I.' (1848) and 'Henry II.' (1851); various papers on Shakespeare's plays, and numerous other works, chiefly architectural. He also executed several good paintings and sepia drawings. Some very interesting reminiscences of Mr. Wightwick will be found in a little volume entitled 'The Blue Friars, their Sayings and Doings,' by W. H. K. Wright, published at Plymouth in 1889.

Mr. Wightwick wrote many pieces of verse, chiefly humorous; we select the following as illustrating his particular style:

TO THE LATE JOHN LEECH.

Where is the eye whose joy has been to gaze
On forms of beauty, in the potent strength
Of woman's loveliness or purest charm
Of unsophisticated infant grace—
Where is the eye that is not tearful now?
The magic hand, of nature-gifted pow'r,
And cultivated art-accomplished skill—
That hand, of the unerring touch, is cold;
And the fall'n graver rusts in hopelessness
Of its lost lov'd employment! Only now
Remains th' imperishable of the past!
The labour of a quarter-century
Has left, for present days and time to come,
A world of infinite varieties,
All equal in the perfectness of each,
From highest-born in regal dignity
To basest of indign adversity:
'*Caricatura*' had no part in *him*,
Who firmly emphasiz'd without excess,
The very spirit-truth of *character*.

Whate'er *he* drew—ev'n to the lowest phase
Of the debas'd in man, disrob'd of grace
By brutalizing ignorance and crime—
Still on the exemplar rested the impress
Of verity, so render'd that the charm
Of art's perfection with transparent hue
O'erlaid the vilest subject's noisomeness.
Was ne'er more sure a pencil for 'the line
Of beauty,' nor for 'form, and moving more
Express and admirable'; vagueness none,
Only involving truth in mistiness
That leaves us to 'make out' the artist's aim,
And piece up his defections. Clean and clear
As the snow-mountain's peaks 'gainst bluest sky, [the pen
Did JOHN LEECH sign 'his mark.' E'en as
Of readiest writer, so his crayon ran
Its purpos'd course of illustrated thought
In picture-caligraph: and, as the Muse
Of Cowper honour did to Hogarth's art,*
So may an equal poet honour do
To Hogarth's peer—John Leech!

JOHN WILLIAMS (1808—1866).

THIS writer was a native of Lecha, in the parish of St. Just-in-Penrith, Cornwall, and was born November 5, 1808. His parents were poor, consequently his education was limited, and in his boyhood he was compelled to obtain employment in the mines. Books being scarce, and the nearest bookseller seven miles distant, at Penzance, the opportunities for study were not easily obtainable; consequently Williams and a friend, John Thomas, used to engage in reciprocal efforts at versification. His poetical tastes were fostered by two remarkable men, John Day and Richard Oats, both self-taught men, but possessing excellent mental attainments. These two men, one of whom was the parish schoolmaster, assisted young Williams in his studies, and eventually, after acting awhile as village schoolmaster, he procured a junior-clerkship in the office of Mr. John Batten of Penzance, where he remained until his death, on July 24, 1866—a period of over thirty years. He was much given to country walks; was an admirer of trees and flowers, and simple peasant-life. He was also a lover of children, as may be gathered from one of the prettiest of his poetical effusions, 'Little Children.' His best poems are: 'To the Daisy'; 'To the Primrose'; 'Departed Hours'; ''Tis Summer Time,' and 'To a Thrush.' The death of his wife in 1861, however, so shocked his sensitive nature, that he never afterwards composed a single line of poetry. His works were 'Miscellaneous Poems,' 1859, and 'Poems, by the late John Williams, Edited [With a memoir] by his son, Thomas Williams,' London, Sotheran, 1873.

TO A THRUSH.

Hast thou commenced so soon thy matin song,
Greeting the earliest beams of dewy morn
With thy sweet melodies, that float along
Upon the fragrant-laden zephyr borne!
And on my listening ear thy warblings fall
Like the rich strains struck from some harp unseen, [between.
So rapid, clear and sweet, with scarce a pause

* See Cowper's lines on Hogarth's picture of 'Morning.'

And while my anguished heart doth heave with sighs,
And from my eyes flows down the gushing tear
To think how many woes beneath the skies
Hath frail humanity to suffer here,
Thou hast a note of gladness, varied, sweet :
Like music gushing forth from babbling rills
It comes ! it comes ! my heart with joy and gladness fills.

And oft I'm waking ere the dappled gray
Of morn is painted in the orient sky,
Waiting to catch thy first rich, thrilling lay,
Ere downy slumber seals again my eye ;
And sure as morn, in robes of silvery light,
Profusely pours his beams the earth to cheer,
So sure thy warblings come, familiar, sweet and clear.

Sing on, thou innocent and fluttering thing !
Still pour thy lays upon the breast of morn !
There is enough of discord here to wring
My anguished heart, that oft with grief is torn ;
Fain would I hide where misery never comes,
And thy sweet minstrelsy might yield repose,
Till discord be no more, or life's brief day shall close.

What joyous melody is thine each morn !
The perfumed breath of fragrant summer flowers
Is not more grateful on the breezes borne,
Than is the minstrelsy thy voice still pours.
May naught alarm or mar thy matin song ;
May no rude hand abridge thy little day ;
And may thy life but close with thy last thrilling lay !

And when the mantling robe of eve is thrown
In crimson glory o'er the western main,
In some sweet bower may'st thou then nestle down
'Neath skies serene, and summer's tranquil reign !
Where teeming wild flowers shed their rich perfume,
Where murmuring rills and evening zephyrs play,
To blend in sweet accord with thy last thrilling lay.

SAMUEL J. WILLIAMS.

In the person of Mr. Williams we have another 'postman-poet,' who, in spite of the lack of education and other disadvantages, has yet made some valuable contributions to contemporary literature.

He is a native of Penzance, the younger of two sons, born on August 4, 1864. Early in life he had the misfortune to lose his father, and with him fled any hopes his mother might have entertained of giving her son a good education. After four years' tuition in an elementary school, he was drafted into the world at the age of nine, as an errand boy, and thus began his first experiences of adversity. In this kind of life he passed some years, until, at the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to the coach-building, serving until he was eighteen, when he gave up his trade and obtained a position as letter-carrier at the Penzance post-office. His duties at first lay pretty much in the rural districts, and it was there he began (like Capern) to develop his love of nature and poetry. The murmuring

streamlets charmed him, the warbling of the birds made him happy, and often cheered him on his daily rounds; and the fragrance of the wild-flowers, wafted by the gentle winds, permeated his soul with their sweetness. He now began to study, for he saw by what channel his thoughts must pass, if he was to succeed in life. He saw that culture was all-important, and he did his best to attain it, with what success will best be seen in the poem which follows. He aimed at writing stirring lyrics that should be incentives for the encouragement and elevation of his fellows. Truly a noble ambition! He felt that he would like to write words which should make a good report to posterity; and that it was the poet's task (no matter how humble his position) to aim to build up fallen hopes, and to help heroic hearts on to the consummation of a glorious inheritance, for

> 'Light at last shall rise o'er darkness,
> As the sun at dawn of day
> Rises in a globe of glory
> O'er the dust of night's decay.'

Mr. Williams still carries letters, and still writes poetry, actuated by these noble resolves.

RAISE THE FLAG OF RESOLUTION.

When the fair winds of Life's morning
Waft the fragrance of its flowers
From the fields with bloom adorning,
All to beautify bright hours,
Raise the flag of resolution
On the road of Truth and Right,
Till the sun of evolution
Banish doubt with new-born light.

Raise the standard high, ye people,
Impregnated with its fire—
Like the vane on yonder steeple—
In the vanguard of desire;
Pressing forward, never yielding,
Though the strife rage loud and long,
Still the weaker brother shielding
From the cruel and the wrong.

Raise the royal banner ever,
'Tis a forecast of the free,
Weaved with cords we dare not sever
From the heart's sincerity;
Wave it wide o'er paths of glory,
Where determined men pursue,
Tell it out in song and story,
Resolution is to *do*.

Bear the banner long and lasting
Till the clarion notes of praise
Through Time's arches ever casting
Mould its truths for future days;
With resolve stamped on the features
Carry out each noble theme,
And remember we are creatures
Born to do, not vainly dream.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS (BORN CIRCA 1614).

MESSRS. BOASE AND COURTNEY'S 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis' has the following:

'Divine Poems and Meditations. In two parts. Written by William Williams of the County of Cornwall, gent., when he was a prisoner in the King's Bench in the sixty-second

and sixty-third years of his age . . . Lond.: printed by J. Redmayne for the author, and are to be sold by John Williams at the Crown, and John Crump at the Three Bibles, in St. Paul's churchyard, 1677.' It is asserted that he was also the author of 'Poetical Poetry, or, Poetry made Pious,' 1677; and on the title-page he styles himself 'a respecter of piety and pious poetry.' On the page facing the title are the following lines:

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

An author of my name hath lately writ
A sacred book in verse, and some thought it
To be my study: and their reason why,
Because mine poems were, and piety.
But to content the world, I dare it tell
This author's writings mine may much excel:
Moreover, thus I differ from that man,
He's Cornwall born, and I am Cardigan;
And likewise in our age we disagree,
I am near thirty; he near sixty-three.

SAMUEL WILLS.

The subject of this brief biographical sketch was born at Dodbrooke, near Kingsbridge, in 1837. His early education was received at a dame school, and afterwards at the local public school. Here he eventually became a pupil teacher, and, having obtained a Queen's Scholarship, he entered the Westminster Training College, remaining there two years. In 1858 he was appointed master of the Wesleyan Day School, Bingham, Notts, where he remained three years. Whilst here he contributed short poems to the Nottingham papers, and during this time he published his first volume of poems, entitled 'Devonia and other Poems,' which appeared early in 1862, soon after his marriage and change of residence.

While in charge of a school at Burgh-in-the-Marsh, Lincolnshire, Mr. Wills compiled a Lincolnshire Glossary, and wrote the 'Lincolnshire Labourer' in the county dialect. He also wrote, and published (1866) 'The British Chief and other Poems,' a tale of ancient British history connected with Grimsby at the time of the Druids. He had appointments as schoolmaster in various parts of the country, and was for nearly nine years headmaster of the Sailors' Orphan Home and Schools, Hull. Whilst in that district he prepared a scheme for the establishment of an Orphan Institution for the children of deceased railway servants; this was eventually adopted, and Mr. Wills was appointed organizing secretary. This has been a great success. The work of organization being satisfactorily completed, Mr. Wills went again into Devonshire, and opened a private school at Brixham; and here he wrote and published (1882) his 'South Devon Songs and Sonnets,' which was most favourably received by the press.

For a short time he had charge of a school at Leusdon, Widecombe-in-the-Moor, near Ashburton, during which period he contributed poems to the local papers, as well as lists of Devonshire Provincialisms. He wrote also many political articles, being an advanced Liberal.

Towards the end of the year 1887, Mr. Wills was appointed travelling secretary to the British Seamen's Institute, Rouen, France, leaving Leusdon at Christmas for Bingham, Notts, having decided upon Nottingham as the centre of his operations in Great Britain; but he afterwards removed to Newark, and started a business. Here he became a member of the School Board and of the Board of Guardians.

In 1893 he endeavoured to found a British Miners' Widow and Orphan Benevolent

Fund, but owing to a strike it was indefinitely postponed. An effort has recently been made to obtain for him a pension from the Civil List, and it is now under consideration.

He at present resides at Bracebridge, a suburb of Lincoln, where he has recently (1896) been elected vice-chairman of the Parish Council. Whilst here he compiled and completed his latest poetical work, entitled 'Musings in Moorland and Marsh' (1895). The Lincolnshire papers were unanimous in their praise of this work; and certainly the volume does the author great credit, for many of the poems possess unusual merit. He is a versatile writer, alternately grave and gay, sublime and flippant, dignified and facile.

His love sonnets are full of human nature and contain no unhealthy sentiments. His descriptive poems are well written, but the chief charm of his work lies in his praise of his native Devonia, as the following lines on 'Dartmoor' will abundantly prove:

DARTMOOR.

Never a lovelier scene my eye has viewed
Than Dartmoor—that romantic solitude:
There mountain torrents rush through rock-strewed glens,
A hundred springs gush up from secret dens;
There, rock-piled slopes with rugged chasms yawn,
As if by thunderbolts asunder sawn;
There, busy bees their soothing lullaby
Hum in the spiral foxglove's speckled eye:
The breeze the purple heath-bloom moves in turn,
With nodding cotton rush and waving fern—
Fit place for those who find in botany
Somewhat to change their life's monotony.
There, mountain-spires uplift their stony crests
And pierce the clouds recumbent on their breasts;
There, silvery aspens bend in light arcades,
And sycamores wave cool and darksome shades:
And there the ashen trees with beeches blend,
And clustering oaks a greener roof extend
Above the forest flowers so thick and gay;
There, watery nymphs have sung the spousal lay,
And ancient Pan hath tuned his reed, and all
The jocund fairies danced around each fall,
While bounding fauns and mirthsome dryads wove
Some sportive measure in a neighbouring grove. [done
And there, dark rites in bygone days were
On wilds o'er which uncounted storms have blown:
There I have clambered up the dangerous steep
Or pathless glen, and watched the cataract's leap;
Or loitered by the mere, the crag, the stream,
When billows flashed beneath the sunset's beam,
When shone the stars with their perennial ray,
Which brought the joy as of serener day,
And from the vault of heaven those first-born lights
Bestowed a loveliness to darksome nights.
I've seen the meteor's glance with treacherous ray—
A moment seen, but fled the next away.
'Tis there the poet finds fit theme for song,
Though by the noble bard too long unsung!
And there the falcon builds its lonely nest
In crannies where no truant hands molest;
And there the cascades, flashing, foaming, free,
Boil wildly up in their tremendous glee;
And shivered giant trunks to man declare,
In rocky crevices firm-rooted there,
What whirlwinds rage, what blasts and tempests rude
And scath of storm for ages they have stood.
Round peaks, at times, dark clouds and whirlwinds throng,
And to the strife loud tempests sweep along,
While man recoils before the dreadful rage
Of wind, and earth, and sky, which Titan battles wage;
Then foamy masses from their ridges leap,
And speed their billows through the valleys deep,
And terror walks beneath, and rules on high;
Storms roll their raging pennons through the sky,
And from their secret magazines a store
Of fury send at jagged peaks and hoar;
And wildly sweeps their breath from hill to hill [still,
More loud than thunder's roar, yet hang there

Amid the peal of each portentous rush,
When roll the warring winds in elemental gush,
Uninjured mountain brows. Along the vale
The night-bird's cries are heard; upon the gale
Are borne the bittern's scream and curlew's note,
And whirring wings o'er waste and waters float.
And there the cliffs form a dark interlune
To hide the pale and broad and placid moon;
There streams give life and greenness to the soft
And lovely landscapes, north and south. Aloft
The screaming hawk his eyrie sails around.
What subject can more meet for song be found
Than Dartmoor, hallowed by a thousand views,
And interesting beauty as the Muse
Would fire? How grand when visited by gales—
When mighty tors the tempest fierce assails!
The whisper of the brook swells to a voice
Of power; the thunder's loud terrific noise
Salutes the ear, and next the vivid fork
Of arrowy lightning, when the storm's at work,
Unfailing, greets the eye of him who dares
To front the fiend as he his standard rears.
There, I have loved the spells of summer's hours,
The joy of sunlight and the smile of flowers;
To hear glad murmurs from the birds and rills,
When with delight were clothed the dales and hills.
On uplands near I've seen, along the sky,
An eagle seeking prey sail heavily;
The eagle sailed into the distant gray,
Down plumped the hawk and cushioned on his prey;
And, with a furtive look, the silent fox
Slunk down the covert, as a noise of cocks
Fell startling on the ear, with cluck and crow.

MARY WINDEATT (1811—1873).

Mary Windeatt was the daughter of S. P. Knowles, of Deptford, and afterwards of Ashburton, Devon, and niece of John Knowles, F.R.S., executor of Fuseli the painter, and author of Fuseli's life; also author of a 'Treatise on the Prevention of Dry Rot in Ships,' he received very handsome presents from nearly all the crowned heads in Europe. She was born February 11, 1811; married, June 21, 1838, Mr. W. F. Windeatt, solicitor, Totnes. She was the authoress of numerous poetical pieces, including many clever squibs used at the famous Totnes elections.

The following 'Legend of Totnes Castle' was written for use by her husband in a lecture delivered by him on the antiquities of Totnes at the Mechanics' Institute in that town. Mrs. Windeatt died at Totnes, March 11, 1873.

LEGEND OF TOTNES CASTLE.

St. Mary's vesper bell had ceased,
The nuns from vigil were released,
The curfew, too, had ceased its knell,
But heard was the solemn passing bell—
When Sister Eva, with cross and book,
Her way from Warland chapel took,
To Totnes Castle's summit steep;
For, lo! in its dungeon, gloomy and deep,
She hears that a wounded knight is lain,
Whose enemies count him among the slain;
No stranger she to the healing art,
And gently and kindly she does her part.

She presses his wrist with her trembling fingers,
And finds with delight that life still lingers ;
Balsam and essences rare she tries,
And at length he languidly opens his eyes,
For he deems that an angel has gladdened his sight.
Brave Eudo was young, bright Eva was fair,
Need we marvel they soon were a loving pair;
Need we tell how the maiden, ere springtime had ceased,
Confessed more to the knight than she did to the priest ;
Need we mention, alas ! ere the summer was done,
That this Sister of Mercy—this cloistered nun,
Forgetful of vows, and regardless of all
Save her lover's earnest, impassioned call,
One moonlight night at brave Eudo's side
Escaped as his loving and trusting bride?

REV. T. W. WINDEATT (1769—1827).

The Rev. Thomas White Windeatt was the son of Samuel Windeatt, of Bridgetown, Totnes, who was engaged in the woollen trade. He was born at Totnes, February 17, 1769, and educated there. He at first went into his father's business, but never cared for it, being of a literary turn of mind ; and soon after his father died he gave up business. All the family were Nonconformists, and attended the Independent Chapel ; but the minister embracing Arian views, the grandfather of T. W. Windeatt opened his house for worship, and ultimately a chapel was built in Totnes, now the schoolroom of the Congregational Chapel, and in 1806 the grandson became its pastor. He wrote several religious articles, under the *nom de plume* 'Albus,' for the *Christian Guardian Magazine* from 1809 to 1814. He also composed a number of hymns and sacred poems, which were used in the services of the chapel of which he was pastor, and which were published in a small volume after his death. He died August 20, 1827, at the age of fifty-eight. We are indebted to Mr. Edward Windeatt, the respected Town Clerk of Totnes, and grandson of this Devonshire worthy, for the foregoing information.

IN CŒLO QUIES.

Departed saints my thoughts employ ;
Before the throne of God they stand,
And high delight and holy joy
Their raptur'd faculties expand ;
And whilst they mingle with the blest,
Sweetly respond—'In Heaven there's rest.'

But 'twas not rest while here below,
'Twas sleepless nights and tearful eyes ;
'Twas keen affliction's varied woe,
And weary hours and piercing cries ;—
But the dark clouds are all disperst,
And now they sing—'In Heaven there's rest.'

Look forth, my soul, beyond the clay,
Beyond the land of storms and night ;
For there remains a brighter day
Of ceaseless joys and purer light,
And when with sin and grief deprest,
Anticipate—'In Heaven there's rest.'

JOHN WOLCOT ('PETER PINDAR').

THIS celebrity was born at Dodbrooke, near Kingsbridge, Devon, May 9, 1738. He was educated at Kingsbridge Free School, at Bodmin Grammar School, and in France; was apprenticed to his uncle, a surgeon at Fowey, 175—; was M.D. of the University of Aberdeen, September 8, 1767; went to Jamaica with Sir Will. Trelawney, Bart., in 1768; physician-general in Jamaica, 1769; ordained deacon by Dr. Richard Terrick, Bishop of London, June 24, 1769, and priest, June 25, 1769; incumbent of Vere, Jamaica, 1772; returned to England, 1773; physician at Truro 1773 to 1779, at Helston 1779; went to London, 1781; brought John Opie, the artist, to London, and introduced him to public notice, 1781.

He died in London, January 14, 1819, and was buried in the vestry vault of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. An edition of the works of 'Peter Pindar,' with memoirs of the author's life, was published in four volumes in 1809. The best edition is that in four volumes, published 1816, and there were several subsequent editions, besides many single pieces, chiefly relating to his Cornish experiences.

For broad, farcical humour, 'Peter Pindar' seems unrivalled; but his attempts at pathetic or descriptive poetry are tame and poor. Occasionally he philosophizes with Horatian discernment, but he had none of Horace's genial, polished, courtier-like style, and his attacks on Gifford, Sir Joseph Banks, and others whom he disliked or who had offended him, were savage in the extreme—nay, brutal, and, as far as appears, quite unjustifiable. He must be credited, it should be said, with a true love for art, and was an independent and discerning critic. He discovered Opie, and he thoroughly appreciated Turner.

His first literary production was 'Lyric Odes' to the Royal Academicians in 1782. There is sound criticism on painting in general, and on the painters of the period in particular, in these and other odes to the Royal Academy. This and his fearless independence of character acknowledged, all that is commendable has been said. There is nothing to love or admire in him. He was what Coleridge called Shakespeare's Thersites in 'Troilus and Cressida'; 'the Caliban of demagogic life; a portrait of intellectual power deserted by all grace, all moral principle, all, not momentary, impulse.' And Pope's translation of the original lines, which, if free, is forcible, will not unfairly sum up Wolcot's character:

'Thersites only clamour'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue;
Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controul'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold;
With witty malice studious to defame,
Scorn all his joy and laughter all his aim;
But chief he gloried, with licentious style,
To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.*

The two short poems which follow are from 'Peter Pindar's' 'Odes to the Academicians.'

* 'Bib. Cornubiensis.' Trans. Devonshire Association, 1877.

TO WILKIE.

The poet congratulateth Mr. Wilkie (a very young artist) on his performances; but adviseth him to exert his genius in a higher sphere of the art:

Wilkie, an honour to thy nation,
Accept the Muse's admiration.
Thou giv'st to Johnson's envious tongue the lie,
Proclaiming that on Scottish ground
No plant of genius will be found—
Which, *totis viribus*, I dare deny.
I think thou may'st a Hogarth shine;
That wit and humour both are thine—
No common present from the Delian god;
Then try the wing—exert thy power;
Below thee leave Teniers and Brouwer,
And prove a prophet in the man of ode.

TO TURNER.

The bard maketh a bow to the genius of Mr. Turner, and expresseth wonder at the absence of his landscapes:

Turner, whatever strikes thy mind
Is painted well, and well design'd;
Thy rural scenes our plaudit must obtain.
Though Nature (and where lies the harm?)
Has given thee not a giant *form*,
The dame has plac'd the giant in thy *brain*.
Say, why are not thy landscapes here—
Landscapes where truth and taste appear;
That prove thy pencil's power, and grasp of mind?
Who nobly canst exalt thine head,
Who, like Eclipse,* canst take the lead,
And leave with ease thy rivals far behind.

T. V. WOLLASTON (1822—1878).

The Rev. Thomas Vernon Wollaston, M.A., F.L.S., although not a native of Devonshire (he being born at Scotter, Lincolnshire, March 9, 1822), was yet associated with the western counties for many years, and his chief poetical work is in praise of the county. He was educated at Bury St. Edmund's; entered Jesus College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.A. 1845, and M.A. 1849. He resided for many years at Teignmouth, where he died January 4, 1878. He contributed 'A Trip to Tintagel,' signed T. V. W., to the *Cambridge University Magazine* in 1843; wrote some papers on 'Coleoptera' for the *Zoologist* in 1843, besides other scientific works. His 'Lyra Devoniensis' was published in 1868. Many of the poems had originally appeared in the columns of a local newspaper—the *Teignmouth Gazette*. The first poem in this volume is descriptive of Dartmoor; and as this appears to be the only piece of an essentially local character, we venture to quote it here:

* A celebrated race-horse.

DARTMOOR.

Away, away, with footsteps free
  We'll cross the bog and tread the heather—
Mid thymy haunts of bird and bee,
And hills which stretch from sea to sea,
  To bind old Devon's parts together.

The rivers to the ocean run ;
  But we will trace them to their sources,
And climb the ridges, one by one,
To watch the chariot of the sun
  Light up their glittering, thread-like courses.

Broad slopes of green before us lie,
  Where fern and foxglove wave in glory;
And rounded tops, which kiss the sky,
With granite blocks are piled on high,
  Like castles in enchanted story.

Blocks of fantastic shape, and gray,
  Which, when the morning sphere advances,
Or flush of evening's parting ray
From grassy sides hath passed away,
  Are bathed in sunshine's rosy glances.

We'll track their streamlets wild and fair,
  Then doze upon their banks so gleamy;
While, tossed into the balmy air,
Gay pictured forms are sailing there,
  Like messengers from land of Dreamy.

O seraphs bright, from realms of light
  Where Joy and Beauty reign transcendent,
'Tis ours to watch with aching sight
Your graceful, restless, lazy flight,
  But yours to mount on wings resplendent !

Go up, beneath the cloudless dome,
  Like Lucifer, ye sons of Morning !
Go up, and deck your primal home,
And through the earth no longer roam,
  Sons of the 'Sun of bright adorning.'

No region this for thorn or briar—
  Poor slaves, by hedge and ditch enchanted;
But o'er the uplands, high and higher,
The golden furze, like flood of fire,
  Blazons the slopes, Almighty-planted;

And free-born heath, which woos the mist,
  Child of the breeze, magenta-tinted,
Whose wiry stems jocosely twist,
Mid ivied tors by cloudland kist—
  On crag and hill alike unstinted.

Wave, wave your plumy fronds, O ferns,
  And set the foxgloves' bells a-ringing ;
With hymns of praise His temple burns,
The sun-dew to its Maker turns,
  And larks respond, upsoaring singing.

Look round upon the earth, and say
  If we may trust its varied pages.
All Nature thunders forth 'We may,'
For mountain, plain, and meadow gay
  Are built upon the Rock of Ages.

Like kings we tread a gorgeous land,
  A land of sunshine and of showers ;
And on its solid heights we'll stand,
To view the prospect far and grand,
  Which graces this old world of ours,

Where Paradise might still have been,
  And love revolved around its centre,
But for the curse of primal sin
Which, hydra-headed, ventured in,
  And dared upon its bliss to enter.

What if no sound from mortal lips
  Can tell our lost primæval splendour ?
E'en honeyed blooms the wild bee sips
Live like a great apocalypse
  To cheer us on in accents tender.

All starry flowers which gem the earth,
  Like planets in their midnight glory,
All forms of strange and sombre earth
Proclaim the great Creator's worth,
  And swell His universal story.

Then we will tread as Plato trod,
  Nor soil the ground with steps of sadness ;
But see in all things, as we plod,
The clear reflections of our God,
  Who piled the heights 'mid songs of gladness.

THOMAS WINTER WOOD.

THIS writer, who is better known by his *nom de plume* 'Vanguard,' is a typical Devonian. He comes from a good old Devon family, who were for many generations located at Hareston, in the parish of Brixton. In fact, the manor of Harestone was in the possession of Mr. Wood's family from the reign of Edward III. Mr. Wood (who re-took that name by Royal Letters Patent in 1850) was born at Hareston, May 27, 1818, and his primary education was derived from the Plympton Grammar School, whence he removed to be under the care of the Rev. Samuel Rowe, then Vicar of Stonehouse; and later, his studies were continued at King's College, which, like Thackeray, he left at the first opportunity.

It was while with Mr. Rowe that he printed his first poems, having set the type and printed the little volume entirely with his own hands, and without the knowledge of a single individual, except his good-natured and never-forgotten friend, William Edward Cole, bookseller and printer, of Edgcumbe Street, Stonehouse, Mr. Cole having permitted him the run of his printing-office every day after the compositors had left. Mr. Wood was then about fifteen, and had for some years been a student of the Muses, a devotion he has retained throughout his long and busy life. Bloomfield's verse and other pastoral poems were his first introducers to the poetic arena:

'The fields his study—Nature was his book.'

Born and bred amid bucolic scenes, the natural side only seemed to attract his atten-

tion. Field sports, flowers, poetry, and chess formed his predilections, and, consequently, occupied all the time which might be called his own.

Mr. Wood was an early contributor to the 'Poets' Corner' of the local newspapers, and later he sent contributions to some of the popular magazines. In 1868 he published a three-volume novel, entitled 'Mabeldean, or Christianity Reversed,' under the *nom de plume* of 'Owen Gower.' This work, professed to be social, political, and theological, was severely criticised by the London press, on account of its rationalistic views; but some poetical pieces introduced into it found considerable favour.

Mr. Wood frequently contributed poems to *Tinsley's Magazine*, and in September, 1891, the editor of that journal gave his portrait and a clever dissertation on his writings. He has written and published many songs, one of the neatest and brightest being 'Speed, boatman, speed,' which was a great favourite with Eliza Cook, herself a song-writer of well-known popularity. He has also written many satirical pieces; in fact, he is possessed of a rare faculty of humour, and can easily turn this to account in his writings. One of his best and most powerful poems is his 'Armada,' written in continuation of Lord Macaulay's fragment, and published in connection with the Tercentenary celebrations of 1888. Lately he took an active part in the conduct of a smart little monthly journal, published at Plymouth, entitled the *Western Magazine;* and here, under the *nom de plume* 'Vanguard,' he published many of his best poems. These, with many others, he has collected in a volume entitled 'The Collected Poems of Thomas Winter Wood' ("Vanguard"), London: Simpkin and Marshall, 1893, 8vo., pp. viii., 336. We may add that Mr. Wood is a famous chess-player, and his family enjoys the unique distinction of being a family of chessists down to the third generation. There are no less than eight poems in his volume bearing upon chess, that entitled 'The Unexpected Guest' being the most widely known.

Mr. Wood's poems have been produced during the intervals of repose between the ruder occupations of sporting life and travelling abroad. One of his latest effusions both in French and English was on 'The Death of Carnot,' which was reprinted in the *Journal des Débats*, and the editors of that journal and of *Le Siècle* sent Mr. Wood very complimentary letters, in which they referred to the general sympathy and the touching proof thereof contained in his verses. Both versions, as here given, are preserved by Madame Carnot, in her private chapel, among the many souvenirs of her late husband.

LA MORT DE CARNOT.

Quel est ce glas qu'on entend à distance
  Une victime encore, et dans le deuil,
Un assassin vient de plonger la France;
  Les pleurs de tous coulent sur un cercueil;
Le patriote, à la France chérie,
  Avait donné ses forces et son cœur;
Et en mourant il laisse à la patrie
  Un nom intact, synonyme d'honneur.

Je t'aime France, oh! oui, j'aime ta gloire,
  Tes annales si riches en renom;
Ton souvenir présent à ma mémoire
  Me suit partout; j'aime jusqu'à ton nom.
Ah! si j'avais d'un prince la puissance,
  Ma voix voudrait en tous lieux répéter:—
"C'est ton amour que j'aime, ô belle France;
  Et cet amour, c'est de la liberté."

J'ai bien souvent parcouru ton domaine,
Me reposant sous les hauts peupliers
Dans les prés verts de la belle Touraine,
De tes vignes j'ai suivi les sentiers ;
J'ai respiré l'air pur de tes montagnes,
Et quand le soir j'entendais les chansons
Des habitants de tes riches campagnes,
Oui, j'enviais leur sort dans leurs maisons.

Brave Carnot, tu meurs ; mais peut-on dire
Que néanmoins tu n'es plus parmi nous ?
Non, ta présence y reste, et l'on admire
Le citoyen modeste, aux yeux de tous
Beaucoup plus grand, qu'avec une couronne—
Plus grand qu'avec cet oripeau des rois ;
Car la vertu d'elle-même rayonne
De plus en plus, avec ses justes lois.

Il n'est pas mort tant que reste sa gloire ;
Tout proclame ses immortels bienfaits ;
Les archives de sa belle mémoire
Son cœur revit, dans le cœur des Français.
Ame immortelle, au ciel pars et t'envole ;
Et quand l'appel de l'ange sonnera
Tes mérites seront ton auréole ;
En ton honneur le passé parlera.

DEATH OF CARNOT.

What is that knell I hear—that far-off sound ?
Another patriot stricken to the ground !
Another victim of the murderer's steel
On him who breathed but for his country's weal :
Snatched by the assassin's dagger for the grave
In that fair land which he had lived to save.

I love thee, France—I love thy treasured fame—
I love thy shores—I love thy very name.
If I regret that from the hand of Fate
I hold no power of king or potentate,
'Tis for *one* object—that my voice were hurled
In praise of thee and thine throughout the world ;
That I may herald forth in loud decree,
I love *thy* love—the love of liberty !

Yes, I have roamed among thy vineyards fair—
Breathed, with a wild delight, thy mountain air ;
And, whilst I listened to thy children's glee,
Thought what a joyous spot their home must be.
There, oft in rapt emotion would I gaze,
To greet the shepherd's homeward song of praise :
Oft would I lean upon the wicket-gate,
At silent eve, to pause and meditate,
And joy to think how Providence had blest
The toiler in his angel-guarded rest.

Brave Carnot ! thou art dead ; yet who shall say
Thy living presence shall have passed away ?
Though but of modest mould, we hail thee yet
Far greater than with crown or coronet ;
For when unsullied worth enguards its own,
It needs no tinselled garb to point its throne ;
And where ennobled deeds are wrought on earth,
They rest to gild the land which gives them birth.

Say not, then, he is dead, whilst we can trace
His living glory in a living race ;
Say not that death has snatched away his will,
Whilst generous deeds proclaim his presence still.
Lament him, France, as thou hast done before
Thy patriot-princes in the days of yore ;
But treasure as thou wouldst the laws of heaven
The royal gifts his patriot zeal hath given.

Wing, then, thy way to heaven, immortal soul,
And when the herald's blast shall call the whole,
No fabled voice shall needed be to find
The golden records thou hast left behind.

REV. GEORGE WOODLEY (1786—1846).

THE Rev. George Woodley was born at Dartmouth in 1786. He was resident at Truro in 1808, and Missionary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in the isles of Scilly 1822-42, where he was instrumental in rebuilding and restoring the churches of St. Mary, St. Martin, and St. Agnes. In 1842 he was the recipient of a pension of £100 per annum from the S.P.C.K. He became perpetual curate of Martindale, Westmoreland, in 1843, and died at that place December 24, 1846. He was an extensive writer, was editor of the *Royal Cornwall Gazette* for several years, and a constant contributor to the periodical literature of his time. His chief poetical works were 'Mount Edgcumbe, a Descriptive Poem' (1804); 'The Churchyard, and other Poems' (1808); 'Britain's Bulwarks, or The British Seaman, a Poem in eight books' (1811); 'Portugal Delivered, a Poem in five books,' dedicated by permission to the Duke of York (1812); 'Redemption, a Poem in twenty books' (1816); 'Cornubia, a Poem in five cantos, descriptive of the most interesting scenery, natural and artificial, in the county of Cornwall, interspersed with historical anecdotes and legendary tales' (1819); 'Devonia, a Poem in five cantos, descriptive of the most interesting scenery, natural and artificial, in the county of Devon, interspersed with historical and legendary tales' (1820); besides many fragmentary songs and fugitive verses.

FROM 'BRITAIN'S BULWARKS,' END OF BOOK II.

The vessel now the breeze begins to feel,
And rends the waters with her trackless keel,
Whilst the poor tars, to ease their am'rous smart,
Engage in duty with an eager heart.
The topsails sheeted home, the sheets made fast,
They hoist the yards along the slipp'ry mast;
Topgallant sails and courses next display'd,
To intercept the breezes lend their aid.
Their friendly aid her quicken'd pace declares;
O'er the smooth wave, impell'd by gentle air,
She glides majestic; whilst the sparkling tide
Delighted rises to salute her side. [gay
How grand the sight! Her colours fair and
Stream to the lightsome breeze in wanton play;
Whilst, with a gentle curve, the swelling sail
Rises, with soft emotion, to the gale.
The blooming figure that adorns her prow
Sheds fresher verdure o'er the waves below;
And to the beauties of her sumptuous stern
The sportive floods in am'rous pursuit turn.
Charmed by the view, around, on either side,
Barges and yachts skim o'er the rippling tide;
Whilst on the neighb'ring hills a gazing throng
Behold in rapture where she glides along.
O'er the fresh air brisk martial music floats,
And Echo, pleas'd, prolongs the cheerful notes.
Methinks Britannia on the shore I view,
Invoking blessings on the ship and crew.
'Go, gallant bark!' she says, or seems to say.
'Go, and assert my universal sway.
In conscious greatness plough my ocean o'er,
And let thy thunder shake each hostile shore;
Till, on the base of public faith uprear'd
(By all requested as to all endear'd),
Fair Peace again display her ev'ry charm,
From foul Injustice wrung, by Virtue's giant arm!'

CHARLES WORTHY.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Exeter, December 28, 1840, and is the eldest son of the late Vicar of Ashburton of the same name, a scion of a very ancient Devonshire family, and he derives claim to Royal descent, both paternally and also through his paternal grandmother's parents on either side.

Mr. Worthy was educated at Exeter Grammar School, by his father, and by private tutors; he acquired the customary amount of classical knowledge and was intended for the Church. But just as he was going to Oxford he evinced an inclination for the army. He passed the competitive examination for a direct commission at Somerset House, and joined the service in 1858. He went abroad in the following year, first to India, round the Cape, then to China, from which station he was invalided. After a few years' service in England he was finally invalided, when next again on the roster for foreign service, his regiment, the 82nd, being then stationed at Delhi. He retired in 1864, and went to reside with his father at Ashburton. In the quiet and seclusion of his father's vicarage, and with the assistance of his valuable library, he began to turn his attention to literature very seriously, having always preserved his hereditary love of books.

His first antiquarian article, on the Acland family, appeared in the *Exeter Gazette*, July, 1871. This was followed by many others. His first complete work, on 'Ashburton and its Neighbourhood,' appeared in 1875. Mr. Worthy has contributed many papers to the Transactions of the Devonshire Association, and was long a member of its council, and to the Teign Naturalists' Field Club.

Of his published works we may mention: 'Ashburton and its Neighbourhood' (1875); 'The Hundred of Winkleigh' (1876); 'Notes on Bideford and the House of Granville' (1884); 'Devonshire Parishes,' 2 vols. (1887-1889); 'Practical Heraldry' (1889); but a more complete list of his works will be found in 'Men of the Time.'

Upon his father's death, the late Mr. Stephen Tucker invited Mr. Worthy to join him as his assistant in the office of Rouge Croix, in succession to the present York Herald, and he ultimately became principal assistant to him upon his promotion to the Patent Office of Somerset Herald in ordinary. Of poetry he has written a great deal, but of late years he has taken to more substantial work. His most important contributions to local poetical literature were two legends, one of Dartmoor in blank verse; the other of 'Buckfast' in rhyme. Mr. Worthy now resides near Exeter, and devotes his whole attention to historical literature, and has achieved a well-earned reputation for 'extreme accuracy,' which has been uniformly appreciated and constantly acknowledged. His latest work, 'Devonshire Wills,' an annotated volume of testamentary documents, includes the origin and history of some of the most ancient families of England, under the title of 'Gentle Houses of the West,' and is the outcome of independent research on a singularly interesting, and educationally useful, subject. One of his poems, written and published during the Franco-Prussian War, we here append.

A BRAVE OLD HERO.

At the time of the attack on Gisors, Mons. Le Brun, a landed proprietor of the place, seventy years of age, killed a Uhlan. Covering himself with the dead man's cloak and helmet, and arming himself with pistols, he approached the other Uhlans unsuspected, shot two of them and then called the inhabitants to arms. He was at last surrounded and taken prisoner. The Uhlans promised him life if he would express sorrow for what he had done; this he would not do, however, and was shot. (*Vide* '*London Weekly Times*,' *October* 23, 1870.)

The morning sun arose
Over the battle plain,
In rays of gold, on warriors bold,
And fields of yellow grain.
For down upon fair Gisors,
Had the curse of battle come;
And the people fled in fear and dread,
At sound of the battle drum.

And that sun shone o'er the land
Of the staunch and brave Le Brun,
Threescore and ten, the years of men,
He had lived there, every one.
Now the savage Uhlan rode
To his ancestral door,
And he heard the call of his children, all
Over the battle roar.

Then hot grew the aged blood,
And the ancient heart beat high:
'My father's land is still my land
To defend or else to die.'
And he there on the threshold stood,
And his children clinging round,
Saw the Uhlan fall 'neath their cottage wall,
On the slain-encumbered ground.

And with that deed of death
Rose all the veteran's fire;
As knights of yore, who bravely bore
Themselves in battle dire,
From the vanquished took their arms,
So he armed himself that day;
And his friends uprose to meet their foes,
And rushed into the fray.

Unused to scenes of strife,
Bravely that old man fought;
E'en Uhlans say, all through the day,
He deeds of glory wrought.
Till overcome at last,
Rejoiced those Uhlans cry,
'Now yield, old man! yield, veteran!
Yield, brave! or thou must die.'

'Yield me! I'll never yield;
Still here I take my stand.'
With his last breath, 'I covet death
Here, on my father's land.'
There on the sunlit plain,
On his loved land he lay,
Looking on high towards the sky,
Waiting the Judgment Day.

HAMPDEN WOTTON (1800—1884).

This writer was a native of Plymouth, where he was born August 7, 1800, and was the son of John Wotton, who had also been a writer of verses, but of no great merit. In his earlier years Hampden Wotton had been connected with H.M. Victualling Department, then located at Lambhay Hill, Plymouth; but for a lengthened period, over forty-eight years, he had been clerk to the Plymouth Incorporation of Guardians. His life was uneventful; but he was a frequent contributor of verses to the local papers, and was

always ready in the matter of writing elegiac or eulogistic verses in connection with notable local or national events. He died January 5, 1884, and was buried in the Plymouth Cemetery. One of his chief poetical works was on 'The New Guildhall (Plymouth), with a Glance at its Surroundings.' This was published in 1874, on the occasion of the opening of that noble pile of buildings by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. He wrote many other short pieces.

Mr. Wotton had a singularly happy facility for rhyming, but he never in his writings reaches the real poetic altitude; still he wrote many pleasant pieces, and will be long remembered as a genial and well-informed man, and one whose loyalty to his native town was beyond all praise. The following lines from his poem dedicatory to the 'New Guildhall, Plymouth,' must suffice for a specimen of his style:

Romantic Edgcumbe! e'en from here its height,
Tho' dimly seen, has power to charm my sight.
But when I think upon thy silent shades,
Thy verdant pastures and thy peaceful glades,
Thy sylvan nooks, thy open broad highways,
The branching laurels and the fragrant bays,
The twined arcades, the mystic dark alcoves,
The mazy labyrinths and impervious groves,
With devious windings intricate, which lead
To spots on which a sprite might fear to tread,
Lest it should soil the mossy beds so green,
Which thro' dark vistas here and there are seen,
One seeks that lone recess where silence woos
The passing breeze, and contemplation goes,
Tempted by cedars whose thick branches spread
Widely above our honoured Milton's head,*
There mourn the loss of Eden, but sustained
By hope-inspiring 'Paradise Regained.'

W. H. K. WRIGHT.

William Henry Kearley Wright, the son of William and Mary Ann Wright, was born at Plymouth September 15, 1844. He was educated under Mr. George Jago, at the Plymouth Public School, and was for some years engaged in the Bank of Deposit, Plymouth. On the disastrous failure of this bank he entered the service of the South Devon Railway Company, where he rose step by step to a position of honour and trust. As honorary librarian of the Plymouth Working Men's Association and of the Railway Servants' Library he had considerable experience in the arrangement, classification, and general working of a library. When the committee of the Free Library of Plymouth, in 1876, were appointing a librarian, Mr. Wright was selected to fill the post. His appointment to this position has been an eminently suitable one, and many are the services rendered to the Institution by Mr. Wright during his librarianship. The special collection of Devon and Cornwall literature made by him is probably the most complete in existence. Mr. Wright has

* There is a votive temple in the grounds of Mount Edgcumbe dedicated to Milton.

always taken a keen interest in the life and progress of Plymouth, and has done good service in its behalf on many notable occasions.

For some time he found congenial employment in editing the *Western Antiquary*, a periodical commenced in 1881, and devoted to the collection of interesting biographical and topographical information about the western counties.

He is one of the original members of the Library Association, having been elected in 1877; has been a member of its Council for many years, and is at present a vice-president of the society.

It was in no small degree due to Mr. Wright's advocacy that in 1884 a statue of Sir Francis Drake was placed on the Hoe at Plymouth, and it was almost entirely owing to his unwearied exertions that the Armada Tercentenary Commemoration was held at Plymouth in July, 1888.

For many years he has been deeply interested in the subject of bookplates, and in 1891 he was chiefly instrumental in founding the Ex Libris Society, of which he subsequently became the honorary secretary, and also the general editor of the *Ex Libris Journal*, the organ of the society. He is a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and a member of the Devonshire Association, of the Somersetshire Archæological Society, and of the Plymouth Institution. He is also a vocalist of considerable ability. He has been always an active writer and editor. Besides numerous contributions to periodical literature, he has published 'The Visitors' Guide to Mount Edgcumbe,' 1871; 'The Illustrated Newquay Guide and Visitors' Hand Book,' 1884; and 'The Illustrated Hand Book to Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse,' 1885. He also edited (1890) the 'History of Okehampton,' based upon the journals and collections of Messrs. Bridges, Rattenbury, and Shebbeare. He edited 'Gay's Fables' for Warne's Chandos Classics (1889). His two volumes on the 'Blue Friars' of Plymouth (1889 and 1891) contain much interesting reading and local information. He contributed many articles, poems, and sketches to the literature of the Armada Tercentenary, notably a lengthy illustrated article in the *English Illustrated Magazine* (April, 1888). The Transactions of the Library Association contain many valuable practical papers by Mr. Wright, and he has contributed to most of the periodicals of the western counties. He is also himself a poet, and has written many interesting fugitive pieces, showing careful composition and much command of language, of which the following is an acceptable specimen. G. C. Boase.

ON THE THRESHOLD; OR, NEW YEAR'S MUSINGS.

There are moments when the spirit
Seems to linger in its flight,
When the past is dim and cloudlike,
And the future dark as night;
When, 'twixt light and darkness hov'ring,
E'en the hand of Time seems stayed,
And we stand alone, unfriended,
By a nameless power dismayed.

Thus stood I upon the threshold
Of this wayside inn of Time,
In the midnight, in the stillness,
List'ning for the New Year's chime.
So I waited, doubting, fearing,
All the past beyond recall,
All the future hidden from me
By a dense impervious pall.

While I lingered, mute, expectant,
For a sign of coming light,
Suddenly the door flew open,
Gone were all the shades of night,
And a hand clasped mine in welcome,
And a voice in accents sweet
Bade me enter, gave me greeting,
Bade me rest my weary feet.

All the toil, the care, the trouble
Vanished like a dream at morn,
And a keen delight possessed me
In that year just newly born;
For I knew that Love was near me—
Love which first in heaven had birth,
And that love was given in mercy
To relieve the cares of earth.

Thus it is when on the threshold
Of another year we stand,
Looking forward to the future
As to some bright Promised Land:
If there comes a smile of welcome
From the keeper of the gate,
Then new hopes arise within us,
And we kiss the hand of Fate.

But, and if no kindly greetings
Come from out the silent land;
If no loved voice bids us welcome,
None stretch forth a helping hand;
Then, alas! the past, the future
Seem alike all bare and cold—
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
Like a dream which hath been told.

DR. YALDEN (1671—1736).

THE Rev. Dr. Thomas Yalden was born in the city of Exeter in 1671. He was the youngest of six sons of Mr. John Yalden, of Sussex. He was educated at a Grammar School connected with Magdalen College, Oxford. In the year 1690 he was admitted a commoner of Magdalen Hall, under Mr. John Pullen, who was esteemed an excellent tutor, and a very great master of logic, and the following year he was chosen scholar of Magdalen College. Here he became a fellow-pupil with the celebrated Mr. Addison and Dr. Henry Sacheverel. His friendship with the former continued to the close of his life—despite the difference of their religious and political opinions. Yalden was Fellow of his College, 1698-1713; B.D. 1706, D.D. 1708; College Lecturer on Moral Philosophy; Vicar of Willoughby, Warwickshire, 1701-1709; Rector of Sopworth, Wiltshire, 1710; Rector of Chalton-cum-Clanfield, Hants, 1711-1736, and held other preferments.

In 1706 he was received into the family of his patron, the Duke of Beaufort. He was elected by the president and governors of Bridewell preacher of that hospital, upon the resignation of Dr. Atterbury, afterwards Lord Bishop of Rochester. Dr. Yalden was charged with complicity in a plot with Bishop Atterbury to restore the exiled royal family; but the charge was disproved, the evidence not being strong enough to convict him and others supposed to be concerned with him. Dr. Yalden continued in favour with the Duke of Beaufort, and his residence in that noble family recommended him to the acquaintance of many of the first quality and character in the kingdom, and as he was of a cheerful temper, and of a pleasing and instructive conversation, he retained their friendships till his death, which took place on July 16, 1736, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

His poetical works are numerous.

Mr. J. R. Chanter says Dr. Yalden 'was preferred to a sinecure in Devonshire, but his connection with the county was of a very slight character, and he is more indebted to his intimacy with Addison, Congreve, and other literary notabilities, for the niche he has occupied in the temple of Fame, than to any great poetic merits of his own, though his works have also been admitted into England's Helicon.' He was the author of 'An Essay on the Character of Sir W. Aston, late of Aston in Cheshire, a poem' (1704), and the 'Poetical Works of T. Yalden,' to which is prefixed the life of the author (Anderson's 'Poets of Great Britain,' vol. vii.), appeared in 1793.

A HYMN TO THE MORNING IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.

Parent of day! whose beauteous beams of light
Spring from the darksome womb of night,
And midst their native horrors show
Like gems adorning of the negro's brow.
Not Heaven's fair bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy drapery:
Thou first essay of light, and pledge of day!
Rival of shade! eternal spring! still gay!
From thy bright unexhausted womb
The beauteous race of days and seasons come.
Thy beauty ages cannot wrong,
But, spite of time, thou'rt ever young.
Thou art alone Heaven's modest virgin light,
Whose face a veil of blushes hides from human sight.
At thy approach, Nature erects her head;
The smiling universe is glad;
The drowsy earth and seas awake,
And from thy beams new life and vigour take.
When thy more cheerful rays appear,
E'en guilt and women cease to fear;
Horror, despair, and all the sons of night
Retire before thy beams, and take their hasty flight.

Thou risest in the fragrant east,
Like the fair Phœnix from her balmy nest;
But yet thy fading glories soon decay,
Thine's but a momentary stay;
Too soon thou'rt ravished from our sight,
Borne down the stream of day, and overwhelm'd with night.
Thy beams to thy own ruin haste,
They're fram'd too exquisite to last:
Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd state;
Pity so fair a birth should yield so soon to fate.

REV. DUKE JOHN YONGE (1809—1846).

The Rev. Duke John Yonge was the eldest son of the Rev. Duke Yonge, Vicar of Antony, and was born at Antony, March 9, 1809; he was educated at Eton, and matriculated from Oriel College, Oxford, February 24, 1827, was afterwards of New Inn Hall, B.A., November 17, 1836; minister of Episcopal Church at Alloa, Scotland; Curate of All Saints', Little Bolton. He was killed by a gunshot wound, near Alloa, January 9, 1846. He married Elizabeth Roberts. His chief work was entitled 'Cornish Carelessness, Poems original and translated,' by Launcelot Pendennis [pseud.], Plymouth, 1830.

He also wrote several songs, the music and accompaniments of which were composed by John Martin Müller, organist of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh. His translations of Anacreon, Horace, Virgil, Sappho, Bion, Moschus, Ovid, etc., are very well

done, and afford abundant evidence that Mr. Yonge was a classical student as well as a poet. We select one poem, which we think will be of general interest to our readers, although, where many are so good, it is difficult to discriminate between the acceptable pieces.

THE MAID OF GLENFINLAS.

'In behint yon auld fail dyke
I wat there lives a new slayne knight,
An' naebody kens that hee lies there
But his hawke, an' his hounde, an' his ladye fair!'

O wha is the maiden that sits on the stane
I' the cauld-blawing night-wind all weeping alane,
Her dark locks unbraided, the tear in her ee?—
'Tis the maid of Glenfinlas, the fair Rosalie.

'Why mourn ye, fair lady? Why weep ye sae sair? [hair?
Why loose to the breezes hangs down the dark
There is grief on thy brow, and a tear in thine ee— [Rosalie?'
Oh, why dost thou sorrow, thou young

'The stag o' the mountain shall rest i' the fern,
The eagle in peace to her eyrie return,
The dove to her nest i' the greenwood shall flee,
But wha shall speak comfort to poor Rosalie?'

'Nay, cheer thee, fair lady, thy sorrows are vain,
Thy luver's awa, but may soon come again;
Fu' bright is the glance o' thy bonnie black ee,
Then wha would not luve thee, thou young Rosalie?'

'There be mony might luve me, frae near and frae far,
There be mony might woo me—but ane is awa
That give mirth to my heart, and a smile to my ee,
But he is afar fra his ain Rosalie.'

'There be mony brave hearts and good broad-swords ye ken,
In Hielan', in Lowlan', in burgh, an' in glen;
There be mony mair nobles that blithely wa'd dee
For the maid o' Glenfinlas, the young Rosalie.'

'There be mony a chieftain in castle an' ha',
But the bravest, the dearest, the best is awa;
Then tell na of ithers, tho' noble they be,
For what is their luve or their riches to me?'

'O maid of Glenfinlas, thy sorrows are vain;
Can weeping an' wail bring thy luver again?
Perchance he is roving forgetful o' thee,
An' thinks mair o' anither than young Rosalie.'

'Ah, no, gentle stranger! my luve is a knight,
His heart is a hero's—his honour is bright;
An' he sware by his claymore that faithfu' he'd be
To his maid o' the mountain, his dear Rosalie.'

'O maid of Glenfinlas, thy luve is a knight,
Yet mony an' mickle's the chance o' the fight;
An' the bravest, the best, and the dearest may dee,
An' leave naething but sorrow to young Rosalie.'

'The scourge o' his foemen, the pride o' the North
Maun ruthless an' fearless to battle gang forth;
Yet if he be fallen, O wha shall there be
Shall say "Peace" to the bosom o' lost Rosalie?'

'O maid o' Glenfinlas, return shall he never,
The cauld bed that hauds him maun haud him for ever;
An the cauld bed that hauds him, though narrow it be,
Is eneugh for the luver o' young Rosalie.'

The morning has blush'd o'er the mountain's tall brow,
But wha is the maiden that's sleeping sae low,
Damp dew on her forehead, cauld death in her ee?
'Tis the lovely, the heart-broken, lost Rosalie!

SIR WILLIAM YONGE (DIED 1755).

SIR WILLIAM YONGE of Escot, in the county of Devon, Bart., was a gentleman who made a distinguished figure in the political world during the reign of King George II. He was uniformly attached to the measures of Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford, and generally in possession of some lucrative post under Government. On revival of the Order of the Bath in 1725, he had the honour to be named one of the Knights Companions. His death happened on August 10, 1755.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO SIR WILLIAM YONGE.

I.

Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes,
  Since how can I speak without pain?
My eyes have oft told you their wishes,
  Ah! can't you their meaning explain?
My passion would lose by expression,
  And you, too, might cruelly blame;
Then don't you expect a confession
  Of what is too tender to name.

II.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
  Why should you expect it from me?
Our wishes should be in your keeping,
  Till you tell us what they should be.
Then quickly why don't you disover?
  Did your breast feel tortures like mine,
Eyes need not tell over and over
  What I in my bosom confine.

SIR WILLIAM YONGE'S ANSWER.

I.

Good madam, when ladies are willing,
  A man must needs look like a fool;
For me, I would not give a shilling
  For one that is kind out of rule.
At least you might stay for my offer,
  Nor snatch like old maids in despair;
If you've liv'd to these years without proffer,
  Your sighs are now lost in the air.

II.

You might leave me to guess by your blushing,
  And not speak the matter so plain;
'Tis ours to pursue and be pushing,
  'Tis yours to affect a disdain.
That you're in a pitiful taking,
  By all your sweet ogles I see;
But the fruit that will fall without shaking
  Indeed is too mellow for me.

THE END.

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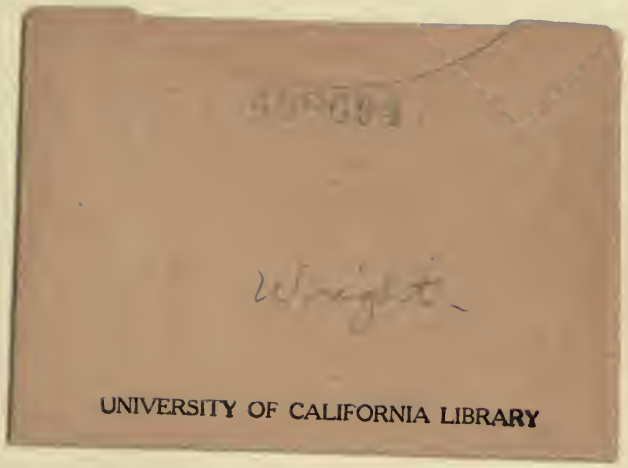
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